

THE
WORKS
OF
LUCIAN,

Translated from the GREEK,
by several Eminent Hands.

The First Volume.

WITH
The Life of *Lucian*,
A
Discourse on his WRITINGS,
AND
A CHARACTER of some of the present
Translators.

Written by JOHN DRYDEN, *Esq;*

L O N D O N,
Printed for SAM. BRISCOE, and sold by *J. Woodward* in *Scolding-Alley* against *Stocks-Market*, and
J. Morphew near *Stationers-Hall*. 1711.

WORKS

OF
J. U. C. R. A. N.

Translated from the German
by several Eminent Hands

The First Edition



Discovered on his writings

AND

A CHARACTER of some of the principal
Translations

By James Johnstone

Printed for S. M. Baskin, and sold by J. H. W.
in 1842, at the Library of the University of Oxford.
J. H. W. near the University of Oxford.

TO HIS GRACE

HENRY

Duke of Beaufort, Marquis
of Worcester, &c.

May it please Your Grace,

LUCIAN being to visit the
World in an English
Dress, I could not think
of a more Auspicious Name to
protect this Beautiful Stranger,
than that of BEAUFORT; whose
Ancient Stock and Royal Original,
as well as the Conspicuous Qualities,
A 2 of

The Epistle

*of which Your Grace is allow'd
the Master, and which endear you
to all Men, who have any Value
for a true Greatness, and render
you so just a Patron of Wit
and Arts.*

*Mr. Dryden, in the Life of
our Author, has done him so much
Justice, that it wou'd be the highest
Assurance in the World, for me to
pretend to add any thing to it ; To
that, I, therefore, must refer Your
Grace to see the Value of the Pre-
sent, and how worthy it is of Your
Grace's Protection.*

*But I may say of the Transla-
tion, That as it is perform'd by seve-
ral Eminent Hands, many of which
are*

Dedicatory.

are since dead, so it has been the Work of several Years. The Life by Mr. Dryden, and some of the Dialogues, were done before and in the Year 1696, and the rest in the subsequent Years: From whence we may reasonably conclude, that as the Whole hath taken up so long a time, it is perform'd with the greater Exactness, more worthy the Author, and more worthy Your Grace.

I have read, that the Translations of the Ancient Authors have furnish'd the French Language with more, than half the Treasure of their Commonwealth of Learning; and I find many of the most
in-

The Epistle

ingenious Men of our Country have thought it worth their Labour to give us Versions of the best of the Greek and Roman Authors ; among whom Lucian has to this day held a Place of very great consideration.

The Accusation of Atheism which some have brought against him, Mr. Dryden has confuted ; and it seems obvious, that his exposing the ridiculous Notions of the Divinities of the Heathens, was not unserviceable in opening the Eyes of those Times, and making way for the more easie Reception of the Christian Truths of the Gospel.

His

Dedicatory.

*His Wit and happy Address
were never question'd; and his Sa-
tires on the Luxury and Hypo-
crisie of his Contemporaries, are
Lessons of use in our Times; and
will therefore justly recommend him
to Your Grace, whose Zeal for
the CHURCH OF ENGLAND,
and against its Hypocritical Ene-
mies, render You so dear to All,
that are Friends to our Constitu-
tion in Church and State.*

*Lucian has been the Darling Plea-
sure of Men of Sense in every Nation;
and the Favourite of some Princes; and
protected by the Patronage of Great Men
in every Country, where he has been made
to speak the Language of the Place:*

I

The Epistle, &c.

*I therefore, with the more Assurance,
my Lord, as Publisher of Lucian in
English, presume to lay this First Vo-
lume at Your Grace's Feet, as a Testi-
mony of my Zeal for Your Service, and
to witness to the World that I am,*

My Lord,

YOUR GRACE'S

most Humble

and most Devoted

Servant.

THE

THE
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OF THE
First Volume
OF
Lucian's WORKS,

Translated from
The GREEK by several Hands!

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Mr. DRYDEN'S
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The LIFE of
LUCIAN.

Written by
JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

Poet Laureat *and* Historiographer to
King Charles II. *and* James II.

THE Writing a Life is at
all Times, and in all Cir-
cumstances the most dif-
ficult Task of an Historian; and
notwithstanding the numerous
Tribe of *Biographers*, we can
scarce find one, except *Plutarch*,
who deserves our Perusal, or can
b 2 invite

4 *The Life of Lucian.*

invite a second View. But if the Difficulty be so great, where the Materials are plentiful, and the Incidents extraordinary; what must it be when the Person that affords the Subject, denies Matter enough for a Page? The Learned seldom abound with *Action*, and it is *Action* only, that furnishes the Historian with Things agreeable and instructive. 'Tis true, that *Diogenes Laertius*, and our learned Country-man Mr. *Stanley*, have both written the Lives of the Philosophers; but we are more obliged to the various Principles of their several Sects, than to any thing remarkable, that they did, for our Entertainment.

But *Lucian*, as pleasing and useful, as he was in his Writings,
in

The Life of Lucian. 5

in the opinion of the most candid Judges, has left so little of his own Affairs on Record, that there is scarce sufficient to fill a Page from his Birth to his Death.

There were many of the Name of *Lucian* among the Antients, eminent in several Ways, and whose Names have reach'd Posterity with Honour and Applause. *Suidas* mentions one, as a Man of singular Probity, who having discharg'd the Administration of the Chief Prefect of the Oriental Empire, under *Arcadius*, with extraordinary Justice and Praise of the People; drew on himself the Envy and Hate of the Courtiers (the constant Attendant of eminent Virtue and Merit) and the Anger of the Emperor himself;

6 *The Life of Lucian.*

self; and was at last murder'd by *Rafiany*.

Among those, who were Eminent for their Learning, were some Divines, and Philosophers. Of the former we find one in *St. Cyprian*, to whom the Fourth and Seventeenth Epistles are ascrib'd. There was another, Priest of the Church of *Antioch*, who, as *Suidas* assures us, reviewed, corrected and restored, to its primitive Purity, the *Hebrew Bible*; and afterward suffer'd Martyrdom at *Nicomedia*, under *Maximinian*. A third was a Priest of *Jerusalem*, who not only made a Figure among the Learned of his own Age, but, as *Gesnerus* observes, convey'd his Reputation to Posterity by the remains of his Writings.

But

The Life of Lucian. 7

But none of this Name has met with the general Applause of so many Ages, as *Lucian* the Philosopher, and eminent Sophist, who was Author of the following Dialogues. Of whose Birth, Life, and Death, I shall give you all I could collect of any certain and historical Credit.

He had not the good Fortune to be born of illustrious or wealthy Parents, which give a Man a very advantageous Rise on his first Appearance in the World; but the Father of our *Lucian* labour'd under so great a straitness of Estate, that he was fain to put his Son Apprentice to a Statuary, whose Genius for the finer Studies was so extraordinary and so rare; because he hoped from that

8 *The Life of Lucian.*

Business not only a speedy supply to his own Wants, but was secure, that his Education, in that Art, would be much less Expensive to him.

He was born in *Samosata*, a City of *Syria*, not far from the River *Euphrates*; and for this reason he calls himself more than once an *Assyrian*, and a *Syrian*; But he was deriv'd from a *Greek* Original, his Forefathers having been Citizens of *Patra* in *Achaia*.

We have nothing certain as to the exact Time of his Birth. *Suidas* confirms his flourishing under the Emperor *Trajan*; but then he was likewise before him: Some mention the Reign of *Adrian*; but it cannot be fix'd to any Year, or Consulate.

The

The Life of Lucian. 9

The Person he was bound to was his Uncle; a Man of a severe and morose Temper; of whom he was to learn the Statuaries and Stone-cutters Art. For his Father observing our *Lucian*, now a Boy, of his own head, and without any Instructor, make various Figures in Wax; he persuaded himself, that if he had a good Master, he could not but arrive to an uncommon Excellence in it.

But it happen'd, in the very beginning of his Time, he broke a Model, and was very severely call'd to account for it by his Master. He not liking this Treatment, and having a Soul and Genius above any Mechanic Trade, run away Home.

After

10 *The Life of Lucian.*

After which, in his Sleep, there appear'd to him two young Women, or rather the tutelar Goddesses of the Statuary Art, and of the Liberal Sciences, hotly disputing of their Preference to each other : and on a full Hearing of both Sides, he bids adieu to Statuary, and entirely surrenders himself to the conduct of Virtue, and Learning. And as his Desires of Improvement were great, and the Instructions he had very good, the Progress he made was as considerable ; till by the maturity of his Age and his Study, he made his Appearance in the World. 

Tho' it is not to be suppos'd, that there is any thing of reality in this Dream or Vision of
Lucian,

The Life of Lucian. II

Lucian, which he treats of in his Works; yet this may be gather'd from it, that *Lucian* himself having consulted his Genius, and the nature of the Study his Father had allotted him, and that to which he found a Propensity in himself, he quitted the former and pursued the latter; choosing rather to form the Minds of Men, than their Statues.

In his Youth he taught Rhetoric in *Gaul*, and in several other Places. He pleaded likewise at the Bar in *Antioch*, the Capital of *Syria*; but the Noise of the Bar disgusting, and his ill Success in Causes disheart'ning him, he quitted the Practice of Rhetoric, and the Law, and applied himself to Writing.

He

12 *The Life of Lucian.*

He was forty Years old when he first took to Philosophy. Having a mind to make himself known in *Macedon*, he took the Opportunity of Speaking in the publick Assembly of all that Region. In his old Age he was receiv'd into the *Imperial Family*, and had the Place of Intendant of *Egypt*, after he had travell'd through almost all the known Countries of that Age, to improve his Knowledge in Men, Manners and Arts. For some Writers make this particular Observation on his Travel into *Gaul* and Residence in that Country, That he gain'd there the greatest part of his knowledge in Rhetoric: that Region being in his Age, and also before it, a Nursery of Eloquence and Oratory ;

as

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as *Juvenal*, *Martial*, and others,
sufficiently witnesses.

The manner of his Death is
obscure to us, tho' 'tis most pro-
bable he died of the Gout. *Sui-
das* alone tells a Story of his be-
ing worry'd to death, and de-
vour'd by Dogs, returning from
a Feast; which being so uncom-
mon a Death, so very improba-
ble, and attested only by one *Au-
thor*, has found little Credit with
Posterity. If it be true, that he
was once a *Christian*, and after-
wards became a Renegade to our
Belief, perhaps some Zealots may
have invented this Tale of his
Death, as a just and signal Pu-
nishment for his *Apostacy*. All
Men are willing to have the Mi-
racle, or at least the wonderful
Providence, go on their Side;
and

14 *The Life of Lucian.*

and will be teaching God *Almighty* what he ought to do in this World, as well as in the next: as if they were proper Judges of his Decrees, and for what end he prospers some, or punishes others in this Life. *Abblancour*, and our learned Countryman Dr. *Mayn*, look on the Story, as a Fiction: and for my part, I can see no reason either to believe he ever profess'd *Christianity*; or if he did, why he must not more probably die in his Bed at so great an Age, as *Fourscore, and Ten*, than be torn in Pieces and devour'd by Dogs, when he was too feeble to defend himself. *So early began the want of Charity, the presumption of meddling with God's Government, and the Spirit of Calumny, amongst the primitive Believers.*

Of

The Life of Lucian. 15

Of his Posterity we know nothing more, than that he left a Son behind him, who was as much in Favour with the Emperor *Julian*, as his Father had been with *Aurelius* the Philosopher. This Son became in time a famous Sophist; and among the Works of *Julian* we find an Epistle of that great Person to him.

I find that I have mingled, before I was aware, some things which are doubtful with some which are certain; forc'd indeed by the narrowness of the Subject, which affords very little of undisputed Truth: Yet I find myself oblig'd to do Right to Monsieur *d'Ablancour*, who is not positively of opinion, that *Suidas* was

16 *The Life of Lucian.*

was the Author of this Fable ; but rather, that it descended to him by the Tradition of former Times, yet without any certain ground of Truth. He concludes it however to be a Calumny ; perhaps a charitable kind of Lye, to deter others from Satyrizing the new Dogma's of *Christianity* by the Judgment shown on *Lucian*. We find nothing in his Writings which gives any hint of his professing our Belief : But being naturally Curious, and living not only amongst *Christians*, but in the Neighbourhood of *Judea*, he might reasonably be suppos'd to be knowing in our Points of Faith, without believing them. He ran a muck, and laid about him on all Sides, with more Fury on the *Heathens*, whose Religion he profess'd ; he struck at

ours

The Life of Lucian. 17

ours but casually, as it came in his way, rather than, as he sought it; he contemn'd it too much to write in earnest against it. We have indeed the highest Probabilities for our reveal'd Religion; Arguments which will preponderate with a reasonable Man, upon a long, and careful Disquisition; but I have always been of Opinion, that we can demonstrate nothing, because the Subject-matter is not capable of a Demonstration. 'Tis the particular Grace of God, that any Man believes the Mysteries of our Faith; which I think a conclusive Argument against the Doctrine of Persecution in any Church. And tho' I am absolutely convinc'd, as I heartily thank God I am, not only of the general Principles of *Christianity*, but of all Truths necessary

c

18 *The Life of Lucian.*

necessary to Salvation in the *Roman Church* ; yet I cannot but detest our Inquisition as it is practis'd in some foreign Parts, particularly in *Spain*, and in the *Indies*.

Those Reasons which are cogent to me, may not prevail with others, who bear the Denomination of *Christians* ; and those which are prevalent with all *Christians*, in regard of their Birth and Education, may find no Force when they are used against *Mahometans* or *Heathens*. To instruct, is a charitable Duty ; to compel, by Threatnings and Punishment, is the Office of Hangman, and the Principle of a Tyrant.

But my Zeal in a good Cause (as I believe) has transported me beyond the Limits of my Subject.

I was

The Life of Lucian. 19

I was endeavouring to prove that *Lucian* had never been a Member of the *Christian Church*; and methinks it makes for my Opinion, that in relating the Death of *Perigrinus*, who being born a *Pagan*, pretended afterwards to turn *Christian*, and turned himself publickly at the *Olympic Games*, at his Death, professing himself a *Cynic Philosopher*. It seems, I say, to me, that *Lucian* wou'd not have so severely de-claim'd against this *Proteus*, (which was another of *Peregrinus* his Names) if he himself had been guilty of that Apostacy.

I know not that this Passage has been observ'd by any Man before me. And yet in this very place it is that this Author has more severely handled our *Belief*,

20 *The Life of Lucian.*

and more at large, than in any other part of all his Writings, excepting only the Dialogue of *Triepbon* and *Critias*, wherein he lashes his own false Gods with more severity than the true; and where the first *Christians*, with their cropt Hair, their whining Voices, melancholy Faces, mournful Discourses, nasty Habits, are describ'd with a greater air of *Calvinists* or *Quakers*, than of *Roman Catholicks*, or *Church of England-Men*.

After all, what if this Discourse, last mention'd, and the rest of the Dialogues, wherein the *Christians* are Satyriz'd, were none of *Lucian's*? The learned and ingenious Dr. *Mayn*, whom I have before-cited, is of this Opinion; and confirms it by the attesta-

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The Life of Lucian. 21

attestation of *Philander*, *Obsopæus*, *Mycillus* and *Copnatus*; whom, since I have not read, or two of them but very superficially, I refer you, for the faith of his Quotation, to the Authors themselves.

The next Supposition concerning *Lucian's* Religion, is, that he was of none at all. I doubt not but the same People, who broach'd the Story of his being once a *Christian*, follow'd their blow upon him, in this second Accusation.

There are several sorts of *Christians* at this Day reigning in the World, who will not allow any Man to believe in the Son of God, whose other Articles of Faith are not in all things conformable to theirs. Some of these

22 *The Life of Lucian.*

exercise this rigid, and severe kind of Charity, with a good Intent of reducing several Sects into one common Church. But this Spirit of others is evidently seen by their detraction, their Malice, their spitting Venom, their raising false Reports of those, who are not of their Communion. I wish the Antientness of these censorious Principles may be prov'd by better Arguments, than by any near resemblance, they have with the primitive Believers. But till I am convinc'd, that *Lucian* has been charg'd with Atheism of Old, I shall be apt to think, that this Accusation is very modern.

One of *Lucian's* Translators pleads in his Defence, that it was very improbable, a Man, who

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The Life of Lucian. 23

who has laugh'd Paganism out of Doors, should believe no GOD; that he who cou'd point to the Sepulchre of *Jupiter* in *Crete*, as well as our *Tertullian*, shou'd be an Atheist. But this Argument, I confess, is of little weight to prove him a Deist, only because he was no *Polythiest*. He might as well believe in none, as in many Gods. And on the other side, he might believe in many, as *Julian* did, and not in one. For my own part, I think it is not prov'd, that either of them were Apostates; though one of them, in hopes of an Empire, might temporize, while *Christianity* was the *Mode at Court*: Neither is our Author clear'd any thing the more because his Writings have serv'd in the times of the Heathens, to destroy that vain, unreasonable

c 4

and

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and impious Religion, that was an oblique Service, which *Lucian* never intended us. For his Business, like that of some modern *Polemiquus*, was rather to pull down every thing, than to set up any thing. With what show of probability can I urge in his defence, that one of the greatest among the Fathers has drawn whole Homilies from our Author's Dialogues, since I know that *Lucian* made them not for that purpose? The occasional good which he has done, is not to be imputed to him; St. *Chrysostom*, St. *Augustin*, and many others, have apply'd his Arguments on better Motives, than their Author propos'd to himself in framing them.

These

These Reasons therefore, as they make nothing against his being an Atheist, so they prove nothing of his believing One God; but only leave him as they found him, and leave us in, as great an Obscurity concerning his Religion, as before. I may be, as much mistaken in my Opinion, as these great Men have been before me; and this is very probable, because I know less of him, than they; yet I have read him over more, than once, and therefore will presume to say, that I think him either one of the *Elective* School, or else a *Sceptic*: I mean, that he either form'd a Body of Philosophy for his own use, out of the Opinions, and Dogma's of several Heathen Philosophers, disagreeing

26 *The Life of Lucian.*

ing amongst themselves; or that he doubted of every thing; weigh'd all Opinions, and adher'd to none of them; only us'd them, as they serv'd his occasion for the present Dialogue; and perhaps rejected them in the next. And indeed, this last opinion is the more probable of the two, if we consider the Genius of the Man, whose Image we may clearly see in the Glass, which he holds before us of his Writings, which reflects him to our sight.

Not to dwell on Examples, with which his Works are amply furnish'd, I will only mention two. In one *Socrates* convinces his Friend *Charephon* of the Power of the Gods in Transformations, and of a supream Providence,

The Life of Lucian. 27

vidence, which accompanies that Power in the administration of the World.

In another, he confutes *Jupiter*, and pulls him down from Heaven to Earth by his own *Homerical* Chain, and makes him only a subservient Slave to blind eternal Fate. I might add, that he is, in one half of his Book, a *Stoic*, in the other an *Epicurean*, never constant to himself in any Scheme of Divinity, unless it be in despising his *Gentile* Gods: And this derision, as it shows the Man himself, so it gives us an Idea of the Age in which he liv'd; for if that had been devout, or ignorant, his scoffing Humour wou'd either have been restrain'd, or had not pass'd unpunish'd: all

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all knowing Ages being naturally *Sceptic*, and not at all bigotted; which, if I am not much deceiv'd, is the proper Character of our own.

To conclude this Article, he was too fantastical, too giddy, too irresolute, either to be any thing at all, or any thing long; and in this view, I cannot think he was either a steady Atheist, or a Deist, but a Doubter, a *Sceptic* as he plainly declares himself to be in the Dialogue, when he puts himself under the Name of *Hermotimus* the *Stoic*; call'd the Dialogue of the Sects.

As for his Morals, they are spoken of as variously as his Opinions. Some are for decrying him more, than he deserves; his

The Life of Lucian. 29

his Defenders themselves dare not set him up for a Pattern of severe Vertue. No Man is so profligate, as openly to profess Vice; and therefore it is no wonder if under the Reign of *Nerva*, *Trajan*, *Hadrian*, and the two *Antonins*, of which the last was his Patron and Benefactor, he liv'd not so much a Libertine as he had it to be in his Nature. He is more accus'd for his Love of Boys, than of Women. Not that we have any particular Story to convince us of this detestable Passion in him; but his own Writings bear this record against him, that he speaks often of it, and I know not, that ever he condemns it. Repeated Expressions, as well as repeated Actions, witness some secret Pleasure in the Deed, or

He condemns it. Vol. 3. p. 265. 268. at

30 *The Life of Lucian.*

at least, some secret Inclination to it. He seems to insinuate, in his Dialogue of *Loves*, that *Socrates* was given to this Vice; but we find not that he blames him for it, which if he had been wholly innocent himself, it became a Philosopher to have done. But as we pass over a foul way, as hastily, as we can, so I will leave this abominable Subject, which strikes me with Horrour when I name it.

If there be any, who are guilty of this Sin, we may assure our selves they will never stop at any other; for when they have over-leapt the Bounds of Nature, they run so fast to all other Immoralities, that the Grace of God, without a Miracle, can never overtake them.

Lucian

The Life of Lucian. 31

Lucian is accus'd likewise for his writing too lusciously in his Dialogue of the Harlots.

It has been the common Fault of all Satyrists, to make Vice too aimable, while they expose it. But of all Men living, I am the most unfit to accuse *Lucian*, who am so little able to defend myself from the same Objection. We find not, however, that *Lucian* was charg'd with the Wantonness of his Dialogues, in his own Life-time. If he had been, he wou'd certainly have answered for himself, as he did to those, who accus'd him for exposing *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Diogenes*, and other great Philosophers, to the laughter of the People, when *Jupiter* sold them by an
inch

32 *The Life of Lucian.*

inch of Candle. But, to confess the Truth, I am of their Opinion, who think, that Answer of his not over ingenuous, (*viz.*) that he only attack'd the false Philosophers of their Sects, in their Persons, whom he honour'd; so I am perswaded, that he cou'd not have alledg'd more in his excuse, for these Dialogues, than that, as he taught Harlots to deceive, so, at the same time, he discover'd their Deceits to the knowledge of young Men, and thereby warn'd them to avoid the Snare.

I find him not charg'd with any other Faults, than what I have already mention'd. He was otherwise of a Life, as unblameable, as any Man, for ought we find to the contrary. And I have

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have this probable Inducement to believe it, because he had so honourable an Employment under *Marcus Aurelius*, an Emperour, as clear sighted, as he was truly vertuous. For both which Qualities, we need not quote *Lucian*, who was so much oblig'd to him, but may securely appeal to *Herodian*, and to all the Historians, who have written of him besides the Testimony of his own admirable Works; which are yet in the Hands of all the Learned.

As for those, who condemn our Author for the too much Gall, and Virulency of his Satires; 'tis to be suspected, says Dr. *Mayn*, that they themselves are guilty of those Hypocrisies, Crimes, and Follies, which he

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34 *The Life of Lucian.*

so sharply exposes, and at the same time endeavours to reform. I may add, that for the most part, he rather laughs like *Horace*, than bites like *Juvenal*. Indeed his Genius was of kin to both; but more nearly related to the former. Some Diseases are curable by Lenitives; to others Corrosives are necessary. Can a Man inveigh too sharply against the Cruelty of Tyrants, the Pride and Vanity of the Great, the Covetousness of the Rich, the Baseness of the Sophists, and particularly of the Cyniques, who while they Preach Poverty to others, are heaping up Riches, and living in Gluttony, besides the Wrangling of the Sects amongst themselves, about Supream Happiness; which he describes at a
Drunk

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Drunken Feast, and calls it the
Battel of the *Lapithæ*.

Excepting what already is ex-
cepted, he seems to me, to be
an Enemy to nothing but to Vice,
and Folly. The Pictures which
he draws of *Nigrinus* and of
Demonax, are, as fair, as that of
Vertue her self; if, as the Phi-
losopher said, she could wear a
Body. And if we oppose to
them the Lives of *Alexander*
the false Prophet, and of *Pere-
grinus*, how pleasingly, and with
how much Profit, does the De-
formity of the last, set off the
Beauty of the first. Some of his
Censurers accuse him of Flat-
ness and want of Wit, in many
places.

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These I suppose have read him in some *Latin* Translations, which I confess, are generally dull. And this is the only Excuse I can make for them. Otherwise they accuse themselves too manifestly for want of Taste, or Understanding. Of this number is the wretched Author of the *Lucien en belle Humeur*; who being himself, as insipid, as a *Dutch* Poet, yet arraigns *Lucian* for his own Fault; Introduces the Ghost of *Ablancourt*, confessing his Coldness in many places, the poorness of his Thoughts, and his want of Humour; represents his Readers tir'd and yawning and his ill Buffoonry, at false Mirth, and sleeping over his melancholick Stories; which are every where stuff'd with
Im-

The Life of Lucian. 37

Improbabilities. He cou'd have said no worse of a *Leyden* Slip.

The best on't is, the Jaundice is only in his own Eyes, which makes *Lucian* look yellow to him. All Mankind will exclaim against him for Preaching this Doctrine; and be of Opinion when they read his *Lucian*, that he look'd in a Glass, when he drew his Picture. I wish I had the liberty to lash this *Frog-land Wit* as he deserves: But when a Speech is not seconded in Parliament, it falls of course; and this Author has the whole *Senate* of the Learned to pull him down. *Incipient Omnes pro Cicerone loqui.*

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'Tis to be acknowledged, that his best Translator *Ablancourt*, thinks him not a profound Master in any sort of Philosophy; but only that he skimm'd enough from every Sect to serve his turn in Rhetorick, which was his Profession. This he gathers from his superficial way of Arguing. But why may not another Man reply in his Defence, that he made choice of those kinds of Reasons, which were most capable of being made to shine in his facetious way of Arguing; and those undoubtedly were not the most knotty, nor the deepest, but the most diverting, by the sharpness of the Raillery. Dr. *Mayn*, so often prais'd, has another opinion of *Lucian's* Learning, and the strength of his wit-
ty

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ty Arguments, concluding on that Subject in these Words, or near them.

For my part, I know not to whose Writings we owe more our *Christianity*, where the true God has succeeded a multitude of false, whether to the grave confutation of *Clemens Alexandrinus*, *Arnobius*, *Justin Martyr*, *St. Augustin*, *Lactantius*, &c. or the facetious Wit of *Lucian*. I cannot doubt but the Treacherous Translatour wou'd have given his hand to what the *Englishman* has said of their common Author. The Success has justify'd his Opinion in the sight of all the World. *Lucian's* mannner of convincing, was certainly more pleasant, than that of the *Christian Writers*;

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and we know the Effect was full as powerful; so easily can the Eternal Wisdom draw Good out of Evil, and make his Enemy subservient to the Establishment of his Faith.

I will not enlarge on the Praises of his Oratory: If we compare his Style with the Greek Historians his contemporaries, or near his time, we shall find it much more pure, than that of *Plutarch*, *Dion*, or *Appian*; though not so grave, because his Subjects and theirs, requir'd to be treated after a different manner. It was not of an uniform Webb, says *Mayn*, like *Thucydides*, *Polybius*, and some others, whom he names; but was somewhat peculiar to himself: his Words well chosen, his
Periods

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Periods round, the parts of his Sentences, harmoniously divided, a full Flood, or even a Torrent of perswasion; without inequalities or swellings, such as might be put in equal comparison with the best Orations of *Demosthenes* or *Isocrates*; not so dry, as the first, nor so flowery, as the last. His Wit, says *Ablancourt*, was full of Urbanity, that *Attic* salt, which the *French* call fine Rail-lery; not obscene, not gross, not rude, but Facetious, well Manner'd, and well bred. Only he will not allow his Love the Quality last mention'd, but thinks it rustical, and according either to his own Genius, or that of the Age in which he liv'd.

If Wit consists in the Propriety, of Thoughts, and Words, (which I imagin'd I had first found out; but since am pleasingly convinc'd, that *Aristotle* has made the same Definition in other Terms) then *Lucian's* Thoughts and Words, are always proper to his Characters, and to his Subject. If the pleasure arising from Comedy and Satyr, be either Laughter, or some nobler sort of Delight, which is above it; no Man is so great a Master of Irony, as our Author: That Figure is not only a keen, but a shining Weapon in his Hand; it glitters in the Eyes of those it kills, his own God's his greatest Enemies, are not butchered by him, but fairly slain: they

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they must acknowledge the Heroe in the stroke; and take the comfort which *Virgil* gives to a dying Captain: *Aeneæ magni dextrâ cadis.*

I know not whom *Lucian* imitated, unless it might be *Aristophanes* (for you never find him mentioning any *Roman* Wit, so much the *Grecians* thought themselves superior to their Conquerours:) But he who has best imitated him in Latin, is *Erasmus*, and in French *Fontenelle*, in his Dialogues of the Dead; which I never read but with a new Pleasure.

Any one may see, that our Author's chief Design, was to disnest Heaven of so many immoral and debauch'd Deities: His

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His next, to expose the Mock-Philosophers; and his last, to give us Examples of a good Life in the Persons of the true.

The rest of his Discourses are on mix'd Subjects, less for profit, than delight; and some of them too Libertine.

The way which *Lucian* chose of delivering these profitable, and pleasing Truths, was that of Dialogue: A Choice worthy of the Author, happily follow'd, as I said above, by *Erasmus* and *Fontenelle* particularly; to whom I may justly add a *Triumvir* of our own. The Reverend, Ingenious, and Learned Dr. *Echard*, who by using the same Method, and the same Ingredients of Raillery, and Reason, has more baffled

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baffled the Philosopher of *Malmſbury*, than thoſe who affaulted him with blunt, heavy Arguments, drawn from Orthodox Divinity: For *Hobbs* foreſaw where thoſe ſtrokes wou'd fall, and leapt aſide before they cou'd deſcend; but he cou'd not avoid thoſe nimble Paſſes, which were made on him, by a Wit more active, than his own, and which were within his Body, before he cou'd provide for his Defence. I will not here take notice of the ſeveral kinds of Dialogue, and the whole Art of it, which wou'd aſk an entire Volume to perform.

This has been a Work long wanted, and much deſir'd, of which the Ancients have not ſufficiently inform'd us; and I
question

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question whether any Man, now living, can treat it accurately. *Lucian*, it seems, was very sensible of the difficult Task which he undertook in writing Dialogues; as appears in his discourse, against one who had call'd him *Prometheus*: He owns himself, in this particular, to be like him to whom he was resembled, to be the Inventor of a new Work, attempted in a new manner; the Model of which he had from none before him; but adds withall, that if he cou'd not give it the Graces which belong to so happy an Invention, he deserves to be torn by twelve Vulturs, instead of one which preys upon the Heart, of that first Man-Potter. For, to quit the beaten Road of the Ancients, and take a
Path

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Path of his own choosing, he acknowledges to be a bold and ridiculous Attempt, if it succeed not. The Mirth of Dialogue and Comedy in my Work, says he, is not enough to make it pleasing; because the Union of two contraries, may as well produce a Monster as a Miracle; as a Centaur results from the joint Natures of a Horse and Man.

'Tis not but that from two excellent Beings, a third may arise of perfect Beauty; but 'tis what I dare not promise to my self: for Dialogue being a solemn Entertainment of grave Discourse, and Comedy the Wit and Fooling of a Theatre, I fear that through the Corruption of two good Things, I have made one bad.

But

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But whatever the Child be, 'tis my own at least; I beg not with another's Brat upon my Back. From which of the Ancients shou'd I have stol'n or borrowed it? My *Chimæras* have no other Being than my own Imagination; let every Man produce who can; and whether this be a lawful Birth, or a misshapen Mass, is left for the present Age, and for Posterity to judge. This is the Sense of my Author's Words, contracted in a narrow compass: For, if you will believe *Ablancourt*, and others, his greatest Fault is, that he exhausts his Argument, like *Ovid*, knows not when to give over; but is perpetually galloping beyond his Stage.

But

But tho' I cannot pursue our Authour any farther, I find myself oblig'd to say something of those Translators of the following Dialogues, whom I have the honour to know, as well as of some other Translations of this Author, and ⁱⁿ a word, or two of ^y Translation it self.

As for the Translators, all of them, that I know, are Men of establish'd Reputation, both for Wit, and Learning, at least sufficiently known to be so, among all the finer Spirits of the Age. Sir *Henry Sheers*, has given many Proofs of his Excellence in this kind; for while we, by his admirable Adress, enjoy *Polybius* in our Mother Tongue, we can never forget the Hand, that

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bestow'd the Benefit. The Learning and Judgment above his Age, which every one discovers in Mr. *Moyle*, are proofs of those Abilities he has shown in his Country's Service, when he was chose to serve it in the Senate, as his Father had done. The Wit of Mr. *Blount*, and his other Performances, need no Recommendation from me, they have made too much noise in the World, to need a Herald. There are some other Persons concerned in this Work, whose Names deserve a place among the foremost, but that they have not thought fit to be known, either out of a bashful Diffidence of their own Performance; or out of Apprehension of the Censure of an ill-natur'd, and ill-judging Age. For *Criticism*, is now become

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come mere Hang-man's Work, and meddles only with the Faults of Authors; nay, the Critick is disgusted less with their Absurdities, than Excellence, and you can't displease him more, than in leaving him little room for his Malice in your Correctness and Perfection; tho' that indeed is what he never allows any Man; for like the Bed of *Procrustes*, they stretch, or cut off an Author to its length. These spoilers of *Parnassus*, are a just excuse for concealing the Name, since most of their Malice is levell'd more at the Person, than the thing; and as a sure mark of their Judgment, they will extoll to the Skys, the Anonymous work of a Person they will not allow to write common Sense.

But this Consideration, of our Modern Criticks, has led me astray, and made me insensibly deviate from the Subject before me; the Modesty, or Caution of the Anonymous Translators of the following Work. Whatever the Motive of concealing their Names may be, I shall not determine; but it is certain, nothing cou'd more contribute to make a perfect Version of *Lucian*, than a confederacy of many Men of Parts and Learning to do him Justice. It seems a Task too hard for any one Man to undertake, the Burden wou'd indeed be insupportable, unless we did what the *French* have done in some of their Translations, allow twenty Years to perfect the Work, and bestow

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bestow all the brightest Intervals,
the most sprightly hours to
polish and finish the Work.

But this has not been the fate
of our Author hitherto; for
Lucian, that is the sincere Ex-
ample of *Attique* Eloquence, as
Grævius says of him, is only a
mass of *Solecism*, and mere Vul-
garisms in Mr. *Spence*. I do not
think it worth my while, to rake
into the filth of so scandalous a
Version; nor had I vouchsaf'd so
much as to take notice of it,
had it not been so gross an Af-
front to the Memory of *Lucian*,
and so great a scandal to our Na-
tion. *d'Ablancourt* has taken a
great deal of pains to furnish
this Intruder into Print with
Lucian, in a Language more
known to him than *Greek*;
e 3 nay,

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may, he has left him not one crabbed Idiotism to study for, since he has admirably cloath'd him in a Garb, more familiar to the Moderns, still keeping the Sense of his Author in view. But in spite of all these helps, these Leading-strings were not sufficient to keep Mr. *Spence* from falling to the ground, e'ry step he made. While he makes him speak in the Stile and Language of a *Jack-Pudding*, not a Master of Eloquence, admir'd for it through all the Ages since he wrote. But too much of this Trifler.

I have said enough already of the Version of the Learned Dr. *Mayn*, to shew my Approbation of it, but it is only a select parcel of *Lucian's* Dialogues, which pleas'd

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pleas'd him most, but far from the whole. As for any other Translator, if there be any such in our Language, it is what I never saw, and suppose it must be antiquated, or of so inferior a degree, as not even to rival *Spence*.

The present Translation, as far as I can Judge by what I have seen, is no way inferiour to *Ablancourt's*, and in many things is superiour. It has indeed the Advantage of appearing in a Language more strong, and expressive, than *French*, and by the Hands of Gentlemen, who perfectly understand him, and their own Language.

This has brought me to say a word or two about Translation

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in general : In which no Nation might more excell, than the *English*, tho' as Matters are now manag'd, we come so far short of the *French*; there may indeed, be a Reason assign'd, which bears a very great probability; and that is, that here the *Booksellers* are the Undertakers of Works of this nature, and they are Persons more devoted to their own Gain, than the publick Honour. They are very parsimonious in Rewarding the wretched *Scribblers* they employ; and care not how the Business is done, so that it be but done. They live by selling Titles, not Books, and if that carry off one Impression, they have their Ends, and value not the Curfes they and their Authors meet with from the bubbled Chapmen.

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men. While Translations are thus at the disposal of the *Booksellers*, and have no better Judges, or Rewarders of the Performance, it is impossible, that we should make any Progress, in an Art so very useful to an enquiring People, and for the Improvement and spreading of Knowledge, which is none of the worst preservatives against Slavery.

It must be confess'd, that when the Bookseller has Interest with Gentlemen of Genius and Quality, above the Mercenary Prospects of little Writers, as in that of *Plutarch's* Live's, and this of *Lucian*, the Reader may satisfy himself, that he shall have the Author's Spirit and Soul in the Traduction. These Gentlemen know very well that they are not

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not to creep after the Words of their Author in so servile a Manner, as some have done. For that must infallibly throw them on a Necessity of introducing a new Mode of Diction and Phraseology, with which we are not at all acquainted, and wou'd incur that Censure which my Lord *Dorset* made formerly on those of Mr. *Spence*, viz *that he was so cunning a Translator, that a Man must Consult the Original to understand the Version.* For every Language has a Propriety and Idiom peculiar to it self, which cannot be convey'd to another without perpetual Absurditys.

The Qualification of a Translator worth Reading must be a Mastery of the Language he Translates

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lates out of, and that he Translates into ; but if a deficiency be to be allow'd in either, it is in the Original, since if he be but Master enough of the Tongue of his Author, as to be Master of his Sense, it is possible for him to express that Sense, with Eloquence, in his own if he have a through Command of that. But without the Latter he can never Arrive at the Useful, and the Delightful, without which Reading is a Penance and Fatigue.

'Tis true, that there will be a great many Beautys, which in every Tongue depend on the Diction, that will be left in the Version of a Man, not skill'd in the Original Language of the Author. But then on the other side, First it is impossible to render

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der all those little Ornaments of Speech in any two Languages; and if he have a Mastery in the Sense and Spirit of his Author, and in his own Language have a Stile and Happiness of Expression, he will easily supply all that is lost by that defect.

A Translator, that wou'd write with any Force or Spirit of an Original, must never dwell on the Words of his Author: He ought to possess himself entirely, and perfectly comprehend the Genius and Sense of his Author, the Nature of the Subject, and the Terms of the Art or Subject treated off. And then he will express himself as justly, and with as much Life, as if he wrote an Original: Where-
as,

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as, he who Copies Word for Word, loses all the Spirit in the tedious Transfusion.

I wou'd not be understood, that he should be at liberty to give such a Turn, as Mr. *Spence* has in some of his, where for the fine Raillery, and *Attique* Salt of *Lucian*, we find the gross Expressions of *Billings-Gate*, or *More-Fields* and *Bartholomew Fair*. For I write not to such Translators, but to Men capacious of the Soul and Genius of their Authors, without which, all their Labour will be of no use, but to disgrace themselves, and injure the Author that falls into their Slaughter-House.

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I believe, I need give no other Rules to the READER than the following Version, where Example will be stronger than Precept, to which I now refer them. In which a Man justly Qualifi'd for a Translator will Discover many Rules, extreamly useful to that End. But a Man who wants these Natural Qualification which are necessary for such an Undertaking, all particular Precepts are of no other Use than to make him a more Remarkable Coxcomb.



Lucian's

LUCIAN'S
WORKS

Volume I.

Translated by several Hands.

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Lucian's



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LUCIAN'S WORKS.

The Vision, or Lucian's Life.

By T. FERNE, M. D.

I Was about fifteen Years of Age, and had left off going to School, when my Father consulted with his Friends what was best to do with me: The Profession of Learning was condemned as a Matter of too much Time, Labour, and Expence, which requir'd an Estate to support it; whereas our narrow Fortunes press'd for a speedy Supply. It was again considered a manual Art would immediately afford me means to subsist on without being too great a Charge to the Family, after Years of Maturity, that in that case I should be a Comfort to my aged Father, in bringing home part of my Gain. This being fixt, the next Chapter of the Debate was, what Trade was the most easie to be learnt, most gentile, gainful, and required the least or no very great
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Lucian's Vision.

Stock to manage it. After abundance of things propos'd as the Fancy or Experience of each Man led him, on a sudden my Father casting his Eye on my Uncle, who was an excellent Statuary, *'Twere an Affront*, says he, *to prefer another Art in your Presence. Take him home along with you and teach him yours. In this he may excel; Nature has given him a happy Genius.* This Conjecture was founded on those waxen Puppets he had seen me make. No sooner was I come from School, but I was ever busie in cutting out Horses, Cows and little Men, prettily enough in his opinion; for which innocent childish Diversion I often severely suffer'd. This he alledg'd in favour of me, as the Marks of an Inclination; and all began to conceive hopes of my success. A certain Day was appointed, and I was deliver'd to my Uncle well pleas'd with my new Employment; Sculpture methought was more a Diversion than Business, which would commend me to my young Companions, on whom I could bestow the little Gods or other Images I made or keep for Ostentation. My Uncle, putting a Chissel in my Hand, and bringing me to a fair Piece of Marble, *Touch it lightly*, says he, *and let us see what you can make; What's well begun is half done.* But being not us'd to so neat Work, and striking a little too roughly, I split the Stone, which was very smooth and brittle. This put my Uncle in a violent Passion, and catching up a Whip, laid on me somewhat too roughly, not considering it was my first Attempt; thus my new Apprenticeship began in Tears. I ran Home, roaring and crying, exclaiming

claiming against the Size of his Whip, and shewing upon my Body the Marks of his Cruelty, insinuating as if I thought this a Piece of Jealousie, lest I should surpass him in his Art, and prove a better Workman than himself. My Mother, extremely incens'd, rail'd at her Brother for this unnatural Usage; and when Night came, I went to Bed very Pensive and full of Tears. What I have yet told you is Frivolous and Childish, but, Gentlemen, what I am now about to relate deserves your Attention; for as the Poet says,

Θαῖοι μοι ἐνὺπνιον ἴλθεν ὄνειρ
 Ἀμβροσίην διὰ νύκτα ———

The Images were so lively and strong they scarcely differ'd from real. To this very Hour methinks I have imprinted in my Eyes the Garb in which they appear'd, and in my Ears the Tone of Voice in which they spoke, so clearly were they represented. Methought I saw two Females standing by me, each catching at me and pulling me to her Side with a world of eagerness: Their Contest was sharp, and I very hardly escap'd being pull'd in Pieces between them; sometimes one would gain me, sometimes the other fetch me back. The Dispute continu'd in this manner, for some time, and each reproach'd at the other; one for endeavouring to rob her of her devoted Servant, the other for vainly pretending to usurp her Right. The one was of a servile Aspect, masculine Face, sullied with Dust and Sweat, Hair dishevell'd, callous Hands, her Habit tuck'd up and cover'd with the Dust of

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Stone;

Stone; in short, just such as my Uncle us'd to be in the midst of his Business. The other a pleasant smiling Countenance, agreeable Air, gentile and well-dress'd: In the issue it was agreed to submit the Affair to my Decision whom I would chuse to serve. The first which began was that rough masculine Woman, in these Words: *Dear Child, I, whom you see, am that Sculpture which you so lately imbrac'd; familiar to you and well known to your Family. Your Mother's Father and both your Uncles were of that Profession, all justly esteem'd excellent Artists. Now if you will reject my Rival, with her airy Visions and empty Train of Notions, and espouse my Cause, I will give you a Body robust and vigorous, a Life undisturbed with Envy: Nor shall you be forc'd to an ungrateful Absence from your dearest Friends and native Country; nor be admir'd for Words but Things. Let not the Meanness of my Person or Indifference of my Dress be a Prejudice to my Cause. Such were Phidias and Polycletus, whom Jove and Juno so highly valued; such were Myron and Praxiteles, ador'd with the very Gods they made. Consider well in being of their Number, what Glory you shall gain, what a Joy you shall be to your Father, and what an Honour to the Place of your Nativity. This she said stuttering, and uttering a thousand Barbarisms, besides a World of other Things, which for want of Memory I cannot repeat, very industriously striving to ingage me in her Party. After which the other began; I, says she, am Eloquence, not altogether a Stranger to you, tho' you have not yet seen me in my Perfection. If you suffer your self to be seduced with the pretended*

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Advantages which that Lady has propos'd, you shall be no better than an eternal Drudge, a working Slave for the bare Necessaries of Life; obscure, content with a petty ungenerous Gain, Mean and Low-spirited; without Power to oblige your Friends or hurt your Enemies; never Great nor Popular, but a simple labouring Man; one undistinguish'd in the numerous Croud, and at the presence of every greater Person; basely subject to, nor daring to censure a Man of Eloquence; expos'd to the Contempt and Injuries of every insulting Coxcomb. If you shall have the Fortune to equal Phidias or Polycletus, your Art I confess must be admir'd; but no Man in his right Senses will envy your Condition: You are still but a poor mechanick Slave, forc'd to gain your Bread at the Expence of your Sweat and Labour. But if you will submit yourself to my direction, I will shew you what is great and glorious in Antiquity; relate the Discourses of the ancient Sages, and enrich your Mind, that noblest Part of you, with the best Accomplishments, Moderation, Justice, Vertue, Sweetness of Disposition, Integrity, Wisdom, Courage, and inspire you with a general Love for whatever is great and honourable. These are the true Ornaments of the Mind which are genuine and lasting. You shall learn what the ancient and modern History contain; and how to behave your self in all Circumstances of Life for your Honour and Advantage. I will instruct you in the Mysteries of Religion and Policy; from indigent and necessitous, make you rich and envied; and from the Son of that obscure Fellow, who so meanly contriv'd to ruin your Fortunes, great and popular, loaded with Honours, celebrated for your extraordinary Abilities, and highly esteem'd by Persons of the first Rank and Quality. Your Dress

shall be like mine, pointing to her own Habit,
 which was very magnificent. In all publick
 Assemblies you shall have Preference of Place, and
 be qualified for publick Employment. If you desire
 to travel into a foreign Country, I will make your
 Fame march before you, and each jogging his
 Neighbour shall say, That is the Man. When
 you open your Mouth the gaping Crowd shall
 attentively listen and admire whatever you speak,
 and esteem your Father happy in such a Son, and
 upon all Occasions be the first Man to serve your
 Friends and Country. Besides this, I will bestow
 on you that boasted Immortality. After your de-
 cease you shall be the Companion of the Learned and
 choicest Spirits. Consider what Demosthenes was,
 and to what I raised him. Consider Æschines
 from a poor Boy, was courted by the mighty Philip.
 The great Socrates at first followed my Rival, but
 soon deserted her for me; and you see to what a
 Reputation he has arrived. Will you then leave
 those illustrious Men; those grave and learned
 Conversations; that genteel Dress, Honour, Cre-
 dit, Preference, Authority, Dignity; the Glory
 of Wisdom and Learning, and all the Charms of
 Greatness for a sorry, despicable, ragged Coat;
 for Block, Hammers, Chissels, and such Mecha-
 nick Tools; be content to creep on the Ground;
 to work, not daring to look higher, or entertain
 a Thought that's Generous; ever curious to give your
 Figures their exact Shape and just Proportion, lea-
 ving your own Body neglected, nasty, more con-
 temptible than the very Stones you polish? At this
 I started up and declar'd in her Favour, quit-
 ting that ill-favour'd dirty Slave, for this
 beauteous Lady; which I did with the greater
 satisfaction, when I reflected on the ill treat-
 ment

ment which I had so lately receiv'd. She enraged to be thus defeated, began to knit her Brows, clinch her Fist, and utter a thousand Threats; but in the issue, growing pale and stiff, as the Story relates of *Niobe*, was transform'd into a perfect Statue. My new Mistress, having now gain'd a compleat Victory, *Since*, says she, *you have with so much Justice put an end to our Controversie; come hither, mount this Chariot*, pointing to one which was supported by Horses, winged like *Pegasus* in the Fable, and see what glorious Things you had nearly miss'd. When I was plac'd she began to drive, and being elevated to a sufficient heighth, I saw all the Empires, Kingdoms and States which cover the spacious Globe from East to West; still, like the divine *Triptolemus*, dispersing something thro' all our Voyage: What it was I cannot say; this I remember, Men of the lower World, gazing up with astonishment, loaded us with Blessings and Praises where-ever we pass'd: At last she brought me Home, not in the same Dress I went out, but splendid and magnificent, and spying my Father, who expected my return with impatience; *There's your Son; see what Happiness he had lost by following the Advice of your wary Friends*. This is the Sum of what I saw while I was in a manner but a Child, and inspir'd by the Terrour of the Whip I had so lately felt. But methinks I am interrupted, *Bless me*, says one, *here's a long formal Dream indeed*. 'Twas Winter surely, cries another, *when the Nights are at longest, or that fabulous Night equal to three others when Jupiter begot Hercules*. *Is the Man mad*, cries

a third, to plague us with a tedious Relation of an old obsolete childish Dream? Curse on such a deal of insipid impertinent Stuff: Or does he take us for a Pack of Astrologers, to unfold this Nonsense. No, Gentlemen, the grave Xenophon made no scruple to relate his private Dream in a publick Assembly encompass'd by the Enemy, when Things were push'd to the extremity and no room for trifling, because it was instructive. My Design is to encourage our Youth to the Study of Learning and Vertue, especially such as are deterr'd by Poverty or want of Fortune, and condemn a noble Genius to base Slavery. My Example will animate such Persons, I hope, when they consider from what Beginnings I rise; with what a Resolution and Firmness of Mind I charg'd thro' all the Difficulties of Fortune, supported by the Passion I had for Learning and Eloquence; in what Condition I am arrived, not inferiour in Glory to any of those ancient Statuaries, to say no more.

Lucian's

Lucian's Defence against one who
calls him Prometheus.

By the same Hand.

[This Piece contains an Apology for his Manner
of Writing, as the former gave an Account of
his Life and Fortunes.]

AM I then *Prometheus*? If by this, good Sir, you do design to vilifie our Works, as made of Dirt, like his, I must own your Comparison just and well deserv'd; nor shall I be uneasie under that Reproach, tho' our Dirt were of the worst sort, the common Nuisance of the Town. But if by affixing the Name of that famous *Titan*, you wou'd pretend to represent our Works as Artful or Well-compos'd, I suspect you design to abuse and ridicule me in the modish *Athenian* Way, while you thus pretend to caress and flatter me. For what Art is there in our Performances to deserve Admiration? Or where is that sublime Genius in our poor Writings to merit the glorious Title of *Promethean*? For my part my Ambition is satisfied if they may escape the Censure of being altogether Rubbish, or be for ever damn'd to *Caucasus*. But for you, Gentlemen of the Bar, whose Occupation it is to confound Justice, how much more aptly do you resemble *Prometheus*? Your Works are all Life and Flame; nay, by Heaven

ven too, sometimes they scorch those who feel them. Thus far the Characters of *Prometheus* are your own; but here you fail; his were but Earth, your Productions are Gold ready minted. But we, who divert the World and ingage an Audience, boast of our Success, and esteem our selves happy in the bare representation of Things: Our Trade, like its Brother, only deals in Earthen Ware: Nor has it Motion or any Mark of Life, its utmost Aim is Pleasure and Diversion. But perhaps all this while you call me *Prometheus* in the sense of the comick Poet, who in the Character of *Cleon*, calls him a very *Prometheus*, when the Game is over: At *Athens*, I confess, they call their Potters, and all those who are employed in the Earthen Manufacture, *Promethei*, alluding to the Matter of which they make their Vessels, and their Manner of Baking them in the Flame: If you mean thus, your Reflection is doubtless very just, right *Athenian* Satyr, which severely bites wherever it fixes its Teeth. Our Works are frail like theirs, and there needs but a very small Stone unhappily flung to ruin all. But methinks some kind Gentleman ought to give us some Consolation under these melancholy Circumstances. None of these Conjectures hit your Meaning, that your intent is to extol our Pieces as perfectly new; pure Originals, of which Antiquity affords us no Model; since this Gentleman was an ancient Architect, who before Mankind had a being, found a sort of pretty Machines of Clay, for graceful Sight and easie Motion; which *Minerva*, well pleas'd with the Device, inspir'd with Life and converted

verted into Animals. This is a fair Construction indeed, and perhaps your real Sense. But I must acquaint you, Sir, the Reputation of Novelty is no Part of my Ambition, nor is any thing more ancient than that Fable on which this Character is grounded. Whatever, besides the Praise of Invention, has not that of Beauty and Excellence to commend it, I should blush to own, and reject with indignation: The Newness with me would be an ill Excuse for the Deformity. In my own impartial Judgment, instead of one, I should deserve to be the Prey of a whole Score of Vultures, if I were not sensible those are the greatest Monsters which are most strange and uncommon. *Ptolemy*, the Son of *Lagus*, one of the Kings of *Egypt*, returning home, brought with him a couple of Curiosities; the one was a Camel perfectly black, the other a chequer'd Man, half of a lovely white, the other half deep black, finely intermix'd over the whole Body, and upon a certain solemn Occasion, after abundance of other diverting Entertainment, commands these two Rarities to be expos'd on the publick Theatre, expecting a wondrous Applause from the admiring Croud. At the sight of the Camel they were struck with a sudden Terrour, and their hasty Flight hardly left the poor Beast a single Spectator, tho' dress'd in Gold and Scarlet, and his Bridle inlaid with Gems enough to exhaust the Cabinet of a *Darius*, *Cambyfes*, or *Cyrus*. When the Man was produc'd, some fell into a loud Laughter, others were extreamly offended at the oddness of the Monster. *Ptolemy*, being sensible

sible of the Mistake, and perceiving the *Egyptian* Humour not affected with Novelty, but admirers of just Shape and Proportion, dismiss'd these two Creatures; the Camel was starv'd, and the Man he presented to *Thespis*, a Player on the Flute, for a Musical Entertainment. I should be loth my Works should share the Fate of his Camel, admir'd for the Gayety of his Bridle and Richness of his Attire. I think it not enough they are compos'd of two excellent Things, *Comedy* and *Dialogue*, except each Part be well concert-ed and retain an exact Symmetry with the whole. Two admirable Things may concur in producing a third which is ill. No Man ever took a Centaur for a handsom Creature, but a foul unnatural Monster, especially when represented by a good Pencil in the midst of their drunken Quarrels. Again, We sometimes see two excellent Things produce a third better than either: Thus some Wines and Sugar make a more agreeable Mixture. I dare not pretend my Compositions merit this Honour, I rather fear I have diminish'd the Beauty of each by their improper union. There is an extream difference between *Dialogue* and *Comedy*, and they cannot but consort ill together: The one is grave and reserv'd, employ'd in private solitary Walks, between a few select Spirits. The other altogether Mirth, and with a Liberty unconfi'd, playing the Buffoon on the Stage, delights in Wit and Humour, and represents the Friends of the other as a sort of vain plodding speculative Men, traversing the Air, conversing with the Clouds, or nicely busie in measuring

furing the Leaps of a Flea, diverting it self with their empty Disputes and airy Notions. But Dialogue is employ'd in grave and serious Debates about the Nature of Things, the Moral Vertues; whence it is plain these two differ no less than a whole Octave. I have ventur'd to reconcile these two mortal Enemies, and procure a good Understanding between them, which yet cannot always be preserv'd without some jarring. In this Point I am afraid I have incurr'd the Censure of your *Prometheus*, in confounding Senses, or flinging to my Audience Bones only cover'd with fat comical Banter, under the Mask of Philosophy. For the Imputation of Theft out of his Writings, I think I am secure against that; for whence should I steal? unless perhaps some unknown Author has writ a Legend of Gyants and Chymera's. If this will not satisfie, what other Remedy in this Case, but e'en to proceed as we have begun; since to shift our Measures is not the Work of *Prometheus* but *Epimetheus*.

Lucian,

Lucian, Of Sacrifices.

Translated from the Greek by Walter Moyle, Esquire.

The Argument.

This is a general bold-spirited Satyr upon all the Heathen Superstition; their Gods, Temples, Altars, Sacrifices, and the whole System of the Pagan Worship. 'Tis writ with an Art and Spirit peculiar to the happy Genius of Lucian; and I have this only Exception to it; That he seems to assign a wrong Original of Sacrifices, and to mistake Folly and Delusion in the People, for Design and Knavery in the Priests. I am glad, for the Honour of my Religion, that the Pagan Priests are the Reverse of ours, and that a Satyr upon them is a Panegyrick upon the Clergy of our Church, whose unshaken Firmness to their Principles, Zeal for the Religion and Liberty of their Country, and a thousand other great Qualities, may justly secure them from all the groundless Cavils of our modern Scepticks, whose Opinions no good Man can allow, and no wise Man will profess.

WHen a thinking Man reflects upon the Honours we pay the Gods, and the Opinions we entertain of them, our solemn Festivals, the Forms and the Pomp of our Worship, and the whole Pageantry of the reli-

religious Farce, he must be in a very ill Humour if he can hold from laughing at so ridiculous a Scene: Tho', after all, 'twere worth while to enquire, whether this mistaken Zeal of Mankind ought to be call'd Piety, or no: For I dare appeal to the general Sense of all wise Men, if it is not a sort of Blasphemy to fanſie, that the Gods are pleas'd with the humble Glory of being ador'd; that these immortal Powers are fond of the Smoke of Altars, and in pain for the omission of those Duties which the thoughtless World has been taught to pay them. Is it possible to form a more criminal Idea of the Gods, than to paint them with all the Follies and Passions of Mankind? For the Poets assure us, that the Ravaging of *Atolia*, the Miseries of the *Caledonians*, the Death of *Meleager* and so many brave Men, was nothing else but an Effect of *Diana's* Revenge upon *Oeneus*, for neglecting to invite her to a Sacrifice with the rest of the Gods. Methinks I see the Goddess all melancholy and disconsolate in Heaven, fretting and fuming, and resenting the Affront to the last degree, while the other Gods are revelling and making merry below. As for the *Ethiopians*, we have all the reason in the World to believe them the happiest of Mortals. If *Jove* make 'em those Returns, which in Honour and Gratitude he is oblig'd to, for an Entertainment of twelve Days which they made him and all the Host of Heaven, as *Homer* tells us in the beginning of his Poem; at this rate the Bounty of the Gods is but Usury, those generous disinterested Benefactors to the World are but designing mercenary Beings,

Beings, not above the sordid Returns of Benefits: Their Favours are directed to no nobler Aims than to gain that double which they bestow, and all their good Offices are prostituted to the fairest bidder: Their Fury is disarm'd, and their Favour purchas'd by a Sacrifice. Health may be bought for an Heifer, and Riches at the expence of four Oxen: But a Hecatomb is the Price of a Kingdom, and a Sacrifice of nine Bulls pays for a safe return to *Pylos*. Thus *Agamemnon* bribed them with the Blood of a Royal Virgin for a Wind to *Troy*; and *Hecuba* presented *Minerva* with twelve Bulls and an embroider'd Gown, to buy a Reprieve for *Troy*. And no doubt we may compound with the Gods upon easier Terms, and purchase many a fair Boon at the expence of a Cock, a Garland, or a Handful of Frankincense. *Chryses*, the Priest of *Apollo*, a Man of Age and Experience, who knew the mercenary Temper of the Gods, and the most prevailing Motives to engage them in his Quarrel, when *Agamemnon* had refused to do him Justice, arrains his God for Ingratitude, claims his Protection, as a Debt to his Merit, insults him in a huffing Tone, and scarce forbears ill Language: *Is this*, says he, *the Reward of suffering Vertue? Are these the generous Returns you make your Votaries? Am I to be thus recompens'd for all my past Services? For crowning your Temples and staining your Altars with the Blood of so many Bulls and Goats?* This Speech wrought such an effect upon the God, that he immediately snatch'd his Bow and Arrows, and posting himself near the Grecian Fleet, in a raging Fury, let fly whole

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Vollies of Arrows, and shatter'd Diseases and Contagions thro' the whole Army, without sparing the innocent Asses and Mules, who all felt the Divine Vengeance. The Mention of *Apollo*, puts me in Mind of some other Stories which these hairbrain'd Zealots have father'd upon him, not to name his unsuccessful Amours, the Murder of *Hyacinthus*, nor the Scorn of *Daphne*, but his Banishment from Heaven is his top Adventure: For *Jove* stript him of his Divinity, degraded him to a Man, and sent him down a grazing upon Earth, to do Pennance for the Murder of the Cyclops. In this Distress he was forc'd to take Refuge in *Thessaly*, and be a Journey-man to *Amelus*; and in *Phrygia*, he and *Neptune* turn'd Bricklayers to *Laomedon*, to keep themselves from starving, and when they had built up the Walls of *Troy*, were cheated of their Wages by *Laomedon*; who, to this very Day, is thirty Trojan Drachma's in Arrears to them. Are not these and a thousand other ridiculous Legends sung of the Gods by the Poets, who have made 'em the shining Parts of their Poems, and heighten'd them with all the majestic Air of heroick Poetry. Tho' this is nothing in comparison of the Godlike Attributes they are pleas'd to bestow upon *Vulcan*, *Prometheus*, *Saturn*, *Rhea*, and, in one word, upon the whole Race of *Jupiter*. And what's remarkable, these Panegyrics upon the Gods are usher'd in by a solemn Invocation of the Muses, whose Assistance they implore; and then, inspir'd by a divine Impulse, sing the History of the Gods, that *Saturn* gelt his Father *Ouranos*, and then usurp'd the Empire of

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the World, and levelled every thing that lay in the Way of his Glory: That, to reign without a Rival, he devour'd his own Children, like another *Thyestes*: That *Rhea* had the Address to conceal *Jupiter*, and palm a Stone upon his Father; that the young God was exposed in *Crete*, and nursed by a Goat, as *Telephus* was by a Deer, and the first and great *Grus* by a Bitch. That he afterwards deposed his Father, made him a Prisoner, and invaded his Crown; then made all Heaven a Brothel-house, married an infinite number of Wives, and, last of all, his own Sister *Juno*, in Imitation of the Assyrians and Persians, among whom Incest is tolerated by the Laws of the Land. The next Scene of his Life is his Lust, which they make as boundless as his Command; that he stock'd all Heaven with a Race of Bastards, some of whom were begot by a kindly Mixture of God and Goddesses; others were of a mortal Strain, a mongrel Race, half Humane, half Divine; that he transformed himself into more variety of Shapes than ever *Proteus* did, into Gold, a Swan, an Eagle, a Bull, in the pursuit of his Amours. 'Tis true, he conceived *Minerva* in his Brain, and brought her into the World without a Mother's Pain. *Bacchus*, half form'd, he snatch'd from his burning Mother, and buried him in his own Thigh, and at nine Months end was brought to bed of him. Nor have they given *Juno* better quarter; they pretend, that she conceived without the help of a Man, and was delivered of poor *Vulcan*, a sooty gloomy God, that dealt in Smoak and Charcoal, and work'd

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Day and Night at the Anvil: And, to his other Misfortunes, was made a Cripple by *Jupiter*, who in a Rage flung him headlong out of Heaven, and the poor God had infallibly broke his Neck, like another *Astyanax*, if the good-natur'd *Lemnicus* had not taken Pity of him, and saved him in a Blanket, which broke the Fall; but he contracted a Lameness he could never be cured of. But this is nothing to the severe Treatment of *Prometheus*; every one knows how dear he paid for his Kindness to the World; *Jupiter* in a Passion hurried him away into *Scythia*, and bound him fast on *Caucasus*, with an Eagle eternally preying upon his Liver, to punish him for his bold Theft. But the wild Frolicks and Sallies of *Rhea* must not go unmention'd. What in the Name of Wonder could tempt a Person of her Years and Gravity, to act a Part so unbecoming the Mother of the Gods, to fall in love with a Boy! What Excuse can she plead for this extravagant Fit of Jealousie, for her carrying him with her in a Chariot drawn by Lions, and stroling about the World in this frantick Equipage, with a Boy that was not capable of making her those Returns of Gallantry she expected? And, after this, will any one dare condemn the innocent Intrigues of *Venus*, or blame *Diana*, for descending from her Orb, to the Caresses of her dear *Endymion*? But let's quit this then, and take a poetick Flight to Heaven, by the same Road that *Homer* and *Hesiod* have trac'd out to the World, and take a full View of the Oeconomy of Heaven, and how Matters are managed above. *Homer*

discover'd long ago, that the outer Vault of the Firmament was a brazen Arch, which when you have mounted and crossed the Ramparts of the Skies, and enter'd the Empyrean Heaven, there appears an astonishing Blaze of Light, an eternal Day, a calm Serenity of Nature, never ruffled, never discomposed; the Sun and Stars shine with unalterable Glories, the Pavement is all Gold, and the Eye in the endless Round meets with nothing but an universal Scene of Light. The winged Hours keep guard at the Gates, *Mercury* and *Iris*, the Scouts and Expresses of the Gods, are posted next. Beyond them is *Vulcan's* Shop, full of all sorts of Instruments and artificial Fire-works. Next stands the Palace of the Gods, splendid above all Imagination, contriv'd and finish'd by *Vulcan*. There *Jove*, high, on a royal Throne, sits in the Circle of the Gods, surveying all the World below, in hopes to descry some welcome Fires,

Or bleeding Alters crown'd with curling Smoak,

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And if the Spirit of Devotion possesses the World that Day, and a Sacrifice is offer'd to them, they all bow their Heads, and snuff up the Incense and Fume, and riot, like Flies, upon the Blood of the Victim. But if they dine at their own Cost, they take up with their own Nectar and Ambrosia. Mankind was formerly admitted to their Banquets, as *Ixion* and *Tantalus*; but both are severely punish'd to this Day, one for attempting a Rape upon *Juno*, the other for betraying their Se-

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crets, and no Mortal since had the Honour of their Company. This is the Life the Gods lead, and the whole System of the Divine Worship has been formed agreeable to the extravagant Idea's the World has fram'd of these formidable Fantoms. In the early Dawn of Superstition, Mankind was content to consecrate their Groves, Mountains, and Plants to some particular God. The prevailing Folly advanced by Degrees, and then every Nation made a God free of their State, and chose him for their Tutular Genius and Guardian. Thus *Apollo* was the Patron of *Delphos* and *Delos*, and *Athens* was under the immediate Care and Protection of *Minerva* or *Athena*, is visible from the Name. *Juno* had ~~his~~ Privilege in *Argos*, *Rhea* in *Mygdonia*, and *Venus* in *Paphos*. The Cretans lay claim not only to the Birth of *Jupiter*, but pretend to show his Tomb still extant; and the World has been deluded to many Ages in fancying that *Jove*, who died and was buried in *Crete*, thunders and rains, and sits at the busie Helm of the Universe. The next Progress Superstition made was the erecting Temples in honour of these imaginary Guardians, and Statues and Images finish'd by those great Masters of Antiquity, *Phidias*, *Praxiteles*, and *Polycletus*. Tho' 'tis unaccountable where those Gods sate for their Pictures, or how these Statuaries discover'd their Features and Habits; as for instance, *Jove* always represented with a long Beard, *Mercury* in the Bloom of his Youth, *Neptune* with black Hair, and *Minerva* with ~~gray~~ Eyes. The poor Enthusiasts who enter into their Temples, can never imagine that

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the Image they adore, is a native Piece of Ivory brought from the *Indies*, or Gold dug out of the Thracian Mines, but the real Son of *Saturn* and *Rhea*, drawn down from Heaven by *Phidias*, and horsed on that Image, and commanded to guard the Plains of *Pisa*, upon condition that a Sacrifice be offer'd to him once in five Years, together with the additional Honour of the Olympick Games. This Folly was succeeded by a worse, the erecting of Altars, and to give the finishing Strokes to Superstition, Oracles, * consecrated Chalices, and Sacrifices were introduced into the World. Some offer'd Frankincense, others Cakes, the Plow-man sacrificed his Ox, the Goatheard his Goat, and the Shepherd his Lamb, and made the innocent Beasts Blood to atone for the guilty Man. But the poor Supplicant, who had no Victim to fall for him, kissed the Hand of his God, and so made his Peace with him. But to return to the Manner and Forms of their Sacrifices; they are first of all extreamly cautious in the choice of a Beast, for fear of offending the God, by offering an unlawful Victim; they make a diligent Inquiry whether 'tis sound and intire in all its Parts, and duly qualified for that great Honour; and when that's done, crown it with a Garland, lead it in state to the Altar, and knock it down in the Presence of the God; the poor Beast, all the time of its Execution, making a mournful Noise, or, as we may easily apprehend, dying with good Omen and Blessings in its Mouth, contenting itself to its Death, and with its expiring Breath, lowing in Consort with the Divine

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Service. Can any one imagine, that the Gods are not ravished with this Sight? Over the Door of the Temple stands a Bill to give warning, that no unhallowed Person approach the Altar, or come within the consecrated Vessels. Then the Divine Butcher, like another Cyclops, dissects the Beast, draws out the Intrails, plucks out the Heart, and pours out the Blood upon the Altar, and performs the rest of the Ceremony; and last of all, kindles the Pile of Wood, claps on the Goat Skin and all, and so burns them. Then the Sacred Fumes mount on high, and spread themselves by degrees over all the Heaven. The Scythians scorn these humble Offerings, and think no Victim worthy of their Goddess *Diana*, but a Human one. In *Greece* Superstition seems to have been restrain'd within tolerable Bounds, and the Lydian, Assyrian and Phrygian Worship, amidst a thousand Fooleries, has an Air of Grandeur and a Face of Authority. But *Egypt* presents us with another Scene of Devotion, and a Strain of Religion beyond any thing the rest of the World can boast of: There their divine Honours have a becoming Reverence worthy of Heaven and the God they are addressed to. What can be more august than *Jove* with a Ram's Head, and *Mercury* with a Dog's, *Pan* all a Goat, another God an *Ibis*, a third a Crocodile, and a fourth an Ape. If you take the Pains to enquire into the true Reason of this fantastick Worship, the Scribes, Philosophers, and Prophets, with their Beards close shav'd, will tell you the whole Mystery (after the usual Preface of, *Hence ye prophane*) that the

Gods, in the Rebellion of the Giants, were driven out of Heaven, and in a pannick Fright forc'd to take shelter in *Egypt*; where, for their own security, they transform'd themselves into Beasts, one into a Ram, a second into a Bird, a third into another Beast; and that they have ever since been ador'd in the Shapes they then assumed. And for a Proof of this, they vouch the Authority of their Annals, which they pretend to be of ten thousand Years standing, very accurately composed and preserved in their Temples. Their Sacrifices are the same with other Nations, with this difference only, that they mourn over the dead Beast, and give it devout Burial. As for *Apis*, the most ador'd of all their Gods, when he dies, all *Egypt* is in Tears for the publick Loss, every Man shaves his Head, and would think he prophan'd the God, if he let his Hair grow, tho' he had the Purple Lock of *Nysus*, that had Success and Happiness entail'd upon it. This * *Apis*, who is singled out from the rest, and † voted a God, is the noblest and best shaped Beast in the Herd, and born with the Marks of Divinity upon him.

* See the
3d Book of
Herodotus.
† *Xenopho-*
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The mistaken Part of the World that believe these gross and popular Opinions of the Gods, and use all this fantastick Train of Ceremonies, do not much stand in need of the Severity of a serious Reproof, as a *Heraclitus* and a *Democritus*, one to ridicule their Madness, the other to lament their Folly.

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Herodotus, or Aetio.

Made English from the Greek, by Walter Moyle, Esq; A. D. 1693.

The Argument.

Lucian in his Satyrs, having lash'd all Orders and Degrees of Men, with all the old and new Follies of the Heathen Religion, in this little Piece has given us an Essay how well he could have succeeded in Panegyrick, tho' the Bent of his Genius gave him a stronger Bypass to Satyr. 'Tis a Speech by way of Preface to a Recital of his Works before a numerous Audience in Macedonia. That was the Occasion and Subject of this short Discourse.

Would to God I could Imitate the other Excellencies of *Herodotus*, I don't say all, for 'twould be a vain Presumption to hope to copy every Beauty of so great an Original, who was the Glory of the Age he liv'd in, and will be

be the Shame and Despair of all succeeding ones. I would be content with imitating any one particular Excellency; as for example, the Elegance of his Style, the Justness of his Compositions, the Propriety and Native Purity of his Ionick Dialect, the Gravity of his Sentences, or any single one of a thousand inimitable Beauties by which he has distinguish'd himself. These Graces are indeed above our reach, but his Way of making himself so universally known to all *Greece* in so short a time, you or I or any Man may imitate. Spurr'd on, by a noble Ambition, after Fame, he sail'd from *Caria* into *Greece*, where he began to consider with himself of the most effectual Means of spreading the Reputation of himself and his Writings over all *Greece*. To make the Circle of the whole Country, to visit every State and Province, and read his History to every particular City, was a Work of too much Pains and Difficulty, and requir'd too much Time. This Project he immediately declin'd, and resolv'd to steer a shorter Course to Fame; and without these insensible Degrees, by a more compendious Way to raise himself all at once in a general Assembly of *Greece*. The Olympick Games were at hand, and now *Herodotus*, imagining the Time was arriv'd, for which he had so long waited, and observing the vast Concourse of People, and especially of the Nobility, which flock'd thither from all Parts of *Greece*, upon so solemn an Occasion, he laid hold of the Opportunity, and entred into the Temple of *Jupiter*; where, instead of a Specta-

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Spectator, he made himself a Combatant, and read his History to a numerous Audience, with such universal Applause, that his nine Books were call'd by the Names of the nine Muses, and he himself was better known than the Conquerors in the Games. Every one knew the Name of *Herodotus*, some heard it at *Olympia*, and others had it from those who were there. Where-ever he appear'd, all the World pointed at him, and said, *That is Herodotus, who wrote the History of the Persian War in the Ionick Dialect, and celebrated our Victories.* *Herodotus* was amply recompenc'd, by having his History crown'd by the universal Suffrage of the Assembly, and stamp'd into a Value by the common Voice of *Greece*. He was not like the common Conquerors in the Games, proclaim'd by one Crier; but every City, that had any of its Citizens Spectators at *Olympia*, and all *Greece* were the common Heralds of his Fame. *Hippias* the *Elean* Rhetorician, *Prodicus* the *Cean*, *Anaximenes* the *Chian*, and *Polus* the *Agrentine*, with many others, perceiving this to be the shortest Cut to Fame, pursued his Example, and repeated their Works at the Olympick Games, and quickly gain'd a Reputation. But what need I produce the Authorities of these old Rhetoricians, Historians, and Orators, when so lately *Action* the Painter, after he had drawn the Marriage of *Alexander* and *Roxana*, expos'd it to the publick View of the Assembly at *Olympia*, with so much Success, that *Proxenides*, the Judge of the Games, in Admiration of his Art, made him his Son-in-law.

law. Perhaps you'll demand, what was there so extraordinary in this Piece, to deserve such a Reward, and to tempt *Proxenides* to bestow his Daughter on a Stranger? I have seen the Picture in *Italy*, and can give you a full Description of it. There is first drawn, a very rich Bed-chamber, and a nuptial Bed, on which sits the beautiful *Roxana*, with a modest down-cast Look, becoming the Innocence of a Virgin. Hard by, stand several smiling Loves, one draws off *Roxana's* Veil, and shews her to her Bridegroom; another very officiously draws off her Slippers, as a Summons to her to prepare for the soft Business of the Night. Another takes hold of *Alexander's* Robe, and draws him with great Force towards *Roxana*. The King presents her with a Crown. *Hephestion*, the Bride-man, stands by with a lighted Torch in his Hand, supported by a very handsome Youth, whom I guess to be *Hymeneus*, for there is no Name written underneath him. On the other Side of the Piece, are drawn several Loves, playing with the Arms of *Alexander*. Two of them carry his Spear on their Shoulders, like Porters, bending beneath the Weight of a heavy Beam. Two others take his Buckler, with a Man like the King stretcht upon it, and draw it along by the Handles. Another creeps into *Alexander's* Coat of Mail, and lies in Ambush, to fright the others as they pass by. We must not imagine this last Piece to be the idle Flourish of a Painter, without any Meaning or Design; 'tis to show, that War was the darling Pleasure of *Alexander*,

ander, and that the Charms of *Roxana* never made him lose his Passion for Arms and Glory. There was a secret Magick in this Piece; a sort of a Marriage Philter. The Picture woo'd and won a Mistress for *Action*; the Great *Alexander* was the Brideman, and a well painted Wedding was the Price of a real one. But, to return to *Herodotus*, he thought the Assembly of the Olympick Games a Theatre illustrious enough to make his first entrance on, and that an Historian, who had recorded the great Actions of *Greece*, could not have a nobler Audience. I beseech you not to imagine me so mad as to go about to make a Parallel between my Works and those of *Herodotus*. That would be an unpardonable Presumption. May the *Manes* of that great Man be propitious to me. But this I may say, without Vanity, That at my first arrival here, I had the same Ambition with him of having my Writings known to all the World, and seen by as many *Macedonians* as possible. I consider'd 'twould be too laborious a Task, at that Time of the Year, to go the whole Circuit of *Macedonia*, and make a Visit to every particular City; but if I waited for this Occasion, and read my little Essays before this illustrious Assembly, I could not fail of having all my Expectations answer'd. This Assembly is compos'd of all the Flower of *Macedonia*, in a large and noble City, not like *Pisa*, streightned with Tents and Cottages, nor incommoded with Heat. 'Tis a Meeting not compos'd of the Rabble, who entertain'd themselves with the sight

Herodotus, or Action.

fight of the Wrestlers, and neglected *Hera-*
clitus, but a Circle of the best Historians,
 Rhetoricians and Orators in the World; in-
 somuch, that I fancy it falls very little short
 of the Olympick Games. As for the Prize
 I am now to play, if you match me with
 these great Conquerors in the Games, *Poly-*
damus, *Milo*, or *Glaucus*, I should be a bold
 Man to enter the Lifts; but if you view me
 singly, without comparing me with them, I
 hope I shall not deserve Whipping, which is
 all I can expect in such a Combate as this.

Lucian's

Lucian's Dialogue with Hesiod.

Made English from the Greek, by Walter Moyle, Esq; A. D. 1693.

The Argument.

This Dialogue is a pleasant Satyr upon Hesiod, for pretending to be divinely inspir'd by the Muses, with the Knowledge of Future Events. The Philosophers, with all their Gravity, could not escape the Railery of Lucian, and the Poets, who lay so open, had, of all Men, the least Reason, to expect fair Quarter from him. For they were the first Inventors of all the old Fables, and Superstitions of the Heathen Religion, which so fatally overspread the World for many Ages, and at which Lucian's Satyrs are chiefly levell'd. These Poetical Fictions gave him an ample Subject for Satyr, which was extreamly enlarg'd by some Fooleries, and Superstitions introduc'd newly into the Heathen Religion, by the bold Impostors of his own Age and Memory, Peregrinus, and Alexander, and by Apollonius Tyanæus, who liv'd not long before him. All these impudent Cheats and Hypocrites he has most dextrously unmask'd, and expos'd to the World in their true Colours.

Lucian.

Lucian. **T**He happy, daring, and the noble
 Enthusiasm of your Poetry, is a
 Proof, that you receiv'd your Inspiration, to-
 gether with your Lawrel, from the Hands of
 the Muses. This we readily allow. But af-
 ter all, there is another Difficulty still remain-
 ing behind. You assure us, in the beginning
 of your Theogony, that you were inspir'd by
 the Muses with this prophetick Rage, to sing
 the Story of former Ages, and to foretel the
 Fate of those to come. Your Poems confirm
 the Truth of the former Part of your Asser-
 tion; You have trac'd the Pedigree of the
 Gods, up to their first Original, to the Chaos,
 Earth, Heaven, and Love, who were the pri-
 mitive Deities. You have sung of the Ver-
 tues of Women, and given Rules for Agri-
 culture; and, in general, have said all that
 was necessary, concerning the Pleiades, and
 the proper Seasons of Plowing, Mowing, and
 Navigation. As for the other Part, which
 would have been of greater Advantage to
 Mankind, and a Gift more agreeable to the
 ordinary Favours of the Gods, you have en-
 tirely omitted it; and there is not one Syl-
 lable in your Poems to warrant the Truth of
 this imaginary Gift of Prophecy. In this you
 have acted quite contrary to *Calchas*, *Polyidus*,
Phineus, and *Telephus*; who, tho' they never
 pretended to this chymical Inspiration from
 the Muses, made no Scruple to give Answers
 to all that consulted 'em. So that, in short,
 you are guilty of one of these three Faults;
 Either the Promise, which you pretend the
 Muses made you, was in plain Terms, a down-
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right Lye; Or else the Muses were as good as their Words, and you envy the Knowledge of such useful Discoveries to the World; Or, perhaps, you compos'd some Poems of this kind, but reserv'd the publishing of them to I know not what time, for Reasons best known to your self. For I dare not say, that the Muses made you a Promise of a double Favour, and made good one half, and then recall'd the other Part of their Grant; especially when the Promise of Inspiring you with the Knowledge of Things to come, was made before the other. From whom therefore can I learn the true Reason but from you? For, as the Gods are the Benefactors of Mankind, so 'tis the Duty of you, who are their Favourites and Pupils, to resolve truly all our Doubts, and publish what you know for the common Benefit of the World.

Hesiod. I could easily answer your Objection, by telling you, That I have no Property in my own Works; that I was only a passive Instrument to the Call of the Muses; and, that they are accountable for all my Writings, and all my Omissions. As for these Poems which I wrote upon my own Bottom, without the Succours of the Muses, and my Rules for Feeding and Governing the Flock, and, in general, for all Duties and Employments of a Shepherd, for these I own 'tis reasonable I should make a Defence. I might alledge, in behalf of my other Poems, that the Muses bestow their Favours on whom they please, and as long only and as far forth, as they think it proper and convenient. But, waving this general Plea, I'll make a more particular

Apology for my Works. Our poetical Censurers ought to judge with more Candour and good Nature, they ought not to examine every Word and Syllable, by all the Rigour of the Rules, nor damn an Author for every little Negligence or Mistake. Poetry cannot bear the Test of so severe a Scrutiny. These false Criticks ought to consider, that Poets are sometimes obliged to make those little Slips, for the sake of their Numbers, and their Measures, and to give Sound and Smoothness to their Verses. But you strike at the very Roots of Poetry, and rob us of our great Charter, the Liberty of Feigning and Inventing. You overlook all the Beauties and Graces of a Poem, and only view it by its weak Side, you make trifling Cavils and Exceptions at little Errors, from which humane Nature is not free. You are not the first Man, that has pretended to this arbitrary Power, nor I the only Poet, that has been attack'd by these snarling Judges. My Brother Poet, the Divine *Homer*, was not exempt from their Malice. His *Athens* were arraign'd, and his Reputation thought lawful Prize, by some envious Criticks for Trifles not worth Naming. But if, laying aside this general Defence, I must plead directly to your Charge, I appeal to my Works and Days, read that Poem over, and you will find the whole Work full of Predictions and Divinations. There I have foretold the Advantages of a due and seasonable Method of Husbandry, and the ill Consequences of any Omission. Witness these Verses,

*A Field untimely plow'd, yields no Return,
No Hoards, no welcome Stores of bearded Corn.*

Lucian. The Art of Divination is of infinite use to Mankind, but the Instances you produce, are no more than every Shepherd could have foretold. This silly Defence seems to confirm the Truth of your Assertion, that your Works were inspir'd by the Muses, and not of your own composing. We expected Predictions of another kind from you and the Muses. For every common Plow-man can tell, as well as you, that a rainy Summer is the Fore-runner of a good Harvest, and a dry one of a Dearth and a Famine. Any Man can tell you, without the help of Inspiration, that the Lands are not to be till'd in Summer; that Seed thrown at random will bring forth no crop; that Corn must not be reap'd while 'tis green, for the Seed is then soft, and not fully ripened. 'Tis easie to foretel, without being a Prophet, that if the Seed is not cover'd over, and the Ground harrow'd, that the Birds will fly upon it, and destroy all the Hopes of an Harvest. These are no more than common Rules and Precepts of Agriculture, and of a different Nature from Predictions. For the Business of a Prophet is to foretel contingent Events, beyond the reach of humane Wit to know. To tell *Minos*, that his Son should be stifled in a Barrel of Honey, to reveal the Cause of *Apollo's* Anger to the *Greeks*, and that *Troy* should be taken after a ten Years Siege: This is true Prophecy, and bears the Stamp of Inspiration. But,
D 2 if

Lucian's Dialogue with Hesiod.

if your Predictions may be allow'd to pass for Prophecies, by the same Rule I may lay claim to the Gift of Divination. For, without the *Castalian* Water, the Lawrel, or the *Delphick* Tripod, I will venture to prophecy, that if a Man walks naked in Rain, Hail, or the depth of Winter, he shall be seiz'd with a cold Fit of an Ague, and, what's more, that a hot Fit shall succeed, and a hundred other Things of the same Nature, which 'twould be ridiculous to mention. So that if you will take my Advice, wave this frivolous Defence, and stick to your old Plea, That you had no Share in the Composition of these Poems; that every Line was dictated by an Inspiration, which was indeed Divine, tho' not very certain and steady; for otherwise it would not have perform'd one half of its Promise, and neglected the other half.

Lucian's

Lucian's Panegyrick upon Demosthenes.

By another Hand.

The Argument.

Tho' Satyr seems to have been the particular Talent of Lucian, which he has so admirably well imploy'd in Ridiculing the Folly of the Heathen Worship, and other Superstitions newly crept into the World; yet in this Piece he has given us one of the compleatest Models for Panegyrick that ever was made. This Discourse is written by Way of Dialogue, and is divided into two Parts. The first begins with a Dispute between Lucian and Therfagoras, upon the Merit of Homer and Demosthenes; where Therfagoras, tho' a Poet, and a profess'd Admirer of Homer, prefers Demosthenes, at least places him upon the same Level with Homer. The second Part is a Dialogue between Antipater and Archias, who, in spite of their Aversion and Prejudice to Demosthenes, do him all the Justice imaginable; which is a convincing Proof of his great Merit, since that alone was capable of forcing so honourable a Character from the Mouth of an Enemy. This is true Praise, true Panegyrick, and every Man that has a Taste of the Delicacy of this Way of Writing, will easily find it to be

Lucian's Panegyrick upon Demosthenes.

no common Address. Lucian in this Piece raises his Tone, and does not write with that free Air of common Discourse, which is the Beauty of his other Dialogues; but this was owing to the Dignity of his Subject, which obliged him to go beyond the Bounds of ordinary Conversation.

AS I was walking in the Portico at Athens, on the 16th Day of the Month, about Noon, on the left Hand, as you go out, I met my Friend *Thersagoras*, one who perhaps is no Stranger to some here: He is a little fair Man, of a strong Make, with a great Roman Nose: Seeing him at a distance, making toward me, I easily ghesed it was *Thersagoras* the Poet. After the usual Compliments, I ask'd him whence he came, and where he was going? I came from Home, reply'd he, with a Design to take a Walk; for I rose very early this Morning, to dedicate the First-fruits of my Poetry to *Homer*, on his Birthday. 'Tis generously done, reply'd I, to pay him this Tribute, in return for the great Advantages you derived from the reading his Works. I was so intent on my Poem, reply'd *Thersagoras*, that I did not perceive 'twas Noon. I have a long time design'd to make my Addresses to this great Man, pointing to *Homer*, (for you know his Statue stands in *Ptolomy's* Temple, on the right Hand, and is remarkable for his long Hair) I am now come to pay my Devotions to him, and pray for an Inspiration. Would to God, reply'd I, our Prayers could prevail; for, if they could have any effect, I would long ago have invoked the Aid of my Patron *Demosthenes*; I would have
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begg'd him to assist me in the Composition of a Panegyrick upon his Birth-day, to infuse some of his Spirit and Genius into me, and inspire me with Words and Thought suitable to such an Occasion. If these great Men would hear their Votaries, and favour their Prayers, I would pursue your Example, for it equally concerns us both, and the Gain would be in common. For my part, says *Thersagoras*, I have spent all the Morning in Writing a Poem upon *Homer*, to shew how much I value and honour his Merit. 'Twas in Obedience to the Summons of my Muse; for, without Vanity, I was transported with the Fury of a Poet, as you shall judge immediately; for I brought it in my Pocket, to shew it to any of my Friends, whom I found at leisure, as I see you are. You are, *Thersagoras*, a happy Man, reply'd I; and, like a Conquerour in the *Olympick* Games, who, when he has won the Prize, wipes off the Dust, and views, with a secret Joy, the rest of the Spectators, and talks unconcernedly with the next that is to enter the Lists. But, says *Thersagoras*, you would not talk so securely at the Starting-post; and you rather seem to have won the Race, and to mock one who is in pain for the Success of the Course: For there is no reason for Suspense in so easie a Task as you have undertaken. It seems then, reply'd I, you prefer *Homer* to *Demosthenes*, and glory in your Panegyrick, and imagine there is no difficulty in praising *Demosthenes*. You wrong me, says *Thersagoras*, for I would not breed any Quarrel between those great Men, tho' I own my self to be in the Interests of *Ho-*

mer. And don't you think me, reply'd I, a greater Favourer of *Demosthenes*? But you have a very mean Opinion of *Oratory*: You think *Poetry* the only Study that requires Pains; you are insensible to the Beauties of *Prose*, and despise as much as a Horse-man does a Foot-man. God forbid, says *Thersagoras*, I should be so mad, tho' great Poets should be always nearly ally'd to Mad-men, Yes, reply'd I, and an *Orator* too, if he aims at Greatness; and Elevation should be inspir'd with a prophetick Fury, and write with the Enthusiasm and Emotion of a Man possess'd. 'Tis true, says *Thersagoras*, and I am infinitely pleas'd with singling out some particular Places of *Demosthenes* and other *Orators*, and comparing the Strength, the Beauty, the Vehemence, and the Bitterness of them, with some of *Homer*. As for instance, *Homer* calls *Agamemnon* a Drunkard, so *Demosthenes* lashes Debauchery, Drunkenness and Buffoonry of King *Philip*; and, as the Poet says,

Homer,
Iliad the
32th.

'Tis an auspicious Sign,
When gallant Heroes fight their Country's Cause,
And stake their Lives for Glory and Applause.

What can be more like than this Sentence of the *Orator*, That brave Men ought to defend their Country with great Hopes. So this Verse of *Homer*,

Iliad the
7th.

How would the venerable *Peleus* mourn,

has a near Resemblance with this Passage of *Demosthenes*, How would these gallant Men be afflicted,

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Lucian's Panegyrick upon Demosthenes.

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stiffed, who sacrificed their Lives to Glory and the Liberty of their Country. I often make a Parallel between the ^a flowing Style of Python and the copious Stream of Ulysses his Eloquence. Thus I compare these Lines of Homer:

Could we live on still, warm with youthful Rage, *Iliad the*
In the full Vigour of our blooming Age; *12th.*
Could ought our unrelenting Fate delay;
Durst we the awful Summons disobey,
And plead Exemption from Mortality —
But oh! these Hopes are vain, and all must go
To endless Joy above, or endless Pains below.

With this Thought of the Orator, Death is the utmost Limit, and the last Extremity of our Lives, and we should infallibly dye, tho' we shut up our selves in a Cloister: In short, there are a thousand Places where these great Genius's have almost the same Thoughts and Words. How delicately has Demosthenes touch'd the Passions; how am I moved and affected with his Speeches; the Justness of Figures; the Purity of his Words; his entertaining Digressions, and agreeable Returns from them; the Elegance and Beauty of his Similies; that Spirit and Mettle that never tires, and the Warmth that enlivens his Discourse, do at once ravish and amaze me. And, to own the Truth, I am of Opinion that when the Softness and Degeneracy of the Athenians had arm'd him with a just Fury, when he let loose

* The *ῥοπαλὸς ὁμοῖον*, is very well explain'd by Pliny, in his 20th Epistle of his 1st Book, *Oratio similis nivibus hybernis, id est creta, assidua, larga*: A Style like to the Winter-Snow; that is, a copious, large, diffus'd Style.

all

all the Reigns to his Satyr, he has more severely lash'd the Sloth and Cowardise of his Country Men than *Homer* has done by calling them Women. He describes the Tumults and Disorders of *Greece* in a more lively animated manner than *Homer*, who weakens and enervates the Force of his Poem, by introducing his Heroes and Men of Courage making long tedious Speeches in the heat of the Fight. And very often the Numbers of *Demosthenes*, the Cadence of his Periods, and the Sweetness of his Style, have all the Musick and Harmony of Poetry. As *Homer*, on the other side, has very beautiful Antithesis's and Similies, the Boldness and the Purity of his Figures have all Strength of Prose, and he seems to have added every Improvement of Art to all the Advantages of Nature: And, after this, do you imagine, that I entertain a slender Opinion of Eloquence? Not but I still think it infinitely harder to make a *Panegyrick* upon *Homer* than *Demosthenes*; not so much upon the score of the Verses, and the Difficulty in composing them, as the Narrowness of the Subject; for *Homer's* Poetry is the only thing can be prais'd in him, because we are unacquainted with his Country, Descent, and Age he liv'd in; For the knowledge of that would put an end to the Disputes which have been so long kept on foot between *Celophon*, *Luma*, the *Egyptian Thebes*, ^b *Smyrna*, and innumerable other Cities, which all make the same Pretensions to his Birth. Some make *Maon*, a

^a *Smyrna*, in the Greek 'tis *σμύρνα*; but *Grevins* reads *σμύρνα*.

Lydian, to be his Father, or a *River* of the same Name, and his Mother to be *Menalope*, or a Nymph of the *Dryades*; and thus, for want of a human Descent, are forc'd to consecrate his Original. Nor are we agreed in what Age he lived, whether in the *Ionick* or *Heroick*. Nor is it yet settled whether he is ancients than *Hesiod*; for the Name *Melissigenes* is generally preferr'd to the other Name which he usually bears. His Fortune, Blindness, and Poverty, being so very obscure, are Topicks not to be insisted on. Thus you see, Sir, how much I am straightened in my Theme; how I am obliged to take an imperfect Draught of his Merit from his Poetry alone. But your Subject affords you a large and open Carreer; you are to treat of Things known and certain, and only want Words, like Sawce to Meat, to furnish out the Entertainment. For had not *Demosthenes* all the Advantages of Fortune? Was he not born in *Athens*, that rich and celebrated City, the great Theater of all *Greece*, and the Bulwark of the Country? Had I *Athens* for my Theme, by a Poetical Liberty I could introduce the Loves of the Gods, their Judgments, their Abodes, their Gifts, and Eleusine. On the other hand, their Laws, their Words of Judicature, and Assemblies, their Decrees, *Piræus*, their Colonies, and Triumphs by Sea and Land, would be so vast a Field, that *Demosthenes* himself, with his inimitable Eloquence, would scarce be able to write up to the Dignity of the Subject.

¶ *Piræus*, the Port of *Athens*. *Strabo*, lib. 9.

Nor

Greivius reads

Lydian,

Lucian's *Panegyrick upon Demosthenes*.

Nor would I think all this foreign to the Subject, since 'tis an allow'd Law of *Panegyrick*, that the Country of a *Heroe* is a common Place from which he may be prais'd. Thus *Isocrates*, in his Elogy of *Helen*, has inserted the Praise of *Theseus*, by way of Appendix. And Poets may have Liberties allow'd them beyond the Severity of Prose. But you have such a large Field, that you have reason to fear being reproach'd with the old Proverb, *That your Epigram is larger than the Desk*. Passing from his Country, your next Topick will be his Father, that *Admiral* of the Fleet, a golden Foundation for Praise, as *Pindar* says, For the Command of the Fleet, was the highest Employment in the State. That he lost his Father in his tender Age, is so far from being a Misfortune, that it served only to heighten his Glory, and gave him an Opportunity of displaying and exerting his wonderful Parts. Historians have not deliver'd down to us the Education and Studies of *Homer*, which furnishing us with no Matter, we shall be forc'd to have immediate recourse to his Poetry, nor take the liberty of flying to the Lawrel of *Hesiod*, with inspired Verses to the Shepherds themselves. But you have a long Race of Orators, *Isaus*, *Callistratus*, *Alcidamas*, *Isocrates*, and *Eubulis*, to supply you with Matter; and, above all, the Prudence and good Conduct of *Demosthenes*, in avoiding all the Debaucheries of Youth. For tho' *Athens* was the Seat of Pleasure, and abounded in all the Entertainments and Allarements, which are so passionately courted by all young Men, even those who live under the Check and Re-

straint

straint of a Father, and tho' their Inclinations naturally lead them on to the Pursuit of Pleasure, tho' the Negligence of his Master gave him an Opportunity of running into all the criminal Excesses of Youth, yet of his own Accord, he chose a more generous Career, and the love of *civil Vertue* and *Philosophy* hinder'd him from ingaging himself in evil Courses. 'Twas a manly and rational Love that did not lead him to *Phryne* the Courtesan, but to the Lectures and Auditories of *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Theophrastes*, and *Xenocrates*. Upon this Subject, Sir, you may exercise your Philosophy, and prove, there are two sorts of Love; one a brutal, head-strong Passion, a wild Fury, that knows no Bounds, no Restraint, a tumultuous Frenzy, that rages in young Men, in short, the common ordinary Lust, that bears the Marks of its first Original, and is of a Piece with the Sea that begot it. * The other is a sacred Love, produced by the gentle Attraction of the divine Chain; 'tis a Flame kindled from Heaven, not an incurable Disease, made by imaginary Darts and Fires, 'tis a calm governable Fury, which none but Souls, nearly allied to Heaven, as the *Tragedian* says, are inspir'd with; this carries us on to contemplate and adore the Standard of all Beauty, the *Divine Nature*. This Love made *Demosthenes* master all the Difficulties of his Study, made him patiently submit to have his Head shaved, to shut himself up in a Cave, to correct the Errors of his Motions and Gestures in his Glass,

* τὴν ἱερὰν οὐρανὸς ἐλκεν.

to form his Elocution in his declining Age, exercise his Memory, bear unconcernedly the Clamours of the Crowd, and study whole Days and Nights together. From hence 'tis visible how great a Master he must needs be in the Art of Speaking, especially if we well consider the Beauty of his Thoughts and the Style, the Strength and Cogency of his Arguments, with his Address in moving the Passions, the Floridness and Elevation, the Majesty and the Vehemence of his Expressions, the Variety of his Figures, and his Judgment in Retrenching all the empty Pomp of Words and Sentences; insomuch that *Leveithenes* stuck not to say, that *Demosthenes* was the only Orator, whose Speeches were not ^e beaten out on the Anvil, but animated with a reasonable Soul. For *Demosthenes* did not compose his Orations, as *Callisthenes* said *Aschylus* did his Tragedies in the Heat of a Debauch, but with all the Coolness and Temperance imaginable, and prepared himself only by drinking Water: Which gave occasion to the Jest of *Demades*, That other Orators spoke by the ^e Water, but he writ by it. And *Pylhenes* used to say, That the Applause which was given to his Speeches, smelt of the Lamp. This, Sir, is the only common Topick we have for the Praise of both our Authors; for I must do *Homer's* Poetry

* *Grævius* reads it, not *ε σφουδαίον*, but *α*; and then it must be Englished a strong masculine Style.

* *Lucian* alludes to the *Clepsydra*, or Water Hour-glasses of the Ancients, which their Orators pleaded by, as appears from this Verse of *Martial*,

Septem Clepsydæ magna viua voce retenti.

the same Justice I have done *Demosthenes* his Eloquence, nor does it less deserve my Commendation.

But if you pass from his Eloquence, to his good Nature and Justice, to his unwearied Industry and Dexterity in the Management of Affairs, to his — He was going on with his Discourse, when I interrupted him, laughing: What do you mean, Sir, to overwhelm me with a Torrent of Words? When I consider, reply'd *Thersagoras*, his publick Entertainments of the People, his voluntary Contributions to the Games, the Ditch and Wall he made, his Government of the Fleet, his Embassies, ransoming the Captives, marrying the poor Maids at his own Charge, his Laws, his Administration of the State, and his immortal Actions, I am amazed to hear any one say, that he wants Matter for a *Panegyrick* of *Demosthenes*. And why, of all the Orators, reply'd I, do you think me the only one who is a Stranger to the Merit of *Demosthenes*? But you must own, reply'd *Thersagoras*, that you have need of great Assistance and Support, to hinder you from sinking below the Dignity of such a Subject. *Demosthenes* should be approach'd with a religious Awe, as if you are not well prepar'd; you may be dazzled with the Appearance of so much Brightness, nor be able to gaze steadily on it. Which befel me in the first Essays of my Poem upon *Homer*, and a just Sense of my own Weakness had discourag'd me from so bold an Attempt; but I took Courage, by accustoming my self to look on the Object, and lest by turning away my Eyes from so glazing

zing a Light, I should forfeit my Pretentions to my Dalliance with *Homer*, and be thought a degenerate & Off-spring. But your Task is easier than mine; for the Poetry of *Homer* being the only Topick he can be commended from, 'tis absolutely necessary to form an universal Idea of it, and thoroughly to comprehend all its Beauties. But 'tis quite otherwise with *Demosthenes*; for were you to give a just and full Character of all his Vertues and Excellencies, you would lye under a Difficulty in so copious a Subject, with what good Quality you should begin. You would be like an *Epicure* at a great Feast, or a *Spectator* that has a thousand Objects in View, where the Variety of his Prospect hinders him from singling out any one in particular. Thus 'twould fare with you, and you would be at a loss, whether you should make choice of the Greatness of his Mind, the Vivacity of his Wit, his Temperance, Eloquence, Courage, Justice, Humanity, Integrity, Prudence, generous Contempt of Money, or any of his great Services to the State. On the other hand, his Decrees, Embassies, Speeches, Laws, the Fleets he equipp'd, *Eubæa*, *Megara*, *Bœotia*, *Chios*, *Rhodes*, the *Hellepont*, and *Byzantium*, would be an inexhaustible Fund for *Panegyrick*. In so wide a Theme, the Plenty would create a Want, and your Imagination would be divided and distracted by the Variety of Objects, as beset *Pindar* in one of his Odes:

* He alludes to the old Story of the Eagle's trying its young ones, by turning their Eyes to the Sun. *Pliny*, lib. 10.

Shall my Muse sing Ismenus noble Stream?
Or shall the lovely Melia be the Theme?
Or Cadmus? Or the Race of Warriors, grown
Out of the Glebe where Dragons Teeth were sown?
Shall Thebes the Subject of my Verse afford?
Or the fam'd Conquests of Alcides Sword?
Shall the great God of Wine inspire my Tongue?
Or fair Harmonia's Nuptials grace my Song?

Thus, like Pindar, you would be at a stand, whether you should praise his Eloquence, his Speeches, his great Performances, Authority, Philosophy, or his glorious Death: But this may be easily remedied, by singling out any particular Excellency; as for Instance, his Eloquence, and pursuing it closely. And this Part may receive all its due heightning, by being compar'd with that of *Pericles*. This Eloquence, 'tis said, like a Torrent, bore down all before it, and had something so engaging and forcible, as was not to be resisted; but this we have only by Hearsay, for his Works we never saw. From whence 'tis plain, his Eloquence had but an imaginary Foundation, since it could not stand the Test and Examination of Posterity; whereas the Writings of *Demosthenes* are still extant: But the Consideration of this Subject I leave to you, if you design to handle it. If you descend to his Manners and Actions, 'twill be necessary to cull out one particular Topick, or two or three, if you would enlarge, and the Greatness and Nobleness of the Subject will afford Matter enough for all the Colours of *Rhetorick*. And tho' we do not praise all the Ver-

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Lucian's Panegyrick upon Demosthenes.

tues of *Demosthenes*, but only part of them, we may justifie our Practice by the Example of *Homer*, who very often contents himself with praising only the Parts of his *Heroes*, as their Heads, their Feet, their Hair, their Cloaths, or their Shields. For do the *Gods* themselves disdain the humble Praises which Poets give their Distaffs and Shields, much less those which are drawn from any Part of their Bodies or Souls: For they are too great Benefactors to Mankind to have all their Favours and Blessings extoll'd at once. Nor will *Demosthenes*, I hope, take it ill, if we single out any one of his Vertues for our Theme, when he himself, with the whole Force of his Eloquence, was not capable of raising all to their just Height. He was going on, when I reply'd, *Thersagoras*, you have prais'd *Demosthenes*, to let me see, that you are not only a very good Poet, but a good Orator too. I did it, says *Thersagoras*, only to divert your Thoughts, and put you in a good Humour, that you might patiently hear me repeat my Poem. If that was your Design, reply'd I, you have taken a wrong Course. Then it seems, reply'd he, I have made use of an excellent Medicine. Sir, said I, you do not know what ails me, and like an ignorant Physician, mistake the Patient's Disease, and prescribe a Course of Physick proper for another Distemper: You have given Rules for a Novice, not for a Man who has been train'd up for many Years in the Art of Speaking, and for that Reason your Remedies are useless. I thought, reply'd *Thersagoras*, that Remedies had been like Roads, the more common, the more safe.

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You mistake my Humour, reply'd I: For my part, I would not imitate *Anniceris*, the Cyrenæan, the Rival of the Glory of *Plato* and his Scholars; who, to shew his Address in driving a Chariot, drove several Courses round the *Academy*, all in the very same Track. I am for steering another Course. But, says *Thersagoras*, 'tis no easie Matter to find out a new Way, unless you are pleas'd with the Conduct of *Pauson* the Painter. Pray what was that, reply'd I, for I never heard the Story? When he was ordered to draw a Horse, rowling himself in the Dust, he painted him running full speed, cover'd all over with Dust; and, before the Piece was finish'd, the Gentleman, who bespoke it, coming to see it, was very angry with him for not drawing it in the Posture he design'd; then *Pauson* bid his Boy turn the Piece upside down, and a Horse was seen tumbling in the Dust. You are pleasant, reply'd I, to imagine, that I have been so many Years contriving this one Turn, when you ought rather to believe, that when I had try'd all the Changes imaginable, it far'd with me as with *Proteus*, who, when he had turn'd himself into a thousand Shapes, into all Beasts, Plants and Elements, to avoid the Sight of Man, for want of a foreign Shape, was at last constrain'd to reassume his own. But you, reply'd he, have made more Turns than ever he did, and all to avoid the Trouble of a repeating Poet. No, says I, for laying aside all Thoughts of my Panegyrick, I'll give you Audience, and perhaps, when you are no longer in Pain for your own Birth, you will take Care of mine. Then we

fate down on the next Bank, where he read
 me his admirable Poem upon *Homer*; in the
 middle he broke off, and, like a Man inspir'd,
 shutting his Book, says he, I'll pay you the
 Tribute of your Attention, as the People at
Athens have Money for their Attendance at
 their Assemblies, and the solemn Days of Ju-
 dicature. But you must first take care to
 thank me. I must, reply'd know the Fa-
 vour, before I pay the Thanks. You must
 understand, reply'd *Thersagoras*, that I ac-
 cidentally lighted upon some Memoirs of the
 Royal House of *Macedon*, which I read over
 with great Pleasure, and with much ado
 got the Book, and have it now in my Hands:
 'Tis an Account of some Domestick Af-
 fairs of *Antipater*; and, among other things,
 some Account of *Demosthenes*, which you
 will be glad to learn. I thank you, re-
 turn'd I, for your good News, and will hear
 the rest of your Verses. Nor will I leave you,
 till you make good your Promise: You have
 entertain'd me very well with your Encomium
 on *Homer's* Birth-day, and I hope you'll do
 the same on that of *Demosthenes*. Then he
 finish'd his Poem, and I staid to praise it, and
 went to his Lodgings with him; where, after
 a great search, he found the Book, and gave
 it me to carry home with me; I perused it
 over, and, without making any Alterations,
 I resolv'd to read it over to you in the very
 Words of the Book: For *Esculapius* is not
 less honour'd by a Poem of *Alisodemus* the
Trezenian, or *Sophocles* sung on his Festivals,
 than if a new one were made by those who sa-
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gedies and Comedies in Honour of *Bacchus*, is now left off; and other Compositions, if seasonably applied, and well represented, have as favourable an Acceptance as those. That Part of the Memoirs which relates to *Demosthenes*, is written by Way of Dialogue, betwixt *Antipater* and *Archias*, and begins with the Advice, *Antipater* receiv'd of *Archias* his Arrival. This *Archias*, if any young Man is unacquainted with the Story, was he whom the King had commanded to apprehend the banish'd Men of *Athens*, and had received Orders by Letters from *Antipater* to use no Violence to *Demosthenes*, but to perswade him to come from ^b *Calauria* into *Macedon* to him. *Antipater*, who had entertain'd great Hopes of the taking of *Demosthenes*, waited with Pain for his Arrival. And when the News was brought him, that *Archias* was coming from *Calauria*, he ordered him to be introduc'd to him; what pass'd afterwards, I'll repeat to you in the Words of the Book. God save you, *Antipater*, says *Archias*. I must be safe, said *Antipater*, if you have brought me *Demosthenes*. I have brought you, says *Archias*, what I cou'd of him; for here is his Urn, in which are his Ashes. You have strangely disappointed me, replied *Antipater*; for what shall I do with his Ashes and Bones? Sir, replied *Archias*, in spite of all the Arguments I could use with him, I found him obstinately resolv'd not to surrender himself alive. Says *Antipater*, Could you not corrupt him

^b *Calauria*, a little Island in the *Aegean* Sea, over-against *Traezen* in *Peloponnesus*.

with Money, which you might have had from *Bœotia*, or my Treasury here? But, as I remember, King *Philip* us'd to say, That the Vertue of *Demosthenes* was Proof against all Bribery, and that 'twas easier to take *Byzantium* by Storm, than corrupt *Demosthenes* with Money. Were there any Minister at *Athens*, continued King *Philip*, who would betray the Liberty of his Country, and sacrifice the Publick to his own private Interests, I would spare no Money to gain him over to my Party; but, at the same time, I should never consider him as my Friend; but if any one generously espous'd the Quarrel of his Country, and was my Enemy on the Publick Score, I would make an open War upon him, as I would force a Castle or a Rampart; but in spite of his Enmity, I should adore his Vertue, and envy the Happiness of a City, that had produced such a Man. But I would ruine a Traytor, when I had no farther occasion for his Service. I would willingly exchange all my Illyrian and Triballian Horse, and all my Mercenary Troops, for a Man of such Honour and Integrity as *Demosthenes*. A Man of Sense and Judgment, and a Master in the Art of Speaking, is as good as a numerous Army. This King *Philip* spoke to *Parmenio*. Another time, when I was apprehensive of the Army the *Athenians* had sent out under the Command of *Diopithes*, he burst out into a Fit of Laughter, and said, What, *Antipater*, are you afraid of an *Athenian* Army and General? I never dreaded their Fleets, nor Ports, nor Citadels: For what mighty Performances can you expect from an Army never inured to War, who

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have been train'd up in the Arts of Peace and Luxury, and soften'd by a long Course of Pleasure and Debauchery. Were *Demosthenes* once remov'd from *Athens*, I would make my self Master of it by open Force or Treachery, with more ease than I did of *Thebes* and *Thessaly*. *Demosthenes* is still upon his guard, and has an Eye upon all my Motions; he defeats all my Designs, breaks all my Measures, and disappoints all my Enterprizes. He is acquainted with all my Counsels, all my Artifices, and all my Stratagems: He out-wits me in Contrivance, over-reaches me in Management, and over-matches me in plain Force. In a word, he is the only Rub that lies in the Way of all my Victories, and hinders me from over-running all *Greece*. What Man could do, he did, to oppose my taking of *Amphipolis*, *Olynthus*, *Phocaea*, *Pyle*, *Cherronesus*, and the Coasts of the *Hellefont*. He revived the drooping Spirits of the *Athenians*; he animated them with fresh Vigour, and awaken'd them from their Lethargy. He retrench'd all the useless Expences they were at in their Theaters and Sports; he severely reprimanded their Baseness and Effeminacy; he repair'd their Naval Forces, which were almost ruin'd by the neglect of the Marine Laws; he rais'd the Reputation of the City, which was declined from its former Grandeur; he rouz'd the *Athenians* to a noble Emulation of the ancient Battles of *Morathon* and *Salamine*; he spurr'd them on to out-vye the Glory of their Ance-

ⁱ In the Greek 'tis *ἐκ μανδραγώρου καθεύδοντας*, for Mandrakes, as *lib. 25.* assures us.

stors; he united all Greece into a common Confederacy against me. *Demosthenes* is not to be deceived nor imposed on, nor to be wrought on by Money, and is as firm against Corruption, as ever *Aristides* was against the *Persians*, and holds the same Rank among the Modern *Athenians*, as *Pericles* and *Themistocles* did among the Ancients, and has added all the Greatness of Mind of the first to the Prudence of the later: To his good Conduct the *Athenians* own the Reduction of *Eubaa*, *Megara*, *Bœotia*, and the Coast of *Hellepont*. I am pleas'd with their Wisdom, in making *Phares*, *Diopithes*, and *Proxenus*, and such as these Generals, and in keeping *Demosthenes* at home to harangue the People. Were he once but wholly entrusted with the Management of their Affairs, and the Disposal of the Revenue, their Fleet and their Army, I should be in Pain for *Macedonia* it self. For now, tho' at a distance, he makes a vigorous War upon me with his Decrees, raises Troops and Money, and attacks us on every side. This King *Philip* often said. But why, *Archias*, did not you take him alive? I did, Sir, says *Archias*. Did he dye by the Way? says *Antipater*. No, replied *Archias*; but in *Calauria*. Perhaps 'twas occasion'd by their Negligence, in not taking Care of him, said *Antipater*. No, replied *Archias*, he was never in our Power: You speak in Riddles, says *Antipater*; What did you take him, and not have him in your Power? Did not you give me your Order, replied *Archias*, to use no Violence with him? tho' that would have been ineffectual. Perhaps you kill'd him your selves, said *Antipater*.

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pater. No, answer'd *Archias*, tho' indeed when all other Methods fail'd, we were oblig'd to have recourse to Force. But, pray Sir, what would you have done with *Demosthenes*? I presume that you wou'd have put him to death. God forbid, replied *Antipater*; you seem unacquainted with his Deserts, and the Value I had for his Merit; and make no Distinction between the taking of *Demosthenes* to be the same as the taking of those infamous Wretches, as *Phalereus* the *Hiperian*, *Aristonicus* the *Marathonian*, and *Eucrates*: These Men had no true Merit, but ow'd their short-liv'd Greatness to a popular Faction; like Rivers swoln with Rain, they bore all before them for a short time; grew bold and daring, under the Favour of a Tumult and Sedition; but trembled, like an Evening-Blast of Wind, at the least Appearance of Danger. *Hyperides* is another of the same Stamp, who, in spite of all the Restraints of Honour, Shame and Friendship, stuck not to draw up a false Accusation against *Demosthenes*, the better to insinuate himself into the Favour of the People, and acted a Crime which those very Men, whose Pandar he was, immediately repented of, as appears from their recalling *Demosthenes*, and granting him a more glorious Return from his Banishment, than ever *Alcibiades* had. But this Villain, who charged *Demosthenes* with such an imaginary Crime, ought to have his Tongue cut out, for being prostituted in such an infamous Cause. But was not *Demosthenes*, says *Archias*, the Man of all your Enemies, to whom you bore the greatest Aversion? No, answer'd

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Antipater, for I value Integrity, Honour, and Courage, where-ever I find it, and adore a gallant Enemy. Nor am I less generous than *Xerxes*, who releas'd the brave *Spartans*, *Bulis* and *Sperchies*^k, in Admiration of their Vertue. But of all Men in the World, I would have pardon'd *Demosthenes*, upon the account of the little Acquaintance I had with him at *Athens*, where I saw him twice, and for what I have heard others relate of him. I admire him not so much for his Eloquence, as his inimitable Conduct in the Government of the State, tho' his Eloquence is matchless; and *Python*, and the rest of the *Athenian* Orators, cannot pretend to vye with the masculine Vigour of his Speeches, the beautiful Turn of his Periods, his Action and Pronounciation, the Force of his Arguments, and his happy Talent in moving an Audience, and drawing them over to what Party he pleas'd. And for that reason, when *Python's* great Promises had prevail'd upon me to appoint a general Meeting of the *Greeks* at *Athens*, to accuse the *Athenians*, I repented of it, after I heard the Arguments of *Demosthenes*, whose Eloquence is irresistably prevalent; which I place in the second Rank of his good Qualities, as being an excellent Instrument to bring about the greatest Designs. But I was infinitely more charm'd with his Conduct and Prudence, and that particular Steadiness of Mind, that supported him under all Turns and Revolutions, and never suffer'd him to be shock'd with the

^k *Bulis* and *Sperchies*. This Story is at large in the 7th Book of *Herodotus*, and is too large to insert here.

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least Apprehension of Danger. King *Philip* entertain'd the same favourable Opinion of him; and I remember, that when he had received one of *Demosthenes's* invective Orations against him, and *Parmenio* storm'd and rail'd at him, *Demosthenes*, says King *Philip*, is the only Man deserves to speak freely: For all the other Orators of *Greece* are in my Pay, tho' I would rather trust him, than the Secretaries of my Navy, ¹ who are only charg'd to provide Gold, Wood, my Revenue, my Heards and Corn. But he Mans out great Fleets, raises Armies, and opposes me vigorously. Such an advantageous Character have I often heard King *Philip* give of *Demosthenes*, and he reckon'd it the greatest Happiness which ever befel him, that *Demosthenes* was not General of the Army, whose very Speeches, like so many Engines and Battering-rams, ruin'd all his Designs; and he often repeated the great Danger he had been expos'd to in the Battel of *Cheronea*, by the admirable Conduct of *Demosthenes*: For if the Unskillfulness of the *Athenian* Generals, and the ill Management of their Army, seconded by his good Fortune, which so often favoured him, had not all contributed to give him the Victory, he must have run the Hazard of losing his Life and Kingdom, which were both staked upon the Success of that Battel. He had, says King *Philip*, joyn'd all the Power of *Greece* into one common Alliance against me, and drawn together all the Forces of the Co-

¹ This is a very obscure Place, and let the Reader explain it as he pleases.

rimthians, Thebans, Bæotians, Eubeans, and Morigarians, to dispute my Passage into *Attica*. These were the Discourses King *Philip* continually had of *Demosthenes*. And when he was told, That the State of *Athens* was the only Rival of his Greatness, he made answer, That *Demosthenes* was his only Rival. For without him the *Athenians* would be no more than the *Thessalians* and the *Ænianenses*. Whenever he sent an Embassy to a City, if the *Athenians* sent any other, but *Demosthenes*, he usually prevailed; but if *Demosthenes* was present, he gave his Cause over, and all hopes of Success; For, says he, the Eloquence of *Demosthenes* is invincible, and can never be withstood. And, after all this, *Archias*, do you imagine, that I, who am so infinitely inferiour to *Philip* in all respects, if I had so gallant a Man in my Power, would lead him like an Ox to the Slaughter? No, *Archias*, I'd make him my Minister of State, and trust him with the Administration of the Affairs of *Greece*. I had always a personal Kindness for *Demosthenes*, in regard of his great Actions, and was confirm'd in my good Opinion of him by the honourable Character *Aristotle* gave of his Merit, who often brought him to visit *Alexander* and me, and has assur'd us, that among all those great Men, who made their Court to him, he admired none so much as *Demosthenes*, for his wonderful Capacity, Readiness of Wit, Temperance, Freedom and Firmness. You, said *Aristotle*, entertain the same Opinion of him as you do of *Enbolus, Phrynon, and Philocrates*, and go about to corrupt a Man that is so obstinately Vertuous, one that has spent all his Estate

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Estate upon the Publick, and in relieving his private Friends: And when that Method fails, you think to awe him into a Compliance, not considering, that he is resolved not to outlive his Country, but be buried in its Ruins. You resent every little Reflection of *Demosthenes* upon you, as the utmost Indignity, without observing, that he uses his own Country Men no better, and is not apprehensive of their Anger. You are ignorant, that a Sense of Honour, and a true Love of his Country, has engaged him in the publick Service, and that he considers his Ministry as a Course of Philosophy. These are the Advantages I propos'd to my self by the Conversation of such a Man, to hear him deliver his Opinion without Reserve or Disguise, to give me Counsels with Candour and Sincerity, instead of the fulsome Flatteries of mercenary Courtiers, which always attend the Counsels of Princes, and are their Ruine and Destruction. The only Thing to be censur'd in his Conduct, is his sacrificing his Life for such ungrateful Citizens, when his Vertue might have challenged the Friendship and Favour of others, who would have made him more generous Returns for his Services. In other Matters, replied *Archias*, you might have wrought upon *Demosthenes*; but he was too passionate a Lover of his Country, to quit its Interests upon any Terms. 'Tis true, replied *Antipater*: But pray let me hear the Particulars of his Death. That, answer'd *Archias*, will surprize you more than all the rest: For we, who were present, were as much amazed at so incredible an Action as those who were not

not Eye-witnesses of it. For 'twas evident, from the Preparation he had made, that 'twas a Design which he had form'd long ago. He sat in the inner-part of the Temple, and I talk'd with him to no purpose for several Days together. What was the Subject, said *Antipater*, of your Discourse? I made him very fair Offers, gave him an Assurance of your Pardon, not that I imagined you would make my Promise good, for I did not at that time know your Resolution: On the contrary, I thought you extreamly incensed against him, but I believed that would be the most effectual Way to prevail upon him. How did he receive your Discourse, says *Antipater*? Give me a full Account of your Conference with him. Would to God I had been present. For the last Behaviour and dying Speeches of such a great Man, are of vast concern. Did he betray any Marks of Fear? Did he retain his usual Courage and Firmness? Yes, he did, replied *Archias*. He laugh'd at me very pleasantly, and told me I was an ill Actor of your Lies. Then, it seems, he did not believe your Promises; and that was the reason of his Death. Sir, replied *Archias*, if you will hear me out, you will find, that he had other Thoughts. He answered me, that the Proceedings of the *Macedonians* were not new and surprizing to him; and that 'twas no Wonder they had taken him as they had taken *Amphipolis*, *Olynthus* and *Oropus*. This and much more he said: For we had Writers by to take all his Discourse, that you might know all the Particulars. The Fear of Death and Tortures, said *Demosthenes*, was the reason why I would

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would not surrender my self to *Antipater*; but, if you speak truth, I have more reason than ever to be extreamly cautious of it, for fear of having my Integrity corrupted, and being wrought upon to betray the *Grecian* Cause and Interest of my Country, by joyning with the *Macedonians*. Shall I, who have so long still pleaded the Cause of Greece, submit to such infamous Terms, and pay down my Liberty for a Ransom of my Life? 'Tis better to dye gloriously, than live scandalously. I cannot do it without a Reflection upon my Fame, *Pyraus*, and the Galley I built, and the Ditch and Walls made and built at my own Charge, and the Tribe *Pandionis*, which I relieved by my voluntary Expence: And *Solon* and *Draco*, the Freedom of the People, and the *Rostrum*, which they owe to me, the naval and military Wreaths I obtain'd, with the glorious Actions of my Ancestors, and their Trophies, and the universal Love of my Fellow-citizens, who have so often crown'd me, and the Power of *Greece*, which hitherto I have preserved. Were I reduced to the Necessity of owing my Life to the Mercy of others, tho' it would be a criminal Meanness in me to accept it, but at least 'twould be fitter for me to receive it from the Hands of my Fellow-citizens, whose Prisoners I redeem'd, whose Daughters I have marry'd at my own Expence, and whose Wants I supplied. But if neither the Sea, nor the Command of the Islands which I have born, can secure me, in my last Extremity, I appeal to *Neptune*, and beg the Assistance of these Altars, and the Protection of this awful Sanctuary. But if *Neptune* cannot defend

send the Privileges of his Temple, and is not ashamed to betray his Votary, to *Archias*, I will dye, rather than ever be guilty of any unmanly Compliance with *Antipater*. 'Tis in my Power to make my Peace with the *Macedonians*, and be as happy as you are, if I would follow the Example of *Cathemedon*, *Pytheas*, and *Domades*. But I have too much Reverence for the Memory of *Codrus*, and the Daughters of *Erethens*, to bay my Life at the Expence of my Freedom. I'll continue firm to my Duty, nor desert my Country, because Fortune has. An honourable Death is the best Refuge of the Unfortunate. I would not willingly dishonour my Country by any Baseness, nor submit to a voluntary Slavery; I am resolved not to out-live my Liberty, but perish in the Defence of so valuable a Prize, which is the best worth living for, and the best worth dying for. I presume you, who have been an Actor, have not forgot that memorable Place of the Tragedian:

* Polyxena.

*The Royal Maid *, when she was led to dye,
Utter'd no Groan, nor an unmanly Sigh,
And with a dauntless Courage met the Blow
[half-way.*

*But decently took Care,
That no unhallow'd sacrilegious Eye
Her dead unguarded Beauties should descry,
Then unconcern'dly fell, &c.*

Euripides in Hecuba.

* The Daughter of *Erethens*, who died willingly for their Country. *Tully, de Naturâ Deor. lib. 3.*

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After so brave an Action of a Woman, how infamous would it be for *Demosthenes*, to forget the Discourses of *Xenocrates* and *Plato*, of the Immortality of the Soul, and prefer an inglorious Life to an honourable Death? After this, he broke out into a Passion, and said something very severe upon those who insult over the Miserable, which 'tis needless to report. At last, after I had used fair Means and foul, and added Threats to my Prayers, he made no other Answer, but that if he was *Archias*, he might probably be perswaded, but since he was *Demosthenes*, he told me I must pardon him, if he had too much Honour to comply with me. Then I resolved to force him out of the Temple; which, as soon as he perceived, he laugh'd at me; and, looking upon the God, You imagine, *Archias*, says he, that Armies and Castles are the only secure Retreats of Life, and despising small Preparations, which the *Illyrians*, *Triballians*, and *Macedonians*, with all their Forces, shall never be able to conquer. 'Tis a safer Refuge than our ⁿ wooden Wall, which *Apollo* himself assured us was impregnable. The same Courage and Prudence that secured me in the Government of the State, shall protect me against the *Macedonians*. I never fear'd *Euctemon*, *Aristogiton*, *Pytheas*, or *Castinodon*, nor *Philip* himself; nor do I now fear you. Pray, Sir, use no Violence with me; I would not have the Temple profaned; I'll make my Prayers to the God, and follow you immediately. I believed him. Then he laid his Hand on his Mouth,

* The wooden Walls. *Herodotus*, lib. 7.

and I imagin'd he was silently adoring the *Gods*. But, as I was afterwards inform'd, by a Maid, whom he put upon the Rack, he had kept Poison by him for a long time, in case of any Extremity, and swallowed it, as we thought him imploy'd in his Devotions. He was not quite out of the Temple, when, looking upon me, he said, *Archias*, you may carry this mouldring Carcass to *Antipater*; but you shall never carry *Demosthenes*; No, by all those — I believe he was about to add, By all those Men who died in the Battel of *Marathon*. He had just time to bid me Farewel, and then expir'd. This, Sir, is the Issue of my Conference with *Demosthenes*. Is this the End of *Demosthenes*? replied *Antipater*. How I admire his invincible Courage; How glorious, how god-like an Action was it? How providently he took Care to keep in his Power the ° Pledge and Guardian of Liberty. But if there is a Reward for Vertue, we cannot, without arraigning the Divine Justice, doubt, but that he is gone to the happy Islands, or to the eternal Abodes of the Bless'd, to be there made a *God*, and live for ever with *Jupiter* ° the Deliverer. As for his Body, I'll send it to *Athens*, where it will be a nobler Ornament to his Country, than the Monuments of all those Heroes that died in the Battel of *Marathon*.

• The Poyson.

• ἐλευθερίᾳ Διός, *Jupiter* the Deliverer.

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The Cobler and his Cock :

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By Sir Henry Sheers, Kt.

The Arugment.

An Invective against Riches, or the Consolation of Poverty, by comparing the Benefits of a low Estate, with the Incumbrances, Dangers, and Anxieties, incident to Riches and great Men.

Cobler. **T**He Devil take this squalling Cock ;
 wou'd the Neck of him were off ;
 never was poor Man robb'd of such a Treas-
 ure. A skreaming Toad ! that won't let a
 miserable Wretch so much as dream of Hap-
 piness : What a Plague ails a, to crow thus
 early ? I'm sure 'tis not Day, by the silence
 of the Streets ; besides, I don't perceive it so
 cool as commonly 'tis before the Dawning :
 One would think, by his Vigilance, a watch'd
 the golden Fleece, or stood Centinel in the
 Garden of the Hesperides. But I'll spoil his
 Musick I'm resolv'd, and crop his Gills for
 him, as soon as I get up, for thus disturbing
 me.

F 2

Cock.

The Cobbler and his Cock :

Cock. I thought I had oblig'd, ye Master, and done my Duty, by waking ye so early, whereby you might earn a Penny these hard Times, to relieve your Poverty; and, had you been advis'd by me, 't had been perhaps the mending of an old Boot or Shooe in your way by this time; but henceforth I shall be more careful how I disturb your Repose, since it offends you so much: However, give your poor Servant leave to tell you by the way, that you may starve in your Sleep, and, to caution your Drowsie-ship, lest you dream so long of Happiness, till y' are miserable indeed.

Cobbler. Bless me! what do I hear? my Cock speaks and discourses like one of us!

Cock. I perceive, Master, by your Wonder, that you are not Book-learn'd; if you were, you might have read in *Homer*, how *Achilles's* Horse stopp'd in the midst of the Battel, and spoke, and prophecy'd; and, what was more strange, those that heard him were not surpriz'd, nor so much as invoc'd *Jupiter* to avert the Omen. What, wou'd you have thought to have heard the Ship of the *Argonautes* make Speeches? Or an Oak in *Dodona's* Grove? Or to see Ox-hides walk, while their Flesh bellow'd and lamented as 'twas roasting at the Fire? But that I shou'd speak, who sing so clear, is no such Wonder: Besides, I am *Mercury's* Bird, the God of Eloquence, who frequently converses with Men. But, be it how it will, if you will swear Secrecy, I will, for once, reveal to you the Cause of the Miracle that so much astonishes you.

Cobbler.

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Cobler. Secrecy ! Why, if I shou'd publish it, Nobody wou'd believe me. But let me ask my self, if this be not still a Dream, and I yet fast asleep?

Cock. Behold then a stranger thing than all the rest ; I, my self, was once a Man, whom you now see a feather'd Fowl.

Cobler. There goes a Story indeed, that *Mars* had a beautiful Boy, who was his Confident in his Amours ; whom, while he lay with *Venus*, he left Centinel at the Chamber-door, with charge to call him betimes ; but it seems the Youth, falling asleep, neglected his Duty, and the Sun discover'd the two Lovers to *Vulcan*, who took them both napping in a Net, he had prepar'd for that purpose : This it seems so offended the God, that he forthwith turn'd the Lad into a Cock, who to this Day has the Crest and Spurs he then wore ; and his Progeny, to repair his Dishonour, keep Watch and Ward, and ever since proclaim aloud the approach of the Morning.

Cock. You recount a Fable that is in every one's Mouth ; but my Metamorphosis is nothing a-kin to that Story.

Cobler. Let me know it then, prithee, dear Cock ; for I dye of Impatience to hear it.

Cock. Have you never heard of one *Pythagoras* ?

Cobler. What the famous Philosopher, who forbad the eating of certain Meats ?

Cock. The self-same ; and who before had been *Euphorbus*.

Cobler. 'Tis true indeed the Report goes, that he was a great Conjuror.

The Cobbler and his Cock :

Cock. Speak with Reverence, good Master ! for I my self am that very right worshipful Person.

Cobbler. Good Gods ! what an odd Change was that from a Cock to a Philosopher, or rather from a Philosopher to a Cock. But how, in the Name of Wonder, cou'd this come to pass? for, besides other Difficulties, thou hast Qualities totally differing from *Pythagoras*; for thou dost not only love Beans, but art an Eternal Pratter.

Cock. While I was that Philosopher, I eat no Beans; but as to Silence, I enjoyn'd that only to my Scholars, not to my Self: but I have pass'd through many Changes since those Days, too tedious to tell.

Cobbler. But let me know all however, good Cock; for, in short, I am so ravish'd at thy Relation, that, were it left to my choice, whether to return to my Dream, which was beyond Expression agreeable, or hear thy Adventures, I should be at a loss which to chuse, so near a Resemblance there appears to me between a Dream, and this History of thine.

Cock. Your Dream runs still in your mind, I see: but Dreams, being but fantastick Pleasures, yield nothing but false Felicity.

Cobbler. 'Tis very true, my Head is so intirely possess'd with it, that I think I shall never be rid on't, and begin to fancy I shall now dream as long as I live.

Cock. As long as you live! That's contrary to the Nature of Dreams, which are the Image of Inconstancy it self: and therefore the Poets paint them with Wings; but yours seem to be glu'd, and tack'd to your very Eye-lids.

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lids. What shou'd this Dream be, Master, that so charms you, that you can't blot it out?

Cobler. I am as earnest to tell thee, as thou can'st be to hear it: For 'tis a Pleasure to-remember Pleasures past. But let me first know thy Story.

Cock. As Dreams are for the most part the Product of our Thoughts and Wishes, when awake, so I take for granted are yours; for Mankind places Felicity in something that they pursue, rarely in what they possess.

Cobler. In a Word then, I dream'd I was Master of a mighty Treasure. The glittering of the Gold dazl'd my Sight, and agreed exactly with the Description *Pindar* gives it, when he saith, that Water is an excellent Thing: But that Gold is like a sparkling Fire, that gilds the Night, which is indeed a Description of my Dream. But not to tire thy Expectation, thou know'st I slept from Home the other Night.

Cock. I have reason to remember it; for, by that means, I went supperless to Bed, and had nothing all the Day but a few musty Beans, which you gave me at your return, a sorry Entertainment to such a Wrestler, who had done such Wonders heretofore in the Olympic Games.

Cobler. 'Tis well thou hadst that; for I had been feasting, and had tasted a little too liberally of the Creature, and therefore made hast to Bed, where I had such a Dream as might well be call'd divine, feasting with *Homer* all Night long on Ambrosia.

The Cobbler and his Cock :

Cock. I desire then, if you please, Master, an Account, in the first place, of your Feast, to entertain my Appetite, having the Devil a Corn in my Crop; and you know the Remembrance of a plentiful Meal is some Pleasure to one half famish'd.

Cobbler. Be it so, since thou desir'st it: Know then, that I met by accident in my walk with that good rich Man *Eugrates*, and, after I had mannerly saluted him, according to Custom, I made a short turn out of the way, that my Poverty might not give offence; the rather too, because I was not in my best Cloaths; but he civilly treating me, invited me to Supper, telling me it was his Daughter's Birthday. I endeavour'd modestly to excuse it; but he reply'd, that there wou'd be a vacant Place at his Table; for that one of his Guests was fallen sick, and I shou'd come in his room. Whereupon I thank'd him, and took my leave, departing the gladdest Man alive, beseeching the Gods with all my Heart, that if his Friend's Feaver were not sufficient to keep him away, that they wou'd vouchsafe to send him the Gout for more surety. The Space between that and Supper-time, I thought an Age, such was the Impatience of my Appetite, for my Belly had suffer'd a long Vacation. I walk'd some three Hours under the Clock-house, that I might be sure not to fail the Minute; but sure never did Time seem to me so tedious, not even when I coble upon Trust: At length the Clock struck; away trudg'd I, turning the best side of my Cloak outward, towards my Friend's House; where, meeting many of the Guests at the Door, I

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observ'd, among the rest, the sick Man, in whose place I was invited, being brought in a Chair.

Cock. I pray, who was it?

Cobler. Why 'twas the old slovenly Pedant, with the nasty Beard, who teaches his Scholars so many Fooleries. Lord! how pale and disfigur'd he was; wheezing and coughing as a wou'd a brought up all within him. Upon his coming into the House the Physician met him, wondring he wou'd offer to come abroad in that Condition, and that they ought to have sent him his Supper home. But, he reply'd, he ow'd too much to the Friendship of *Euclates* to be absent; and that he wou'd not have fail'd on such an Occasion, tho' he had been sure to have dy'd by the way. So unwilling he was to lye under the Imputation of Pride or Disdain. Whereupon I could not forbear Muttering between my Teeth to tell him, he had done much better to have staid with his Ptysic at home, without coming abroad to spoil good Company with his ugly Face; and that, if he must cough up his Lungs, 't had been better Manners to have done it at home. But he made as tho' he understood me not. And now the Master of the House met him, and kindly saluting him, gave him his Hand, and, with the help of his Servants, dragg'd him in, and thank'd him for the Pains he had taken. Whereupon, I began to consider how I might decently sneak away; which being observ'd by *Euclates*, Stay, Neighbour, says the good Man, you shall not want a Place at the Table; for, rather than fail, my Son shall sup on the Womens side, with his Mother.

That

That one Word restor'd me to Life; tho' it griev'd me too, that I shou'd be the occasion of the young Gentleman's Disappointment. Supper being on the Table, three or four lusty Fellows took up the Beast of a Pedant, and planted him in his Chair, bolstring him up with Pillows for fear of falling; and 'twas my Misfortune (because no body else wou'd) to be plac'd next him. The Treat was magnificent; where, between whiles, we had Tumblers and Buffoons to recreate the Company; and, in a Word, my Happiness had been compleat, but for the Philosopher at my Elbow, who craz'd my Head with his senseless Discourses about Virtue and the Impertinences of the Schools. Whereupon I whisper'd this Reflection to my self, That there was no such Thing as perfect Happiness to be found in this World; and, that no Rose was without its Prickles. Thus much for my real Entertainment. Now for my Dream; and that was, That *Euclates* was dead, and had made me his Heir, and left me an immense Estate in Money, a vast quantity of rich Moveables, and Vessels of Gold, and Jewels to a mighty Value: That I was serv'd and worshipp'd by Crowds of Domesticks, who had no other Business but to attend my Pleasure: That I was drawn in a sumptuous Chariot, lolling and stretch'd out at length, as if I had never a Limb to help my self. In this glorious State, ador'd and flatter'd by all, it came into my mind to treat and entertain my Friends, who were as soon met as invited; for in Dreams things are dispatch'd in a Twinkling. But in the Height of all my Jollity, just as the Dis-

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fert was coming in, and as I was about to drink to my Guests in a large golden Goblet, behold all my Joy vanished in a Moment, at thy confounded Crowing, and, poor I, left the same miserable Cobler I was when I went to Bed. After all I have told thee now, canst thou wonder I shou'd be angry with the Troubler of my Repose, and the Enemy of my Felicity?

Cock. But are you so weak, Master, to fancy that Happiness consists in these Things?

Cobler. I am not singular, if I do; for I remember to have heard, that even thou thyself, when thou wast *Euphorbus*, wast the most magnificent Fellow in the whole Army, dressing and adorning thy self in Gold and glittering Furniture when thou wentest to fight; and that might be the reason, perhaps, that *Homer* compares thee with the Graces: For what can we behold so pleasing to the Eye, as that shining Metal, which *Jupiter* himself employs to compass the good Will of his Mistresses? In short, 'tis Gold that gives Birth and Honour to the basest Fellow, and a thousand Virtues, to which Men have not the least Pretence; Witness my Neighbour *Simon*, by Profession a Cobler, as I am, and who, but last *Easter*, thought himself happy to feast with me on a Dish of Tripes.

Cock. What! the little, ugly, flat-fac'd Fellow, who stole your Pipkin, and, hiding it under his Cloak, swore he never saw it; but I perceiv'd the Theft, and chid aloud, to tell you if you had but heeded me.

Cobler. The very same; That Cocks-comb, grown great on a suddain, by the Death of a
Rela-

Relation, who has left him almost as rich in Effect as I was in my Dream, is become the Darling of the fine Women, and is grown so vain, that the other Day, when I saluted him by his right Name, he scornfully reply'd, that he was not call'd *Simon*, but *Simonides*, advising me to take heed how I retrench'd his Name, lest he retrench'd my Ears for my Pains: Dost thou marvel then, I shou'd worship and adore this wonder-working Metal, Gold? But, I prithee, why dost smile?

Cock. I smile, Master, to see you taken in the same Fool-trap with most others; for I can easily prove, that this Gold, which you fancy to have such Charms, is, on the contrary, the Source of all the Evils incident to Mankind, and those who possess most are most miserable; and, sure I am, that none can preach truer Doctrine on this Text than myself, who have pass'd thro' all Conditions of Life under the Sun.

Cobler. To the Point then; and now tell me thy Adventures, for mine are at an end.

Cock. Believe me then, dear Master, in the first place, that you are a much happier Man than the greatest of those you envy.

Cobler. The Devil take thee for thy Raille-ry; or for thy Punishment, maist thou share a little of my Felicity. But Mirth apart, let me hear how from *Euphorbus*, thou becam'st *Pythagoras*, and at length, after sundry Transmigrations, a Cock; for without doubt many odd Adventures must have befall'n thee during so many Revolutions.

Cock.

Cock. 'Twould be endless to recount every thing from the beginning, when the Soul, for some villainous Crime or other was first sent down by *Apollo* to be imprison'd in a Body. Neither is it lawful for me to reveal these Mysteries, nor for you to know them. But from the time I was *Euphorbus*, take the Account.

Cobler. Hold a little, I prithee; be so kind as first to tell me, what I was before I was this poor Devil that now I am?

Cock. Why you were one of those Indian Ants that gather Dust-gold.

Cobler. Improvident Wretch that I was, who had not the Foresight to hoard up a Portion of that precious Dust to relieve me in my Necessity! But now tell me, if thou canst, what I shall be; for if some better Fortune is not to betide me, I shall certainly forthwith hang my self on thy Perch; so detestable a Life is this of a Cobler.

Cock. We know nothing of the Time to come. But to pursue my Story: While I was *Euphorbus*, I was slain at the Siege of *Troy*; and then, after a long Interval of Time, that I remain'd without a Body, I became *Pythagoras*, when it came into my Father's Head to give me one.

Cobler. Were you all that while without Eating or Drinking?

Cock. No doubt on't; for what need had I of Meat and Drink, when I had no Body to sustain?

Cobler. Does *Homer* give us a true History of the Trojan War?

Cock.

The Cocker and his Cock :

Cock. How shou'd the blind Fool know? who at that time was himself a Dromadary in *Bactria*? But take this from me; That his *Ajax* was not such a Swash-buckler, as he describes him; nor his *Helen* such a Beauty; for I remember her well, she had a long Crane Neck, or rather like a Swan; for she had a Swan to her Father, from whence she had the Whiteness of her Complexion. But she was at that time as old as *Hecuba* herself; for she had been stol'n before by *Theseus*, who liv'd during the first Trojan War, which happen'd long before *Agamemnon* was born.

Cobler. And *Achilles*! was he such a Hero as the Poet paints him?

Cock. I cannot punctually resolve you that Question, for I never fought with him; but this I am bold to assure you, that his Friend *Patroclus*, whom I vanquish'd, lost his Life civilly enough.

Cobler. And I suppose yours came as cheap to *Menelaus*. But enough of this; And now tell me your Adventures while you were *Pythagoras*.

Cock. I travell'd first into *Egypt*, to converse with the wise Men of that Nation, and learn the Mysteries of their Religion; and, after I was well instructed in their Learning, I return'd to my own Country, where I was receiv'd and admir'd by the Greeks, who inhabited in *Italy*, and taken for little less than a Deity.

Cobler. I have heard part of your Story, that you possess'd these People; that you had been dead, and was restor'd again to life; and that you had a golden Thigh: But pri-
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thee resolve me one Doubt; What was your meaning to forbid the eating of certain Meats, and particularly Beans?

Cock. Why! I am asham'd to tell you.

Cobler. Nay, nay, no mincing of Matters to a Friend, especially your Master; tho' I am content at this time to forget that Title; come, therefore, out with it.

Cock. Then in one word, I had no solid Reason at all; 'twas a meer Whimsie, a Caprice to beget Obedience and Admiration.

Cobler. Now, tell me, What was your next Metamorphosis after you had been *Pythagoras*?

Cock. My next Change was to *Asspasia*, the famous Whore of *Miletus*.

Cobler. Ha! Mr. Cock, who wou'd have believ'd you shou'd ever have come to Crow and Perch in a Hen-roost? What! *Pythagoras*, a Debaucher of young Men! *Pythagoras*! Painting and Dressing, to allure Lovers! *Pythagoras*! a Mistress and Mother of Children to *Pericles*!

Cock. Ay! you may laugh till your Sides ache; but there is no Reproach you can urge, that will not fall as heavy on certain Women I cou'd Name, who from that Sex were chang'd into Men.

Cobler. Say'st thou so; my Cockeril! 'Tis odds then, but thou canst tell the Difference; if thou canst, I prithee inform me, which of the two Sexes have the greatest Pleasure in Love?

Cock. You will know that of your self, one time or other; for 'tis odds, but in so many Revolutions of Ages, you will come to be

The Cobbler and his Cock:

be more than once of the Feminine Gender.

Cobler. Thou think'st, perhaps, that all Men are as voluptuous as the *Samians* or *Milesians*; for 'tis said, that in thy Youth thou wast Bed-fellow to a Tyrant of *Samos*, who lov'd thee for thy Beauty. But tell me, what wert thou next, after thou hadst been *Aspasia*?

Cock. The Cynic Phylosopher, *Crates*.

Cobler. Ridiculous Change! From a pleasant Whore, to a surly Cynic!

Cock. Then I became a King, next a Beggar, then a Governour of a Province, a Horse, a Jay, a Lizard, and, at length, after Variety of other Changes, what you now see me, a Cock; to which I have more than once been chang'd, and like it best of all others. But, to return to my Laughter, at your being so uneasie in your Poverty; I tell you no body can better advise you than I, who, having tasted the Sweet and the Scur of all Conditions, knew their Weight to a Grain.

Cobler. Then, good *Euphorbus*, *Pythagoras*, *Crates*, *Aspasia*, or what shall I call thee?

Cock. 'Tis not a Button matter what; but I wou'd chuse to be call'd by my present proper Name, Cock: for at this time I am no other; and the rather, that it may not appear you contemn my present low Estate.

Cobler. Then, good Mr. Cock, vouchsafe me the Favour, (since you are so well instructed) to tell me, what you mean, when you say, that Poverty is to be preferr'd to Riches?

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Cock. First then, we will weigh the Benefits of Poverty: The Clamours of War, Master, never break your Sleep, who having nothing to lose, have nothing to fear. If they cry, The Enemy approaches, you are in no pain, how to save your Goods, or hide your Treasure; but at the first Alarm, can pack up your whole Estate in a Snap-sack, and retreat out of Danger at your ease, in case you have no mind to stay; if otherwise, you are as much in Safety to abide at Home; for, to the Poor, every Place is a Sanctuary. While the rich Man beholds, with Terror from the Battlements, the Enemy gathering where he had not sown, his Vineyards spoil'd, his Granaries ravag'd, his Farms burnt, and his whole Estate at the Mercy of the rude Soldier. Consider what pungent Thoughts must needs possess him at such a Prospect; where each single Reflection is a Dagger at his Heart. If Money be to be rais'd to sustain the War, 'tis on the rich Man they distrain for Supplies, while the Poor look on unmolested. If the Town be taken, 'tis the Rich are expos'd to Plunder, Torture, and a thousand Insolencies; while the poor Man beholds all, without fear of lighted Matches between his Fingers, to make him discover his conceal'd Treasure. If you are to march against an Enemy, the rich Man's Honour posts him in the Place of Danger in the first Ranks, while the poor Man's Unworthiness places him in the Rear; where, if you are beaten, you can fly with more safety; who have no Honour to lose by running away, nor Armour to clog your flight, both

Cock. equally cumbersome, and Impediments to Safety.

ty; and if they win the Day, you have your share of the Triumph and the Booty. In Times of Peace, how are you cajol'd, feasted, and flatter'd, to obtain your Voices for Dignities and Places of troublesome Trust? To whom, but to the Poor, are Shews and Spectacles exhibited? And 'tis for their Use and Pleasure, without either their Pains or Cost, that sumptuous Baths, and publick Buildings are erected. While the Rich are expos'd to unspeakable Disquiets, purely on the score of their Possessions. 'Tis you, that exact an Account of their Administration; when, and in what manner you please. 'Tis you, who condemn them, and confiscate their Estates, when ever it comes into your Fancy to undo them. Sometimes, not content to exclaim against them in the Assemblies, you stone them in the Streets, and cast out their Carcasses to the Dogs. While the Poor fear no Impeachment; no popular Commotion breaks their Sleep; nor Tyrant's Frown disquiets them. The Poor are never mov'd, when they cry Fire in the Neighbourhood; or stop Thief; nor do they feel the tythe of those Anxieties that vex the Great. They have no false Stewards to call to account; nor desperate Debts to sollicite. They have no Law-suits depending; rely not on the Caprice of a furly or corrupt Judge, nor are at the Mercy of a knavish Advocate. In short, there is I know not what kind of Fatality in Riches, that palls the Possessor's Taste in the very Enjoyment: Men are equally tormented in their Acquisition, and Preservation, and feel a thousand secret Grudges in dispensing them. While

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you, my honest Master, when you have earn'd a Tester or so, can slip to the next Tipling-house, and there, among your Companions, sing, Oh-be-joyful; where you rail, and talk at random, and fear neither Spy, nor Informer. If you by chance fall sick (which rarely happens, for Diseases are the Lot of the Voluptuous) you have no Cares to sink you under the Weight of your Malady, and therefore 'tis seldom tedious or dangerous; while the Rich are equally plagu'd by the Disease and the Doctor, and are liable to so many and various Infirmities, that 'twou'd tire you, but to hear them nam'd. In a word, if I cou'd but give you a List at length of all the Evils that Riches bring on Mankind, you wou'd be frighted at the rehearſal; not to mention Death, whereof they are in perpetual Dread, looking on it with terrour, and calling it a Curse, while you reckon it a Relief. Reflect then, with me, that those who soar and fly thus high, do but, with *Icarus*, fall so much further, while such as keep below are out of danger.

Cobler. I begin to think they are the wiser of the two.

Cock. Wou'd you have a Particular of the calamitous Incidents of Humane Greatness. Behold *Cræſus* manacled on a flaming Pyle, the Scorn of those who but now ador'd him. Behold *Dyonisius*, Tirant of *Syracuse*, degraded from his Royalty, and grasping a Rod instead of a Scepter; and, from a great King, become a School-master in *Corinth*. Behold *Alexander the Great*.

G 2

Cobler.

The Cobler and his Cöck :

Cobler. Stay a little, and first tell me where-
in consists then the Happiness of Princes; for
I wou'd be glad first to know that.

Cock. Happiness! I tell you their Condition
is so deplorable, that you provoke my Spleen
by but bringing it to my Memory: I my self
have been a mighty King; was invested with
all the Splendour of Majesty; abounding in
Riches and precious Moveables; I had a mag-
nificent Court, numerous Followers, Equipage,
Guards, Armies, Fleets; was respected to A-
doration, and held for little less than a God:
When I appear'd in Publick, my Subjects were
crowded to Death to behold me; the Streets
were throng'd, and Houses cover'd, to ob-
tain a sight of me, and contemplate my Glo-
ry; And yet, after all, let me assure ye, that
in that pompous State of Majesty, I did not less
pity my poor self, than the gaping Fools, that
so admir'd me; and justly compar'd my self
to those fine Statues we behold shining with
so much Art and Workmanship, that within
are full of Filth and Cobwebs, and as nasty
there, as they are glorious to the View; and
while their Outside represents a God, or a
Hero, are a Habitation of Bats and Ver-
mine.

Cobler. But proceed and specify to me their
Faults and Infelicities; for the Pomp and Pa-
geantry you mention are but the Outside, the
Dressing and Ornaments of Greatness.

Cock. What shall I say then of their Fears
and Distrusts; of their open Enemies, and se-
cret Foes; of the Plots and Trains laid for
their Destruction; of the Hate of some, the
Discontent of others, and the Envy of all;
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their broken Sleeps, and frightful Dreams; the Racks of criminal Reflections; the Conscience of wrongful Titles; their vain and ridiculous Hopes; foolish and impossible Projects; importun'd by Petitions and Demands; vex'd by insolent and rebellious Subjects; confounded by Treaties and Alliances; betray'd by false Friends, base Flatterers, and wicked Counsellors; hamper'd with Intrigues and guilty Policies, and sinking under the Load of all. One has it in his Head, that his Son is a Fool, or a worthless Wretch, not fit to succeed him; another, that his Brother has secret Designs to dethrone him; a third, is equally diffident of good Men and bad, jealous of the Reputation of the one, and fearful of the Malice and Stratagems of the other. Add to this the Infelicity of their Loves; for what King can have Assurance of the Sincerity of his Mistress? who is more won and dazl'd by the Dignity of the Man, than the Merit of the Lover; the Jealousie of a Favorite rais'd too high? the Fears of Seditions and Conspiracies of the Great Ones? and the melancholy Reflection on so many Examples of Princes dethron'd, assassin'd, poison'd, and infinite other tragical Histories, as they are represented on the Stage, and are ever ringing in their Ears.

Cobler. Enough, enough, dear Cock, it gives me an Ague to hear it. And let me be a thousand times rather what I am, than the greatest Emperour in the World, tho' I were sure to be poison'd in a Cup cut out of a Car-buncle; for all these great Mens Feasts, I see are dangerous; I, for my part, run no hazard

hazard by working at my Calling, unless it be to cut my Fingers, or so, and that I can cure with a Cobweb; while these miserable Men you mention are eternal Slaves to their Fears; and, when all's done, the World, I perceive, is a meer Stage-play, where the cockscornly Actor, in a lac'd Coat, hides a Rascal in his Heart; and a crooked deformed Body is often conceal'd in a Whalebone Doublet. I think I have learn'd of thee to make Similes; but let us turn over this Leaf, and enquire a little into the Nature of Brutes; prithee, therefore give me thy Judgment of their Condition.

Cock. That wou'd be too tedious at this time; besides, it does not belong to our Theme; wherefore, I will only tell you, in short, that they are for the most part much more happy than Men, for they go by the Rules and live by the Prescriptions of Mother Nature. They feel not what Men suffer, nor act the Villanies they do; among them there is neither Usury, Flattery, nor the like detestable Vices that plague Mankind.

Cobler. 'Tis true; and yet I can't help wishing my self rich, for my Heart's Blood: 'twas bred in me, and I suck'd it with my Mother's Milk; and this Upstart, my Neighbour *Simon*, won't out of Head; nor am I yet quite rid of my Dream.

Cock. Say ye so! well, I'll soon cure you of your Malady; and, while 'tis yet Night, we'll make a short Visit to some of these rich Rogues, that you may have a Sample or two of their Felicity.

Cobler.

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Cobler. A pleasant Proposal ! Prithee how shall we compass that, hast thou a Receipt to make one see through a Stone-wall ?

Cock. No : But do ye see the two long Feathers in my Tail, one of them carry'd about ye, has the Virtue to make invisible, and to open the strongest Locks ; a Gift bestow'd on me by God *Mercury*, to whom I am dedicated.

Cobler. If this be true, I'll forthwith visit my Neighbour *Simon's* Coffers, and transport all his Treasure hither, and so reduce the Scoundrel to his primitive Trade of Translator.

Cock. That must not be ; for *Mercury* has commanded me to discover such as abuse their Trust.

Cobler. That is not very probable, Mr. *Cock* ; for why shou'd the God of Thieves be pleas'd with the Punishment of those who obey his Orders ; but let us go however, and I'll do my best to withstand the Temptation.

Cock. Pull one of these Feathers then out of my Tail — Pshaw ! what have you done, you have pluck'd both !

Cobler. No Matter, we shall be so much the surer ; besides, your Tail looks better.

Cock. Well, whether shall we go now ? Shall we make our first Visit to the rich Rascal that wants a longer Name, since he's become an Heir ?

Cobler. With all my Heart : Here, we are just at the Door : What are we to do next ?

Cock. Put the end of the Feather only into the Key-hole, and that's enough.

The Cobbler and his Cock :

Cobler. 'Tis done; and the Door wide open, a notable Secret! no Key cou'd have done it better.

Cock. Go, go before: Behold how the Churl lies broad awake, when all the World's dead asleep.

Cobler. I see him plainly by the light of a Lamp that stands by his Bed-side. How pale and frightful the Wretch looks! some carking Thought or other torments him, to be sure: for I did not hear he was sick.

Cock. But, hark! listen to what he murmurs to himself, perhaps we may discover the Cause of his Agony.

Simon. There are seventy Talents that I have hid in a Hole in the Ground here under my Bed. I hope they are safer than those I buried in the Stable under the Manger. 'Twas that Dog of a Farrier, I dare be depos'd, that stole 'em; for I'm told he lives better, and is drunk oftner of late, and has bought his Wife a Gold Chain. My Heart akes for my Plate, 'tis so much; I wou'd the Wall were but five or six Foot thicker! I shan't close my Eyes to Night, nor rest, till I have sent for the Smith and the Mason to make all surer; for I have many Enemies and malicious Neighbours about me, that envy my good Fortune; especially that cuckoldly Rogue the Cobbler at next Door, who, because I was once of his Trade, can't brook the sight of me.

Cobler. No! ye infamous Cur you; that's true enough, no more I can't; but I never came into your Shop, and stole your Goods, and then damn'd my Soul to the Devil by forswearing it.

Cock.

Cock. Hold ! not so loud, you'll discover us.

Simon. One can't be too careful ; I'll take a turn or two about the House, to see if all's safe : how easie 'tis for a Rogue to hide himself, and cut a Man's Throat ? for I have the drowsiest Rascals to my Servants that ever liv'd ; 'tis odds but some Door or other is left open. Hold ! what's that ? I hear a Noise ; Who's there ? Help ! By *Jove*, I have him. No, 'tis one of the Pillars of my Gallery. I'm all in a cold Sweat ; methinks I see Rogues in the dark. I must tell over my Gold in the Morning ; I wish it may prove right, I may be easily abus'd. Still I hear a Noise, some body's in the Court-yard : Well, I'll put on my Armour, and be upon my guard, that I may not be surpriz'd.

Cock. What d' ye think, Master, of the Felicity of your Neighbour *Simon*, whom you so much envy ? Let us now visit your Friend *Eucrates*, before the Day breaks.

Cobler. What an abominable wretched Life do these Muck-worms lead ! May my Enemies be all rich — But before we go, prithee give me leave to lend him one Souce in the Jaws.

Cock. Do, if you will.

Simon. Murder ! Thieves, Thieves ! Who's there ?

Cock. Away ! Let's leave him to bawl, and look as pale as his Money.

Here, this is your Friend's House ; come, let's go in : Ha ! here is some Rogury among the Servants, I see already, for the Door's left half open ; or else a Lover is in pursuit of some secret Affair.

Be-

The Cobbler and his Cock, &c.

Behold, *Eucrates* as watchful as a *Perdue*, telling and counting his Interest on his Fingers, never dreaming of Death, tho' one Foot be in the Grave; or that he shall be to Morrow an Ant or a Crow, into which Creatures, Usurers are for the most part chang'd.

Cobbler. Ah! good Gods! all this Man's Wealth but now was mine in a Dream.

Cock. I see you can't forbear your Wishes yet, tho' you're convinc'd what miserable Creatures these rich Men are. But here's another grateful Spectacle; Behold! his Wife in one Corner playing the Whore with his Coach-man, and his Daughter in another, lewdly embrac'd by a Lover; and that was the reason we found the Door unlock'd. What a Poignard will this be to the Wretch, when these Matters come to light! And now, Master, be sincere; would you be content to be rich at this rate?

Cobbler. No, by no means; I'd sooner dye on a Rack, than suffer such Infamies. Fie upon this wicked Wealth! from this Moment I bid adieu to those vain Wishes.

Cock. Come then, let's away, for now the Morning peeps, and when you please command me, you may know more.

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The PARASITE.

By the same Hand.

Tyquiades and Simon.

Tyquiades. **H**OW comes it to pass, *Simon*, that all Mankind, gentle and simple, bond or free, betake them to some Trade or Profession or other, whereby they become useful in their Generation, and reap Profit to themselves, while you alone are without any Occupation in the World? For you are neither Physician, Lawyer, Musician, nor so much as a Philosopher.

Simon. 'Tis true, I am neither, nor ever intend to break my Brains about the Business.

Tyq. You may have reason, because perhaps the Vexation, Difficulty and Charge of acquiring the Sciences may have discourag'd you in that liberal Study; but then methinks you might have apply'd your self to some Mystery or Handicraft Calling; for, if I am not mistaken, your Fortune does not so abound that you can live on your Income.

Sim. I have a Trade, which I take to be most noble, ancient and profitable.

Tyq. I prithee what is it?

Sim.

Sim. Why 'tis a Trade that may be better practis'd than told; for, as it happens, the Name is not held very honourable, in regard it is not yet register'd among the Sciences.

Tyq. Can't you explain it to me by Circumstances?

Sim. I'll tell you another time.

Tyq. Nay, but gratifie my Curiosity now, for I'm impatient to know.

Sim. You'll wonder, when I tell you.

Tyq. That still increases my Desire.

Sim. Then, in a word, 'tis the Trade of a Parasite.

Tyq. A Parasite! Surely none but a Fool wou'd call that a Trade.

Sim. Well, that's my Profession, and I am not piqu'd that the opprobrious Name for Folly has this peculiar to it, that it ever pardons its own Frailties.

Tyq. What then art thou a Parasite?

Sim. You think you provoke me now.

Tyq. Why, can you be angry to be call'd by your proper Name?

Sim. No, but because I know there is Scorn in your Meaning: For, as to my self, I make no difficulty to own, that I glory in the Profession, and value the Title above that of a Philosopher; and, in short, *Phydias* was not prouder of his Statue of the Olympian *Jupiter*, than I am of the Name of Parasite.

Tyq. 'Twou'd be a comical Superscription of a Letter, *To Simon the Parasite*. The World wou'd droll pleasantly on't.

Sim. The World's a Coxcomb, and never weighs with Judgment, the Value of Things.

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But for me, I shou'd not be more surpriz'd at it, than to read, *To Dyon the Philosopher*. And prefer the one to the other.

Tyg. 'Tis no matter what one Man likes or disapproves, but we must look to the Verity of Things. But a Difficulty arises to me, how to range and specifie this Art, whether among the Liberal or Mechanick.

Sim. I maintain, that it merits more to be reckon'd among the Liberal Sciences than Grammar, and am ready to prove it, if you please, tho' I have never yet study'd the Question.

Tyg. First, let me know how you define an Art.

Sim. An Art is a Collection of Rules and Precepts, which, being digested and reduc'd to Practice, ministers to the Pleasure and Utility of Humane Life.

Tyg. I like your Definition.

Sim. If I can prove to you then that this Art has those Vertues, what will you say?

Tyg. I shall wonder, if you do.

Sim. First then, we have a Body of select Precepts and Observations which are essential to the Establishment of this Science: *Impri-*
mis, There must be a judicious Choice of the Subject or Person whereon we are to work, by whose Favour we are to be sustain'd and countinanc'd; wherein to judge rightly there goes no small Talents of Address; it being an Affair wherein we cannot embark with Success but by Wisdom and Deliberation. For as there is Art requir'd to judge of the Purity and Alloy of Coins and Metals, in like manner we are to examine and determine of the

the Minds of Men: And forasmuch as *Euripides* tells us somewhere, that Mankind is such a Medly of Good and Bad, that 'tis the hardest thing in the World to garble and distinguish them; by so much the more does it redound to the Glory of this Science, which seems gifted as it were from above, to penetrate and unfold the most hidden and hardest Things. When we have found a Man qualify'd for our purpose, our next Step is to acquire his good Opinion and Affection, which asks no small Share of Skill to bring dextrously to pass. The Art of the Kitchen and the Caterer he must be a perfect Master in, he must know punctually the Seasons when, and Places where the best things of the best kind are produc'd, and how and in what manner best to be serv'd up; for even of the choicest things some Places produce better, some worse: And this is no easie Art, nor of least Utility. By this Means you are sure to fare deliciously, and always to eat and drink of the best. And therefore the Divine *Plato* (who is everywhere excellent, but surpassing himself in this) says, That he who is ignorant in this Mystery, shou'd never presume to make good Cheer, nor ought to have a Voice in such Debates. And farther, to shew that our Precepts are not light and notional, and barely consisting in Speculation, but in solid and useful Practice, it may be observ'd, that the Skilful in other Arts may practice or discontinue them, without danger or dammage to the Professor, while this of ours, if it be once discontinu'd, undoes both the Art and the Artizan, it being as necessary to Humane Life

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as Eating and Drinking. 'Tis not then a natural Faculty, as Seeing and Hearing, for that's common to all Men, while it falls to the Lot of but a few to be knowing in this Profession. Nor is it natural Endowments, as Strength, Beauty, and the like; but is acquir'd by Pains, Study, and Exercise. Neither is it Ignorance; for as Ignorance is profitable for nothing, so our Trade is good for every thing. Furthermore, As we see sometimes the best Pilots miscarry, and as 'tis said, He's a good Driver, that was never overturn'd; but a Parasite is always on his Legs, never out of the Way. Since then 'tis not a Faculty, nor a natural Quality, nor Ignorance, what can it be but an Art?

Tyg. You have almost convinc'd me; but if, as you say, it be an Art, I pray define it to me.

Sim. Why, 'tis the Art of Subsisting at the Expence of another, without Care or Vexation, and the End is Luxury and Living-well.

Tyg. I approve your Definition; but take heed some Sophist or other does not find a Flaw in your End.

Sim. There is nothing more easie to prove: In the first place, *Homer*, an Author of unquestion'd Credit, celebrates with his utmost Skill, the Life of a Parasite, as containing the height of all earthly Joy, describing with Admiration their voluptuous Feasts, where the flowing Goblet briskly goes the round. Nor does he mention this, as the Felicity of some Sot or Coxcomb, but of him, whom he produces, as a Pattern of Wisdom and Vertue.

And

And most certain it is, that had *Ulysses* found any degree of Happiness, or any thing praise-worthy among the Stoicks, in comparison with us, he wou'd have taken the Occasion then, when with great Travail he drew *Phylotetes* out of *Lemnos*; or when he oppos'd and with-held the Greeks from flight; or when he vanquish'd the Trojans; or when he return'd home in Rags and Poverty, after he had undergone the sharpest Afflictions: But of all this we have not one word. Nor when he liv'd an Epicure with *Calypso*, where he had the finest Women at his will. But behold how he exults when in the Court of the King of the *Phaaci*ans he sits feasting at another's Table, showing, that there is no sovereign Good but in the Life of a Parasite. And I maintain, that *Epicurus* was in the wrong to rob us of the Title of Voluptuous, who alone have the true Taste of Pleasure, giving it to his own Disciples. For if it be true, and (wherein all the Sects of Philosophers accord) that Happiness consists in a perfect Tranquility of Body and Mind, what right of Preference can he claim of this sovereign Blessing, who is one while vex'd about the Dimentions of the Sun, and the Figure of the World, beating his Brains to know whether it be infinite, and what 'tis made of? Then, whether there be any such things as Gods or no; and if they trouble themselves about Matters here below? and the like vexatious Curiosities. While the Parasite, contemning these vain Speculations, never amuses himself about the Government of the World; but concluding all goes well, and that

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that the Order of Things cannot be mended, has nothing to do, but to eat, drink and be merry, and to relish in Repose the good Things of this Life, without so much as an anxious Dream about the Premisses; for, having nothing to trouble him by Day, his Nights are soft and unmolested. Let us enumerate further Objections to *Epicurus's* Claim to this sovereign Good. His wise Man is either wealthy, or otherwise; if he has not a Competency to live, he is so far from being happy, that his Being it self is in danger. If he abounds, 'tis either from the Bounty of his own Fortune, or proceeding from another; if the latter, that's our Parasite. If he has Revenues of his own, his Felicity at best is imperfect, being necessarily mix'd with a thousand Perturbations. One Care is, lest he shou'd run out of his Estate, and not live within Compass: Then Contests with his Neighbours, and Law-suits, will be ever depending, than which nothing more imbitters the Sweets of Life. Not to mention innumerable little Vexations of treacherous, vicious and careless Servants. Sometimes an unhandy *Valet de Chambre* provokes him: Then he finds his Steward or his Bailiff has defrauded him, or doubts of their Fidelity; Or his Cook is drunk, and has spoil'd his Dinner, and done him Discredit with his Guests. In short, as on the one hand, a rich Man's House is a Habitation of Noise, Tumult and Disorder, so, on the other, the State of the Needy is worse, for they are without any Relish of Pleasure at all. But our Parasite has not the least feeling of these Inquietudes. For where-

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ever he goes, he finds his Table spread, without his Care or Expence, who neither suffers the Hardships of Poverty, nor the Vexation of Riches, but lives in profound Tranquillity, which is the Sum Total of Human Felicity.

Tyq. I do honestly own you have overcome me, and think I ought to lay down my Arms.

Sim. Confess rather, that the Force of Truth has vanquish'd you. But having prov'd, that Parasitism is an Art; it remains now, that I shou'd convince you, that it is not only an Art, but the noblest and best of all others, as conducting us to the Possession of that Sovereign Felicity to which all Science and Philosophy it self aspires. And, first, let me shew you, that all other Arts or Mysteries, liberal or mechanick, are not acquir'd without Expence, without Toil, and powerful Study and Application; ours is attain'd by Eating and Sleeping, Feasting and Rejoycing: For who ever saw a Parasite go sad to an Entertainment, as Boys are sent to School? Other Arts are not only difficult and vexatious to learn, but tiresome to exercise when gotten, while ours costs us nothing, but a decent and easie Motion of the Mouth. There is hardly any other Art that is not chargeable to the Learner; ours comes *gratis*; and whatsoever the Expence be, 'tis not the Scholar, but the Master, that pays it; for the Parasite always learns his Trade at the Cost of another. Others, for the most part, have an Aversion to their Profession, when they have learn'd it, and are vex'd and uneasie in the Duties of it, while

while our Artizan is never more in his Element, never better pleas'd, than when he has most Business on his Hands; and learns with as much Pleasure as he practices. To others a thousand Tools, Utensils, and Instruments, are requir'd: The Doctor must have his Study well furnish'd with Books, and the Mathematician an infinite number of expenceful Instruments, while our Artist needs nothing but what Nature herself bestows, which can neither be attack'd by Law, nor wrested from him by Violence. Other Trades see not their Reward till the End of their Travail, and often are defrauded then too; Ours find their Gain in the Employment, and never fail of their End in the Operation, which is the ultimate Perfection of Science: For the End of each Art, for the most part, is not, that of the Professour, but of those who reward him. The Husband-man does not plough and toil for the sake of the Labour and Pains he takes; but that he may not want Food and Rayment, and in hopes to see his Crop yield well in the Market. But the Parasite's Pleasure and Profit too is in the Exercise of his Calling. Other Trades have little Diversion, hardly any Rest from their Labour; with ours, 'tis Holiday the whole Year about; others need Ease and Refreshment in their Labour and Work, that they may rest, which is the only Motive of their Travail. Wherefore ours may, with Justice, be reckon'd the Art of Arts, inasmuch as the main Aim and End of all other Arts is compris'd and contain'd in the Practice of this. Other Trades-men perform their Functions best fasting, but the Parasite

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parasite can do nothing, is not in his Geer, till he be well lin'd with Meat and Drink, and performs best, and shews the Perfection of his Art at a well-furnish'd Table. Other Artists are best exercis'd at Home in their own Shops, where they have their Tools and Necessaries about them. To ours, all Places are alike, he's every-where at Home, Town and Country are to him the same; and, like a wise Traveler, ever goes at his ease, and wants for nothing. Those who pin themselves on others for Bread, are base and injurious, and a Trouble and Clog to their Benefactors; ours, tho' he lives at the Cost of another, neither thanks nor molests him; but is courted for his Favour, and thank'd for his Pains. The Beginnings and Rudiments of all other Arts and Callings are mean and abject, as is for the most part their Occupation. The Institution of ours is noble and divine, taking its Original from Friendship, so much honour'd and sought by the greatest Philosophers; and therefore never exercis'd but by Men of Sense and superiour Talents; no Jugler or Jester nor Buffoon, with all his Impudence can aspire to this Dignity. Common Trades, are profess'd by common People, Men of low and little Minds, of a Level with their Callings. Nor are the Arts understood but by Masters Instruction and Discipline. Ours is above all Instruction, and, like Verse, is a Gift from Heaven. In a word, to Sum up the Felicity of a Parasite, he has not the least anxious Thought about him; he neither ploughs nor sows, but gathers a plentiful Harvest of every good and needful Thing, and lives as if 'twere still of the golden Age.

Tyg.

Tyq. Gods! how does he o'rewhelm me with the Force and Multitude of his Reasons; I begin to hate my self, that I am not of thy Profession, and wish from the bottom of my Heart I knew how to go about it.

Sim. Having thus in general shewn how and wherein this Art surpasses all others: We will now descend to prove and explain by Particulars in what manner and degree it is superiour in Dignity and Utility to such Arts and Mysteries, as have the highest Repute in the World, for to stoop to a lower Comparison, wou'd be a Diminution to this noble Profession. All Mankind agree, that Philosophy and Eloquence, whether reckon'd Arts or Sciences, are the chief. If we shall be able then by fair Argument to prove ours the more noble and useful Art, the lesser Trades and Professions will of course be excluded the Parallel. 'Tis a known Maxim in Philosophy, that whatever has the same Being and Existence in Nature is one and the same. But Philosophy and Eloquence, have nothing but an imaginary and chimerical Existence; there being hardly any thing more unlike and remote from Union than Philosophers and Rhetoricians among themselves; hardly shall we find two of the same Opinion, but what one teaches another condemns. But the Trade of the Parasite is universally the same, having the same Practice and Principles among the Greeks, Romans and Barbarians; they follow the same Maxims all the World over: Not (for Example) like the Stoicks and Epicureans, who, tho' both are Philosophers, are notwithstanding in perpetual War among themselves, and

disagreeing both in their Principles and their End. What a wonderful Advantage then have we, and what Right to claim Preheminence? Infomuch, that I have often doubted within my self, whether our Profession be any other than that Supreme Wisdom and Degree of Knowledge celebrated by *Aristotle*, which comprehends the ultimate Perfection and End of all Arts and Sciences.

Tyq. Your Reasons are abundantly sufficient, And now I wou'd be glad to see this admirable Doctrin prov'd by Example and good Authority.

Sim. That you shall have, both in Number and Weight. First, There is no Instance of a Parasite who turn'd Philosopher, but of Philosophers who have turn'd Parasites there are infinite Examples.

Tyq. I pray explain your Meaning.

Sim. You seem ignorant of the Histories of the great Masters and Doctors of Mankind. *Esquines*, the Disciple of *Socrates*, Author of those admirable Dialogues that bear his Name, (which lose nothing of their Value by their length) whereof making a Present one Day to *Dyonisius* the Tyrant, became so charm'd with the Author, that he retain'd him ever after at his Table, who, from a Philosopher, became his Parasite. *Aristippus*, his Contemporary, made a Voyage into *Sicily* for the same end; where he became so absolute a Master in his Trade, that the Prince's Cooks receiv'd their Orders and Instructions from him, and were not admitted into his Service but by his Recommendation. Even the Divine *Plato* himself did his utmost to succeed in
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this Art, but, wanting Talents to recommend him, fail'd, and got nothing but Derision for his Pains. And tho' he return'd into *Sicily* on the same Errand, he far'd no better; whose Fortune may be compar'd to that of *Nicias*, that Island it seems being decreed to be fatal to them both.

Tyq. What Author gives that Account of him?

Sim. Divers Historians, and those of chief Note, and particularly *Aristoxines*, who was himself the Parasite of *Neleus*, as *Euripides* was of *Archilauus*, to the Day of his Death, and *Anaxarchus* of *Alexander*. As to *Aristotle*, he rather spoil'd than mended this Art, as he did all the rest. I might enlarge, by farther enumerating Examples, but let it suffice to say, That if Felicity consists in suffering neither Heat, Cold, Hunger, nor Thirst, as some Philosophers hold, then our Parasite is happy, being out of the Reach of those Calamities whereof most of them are miserable Examples.

Tyq. Well, but proceed now to shew me farther, how this Art has the Advantage of Eloquence and Philosophy.

Sim. There are two Occasions principally wherein Men of Parts come to shew themselves to Advantage; namely, in Time of Peace, and in Time of War. And first of the latter.

Tyq. You have chosen a spacious Field to display the Glory of your Parasite in, and 'twill be worth one's while to behold the Contest betwixt him and his Opponents Eloquence and Philosophy.

Sim. Make account then, that an Enemy is marching to invade us, and is advanc'd already to our Borders; and all who are able and of Age to bear Arms, are commanded to appear at the Muster, to make head against the Enemy: Every Body, all Ranks and Orders obey the Summons; Poets, Orators, Philosophers, Parasites: Now strip them, (for so they must be, to put on their Arms) and behold the difference: How pale, lean and wither'd are the one, drooping in Body and Mind? What Hopes can such Wretches give of vanquishing the Foe, who are themselves fitter for an Hospital than a Camp? How can such be able to sustain the Toils and Hardships of the Field? While our Parasite, on the contrary, with a brave Assurance, appears at the Muster; his Complexion ruddy, his Eye quick and sparkling; his Flesh firm and florid; in Body and Mind robust and vigorous; and, with Looks of Disdain, appears more likely to deal Wounds than receive them. But to what purpose shou'd we multiply Reasons drawn from Signs and Appearances only, and frame Conclusions from Probability? Let us go to Fact: There is not one single Instance in Story, that ever any Orator or Philosopher went into the Field, that it did not repent him. To what end did *Isocrates* put on Arms, who, when it came to the push, had not the Courage, so much as to mount the Works? For the rest of the Tribe, *Philip* had no sooner declar'd War against the Athenians, when *Demades*, *Esquines* and *Phylocrates*, terrify'd at the Noise only of Danger, betray'd their Trust, and deliver'd up their Coun-

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Country to Bondage. As to *Lycurgus*, *Demosthenes* and *Hyperides*, what did they do, after all their boasting and swaggering Oration? Let their Merit be seen in their Actions: The first and the last wanted Resolution to shew their Heads without the Walls of their City, and made no other War than by Harangues and Decrees. And for the other, who won'd be thought a fine Fellow, because he cou'd Rail and Taunt at *Philip*, he had just Courage enough to advance as far as *Boeotia*; where, when they came to Blows, his Heart misgave him, and losing his Buckler shamefully, ran away. This is nothing but naked Truth, and what every Body knows.

Tyg. All this I grant may be true, but these were Men whose Talents lay in Speaking not in Action, but 'tis otherwise with the Philosophers.

Sim. Philosophers! I hold it no Difficulty at all to make it manifest, that they are the greater Pultrones of the two; notwithstanding their incessant Prating and Gibberish about Courage and Greatness of Mind. And, first, I'll venture my Cause upon't, that no Example can be produc'd of any one Philosopher, that ever died with his Sword in his Hand: For either they wanted Courage to go into the Field; and of these were *Anthistenes*, *Diogenes*, *Crates*, *Zeno*, *Plato*, *Esquines*, *Aristotle*, and the rest of that Tribe; or else they ran away, as *Socrates* did, who advancing against the Lacedemonians forfeited his Credit in the very first Occasion, and found it agreed better with his Constitution to Wrangle with his Scholars at *Athens*, than to Dispute against

gainst the Disciples of *Lycurgus* in the Field.

Tyq. 'Tis very true, and I have read as much in sundry good Authors, and grant there is no Exaggeration in what you have deliver'd. But, I pray, what Examples are there of the Bravery of Parasites?

Sim. Of these there are enough. *Homer* tells us plainly, that almost all the Heroes and great Men of the Army had a Spice of that Profession; *Nestor*, who was equally Brave and Eloquent, was no other than the Parasite of *Agamemnon*, who had him in highest Estimation of all others. For we don't hear him wish for a Score of *Achilles's*, *Ajaxes*, *Diomedes's*, but for so many *Nestors*, (that is, so many Parasites) which wou'd suffice to subdue the Trojans. *Idomeneus*, who was the Son of *Jupiter*, himself was a Parasite, as the same grave Author testifies.

Tyq. How does that appear?

Sim. Plainly enough, observe but the Place where *Agamemnon* cries out, that his Glass stood always ready fill'd next to his, that he might take it off on the first Summons of a Health: For, by that, it is not meant, that *Idomeneus* was a Sot, that minded nothing but Drinking; but to shew, that he was never absent from his Table, which is the Privilege and Property of a Parasite; while no others presum'd to come but upon Invitation, as *Ajax*, after he had fought with *Hector*. But *Nestor* had constant place at the Table of *Ceneas* and of *Exadius*, and was honour'd with the like Favour at *Agamemnon's* to his dying Day.

Tyq.

Tyg. I approve your Method in the choice of noble and worthy Examples, to exalt the Dignity of your Profession, and shall be glad to see more produc'd of the same sort.

Sim. Was not *Patroclus* Parasite of *Achilles*, who yielded nothing to the best of the Greeks in Vertue either of Body or Mind. And I have often thought it no Exaggeration to match him with *Achilles* himself, when I behold him pursuing *Hector*, beating him out of the Trenches which he had forc'd, and saving the burning Navy which he had set on fire, wherein *Ajax* and *Tencher* had so long labour'd in vain; What Numbers fell that Day by the single Bravery of one noble Parasite; and, among the rest, *Sarpedon*, Son of *Jupiter* himself. Nor did, at length, he tamely lose his Life, like *Hector*, against a single Foe *Achilles*, as *Achilles* was himself slain by *Paris*; but to vanquish a Parasite hardly two Enemies and a God suffic'd. His dying Words breath'd no base Supplication like the first, who pray'd *Achilles* to restore his Body to his Father; but in manly wise and Words worthy of his Character, cry'd out aloud, *That had a Squadron of such Enemies at first engag'd him, he wou'd have quell'd them all.*

Tyg. But may it not be rather said, that *Patroclus* was *Achilles's* Friend, not his Parasite?

Sim. His own Words witness the contrary, where he confesses he had courted him from his Childhood, which is the Property of a Parasite, not of a Friend. And to shew further, that he was not his Domestick, it ap-

appears by his saying, *That since they had liv'd happily so long together, he desir'd one Tomb might hold them both*; which declares him his Companion, as may be every-where collected from the the Story, *Merione* was likewise a Retainer to *Idomeneus*, for so a Parasite was in those Days distinguish'd; whom *Hommer* (to dignifie his Profession) compares to *Mars*, an Honour superiour to that which he allows to *Idomeneus* himself, who was *Jupiter's* Son. Was not *Aristogiton*, that celebrated Deliverer of his Country, the Parasite of *Harmodius*, having nothing of his own whereby to subsist? And were there not Statues erected to him equal to those of the Prince, and all in honour of his Vertue? In short, the Gods themselves cou'd not confer greater Dignities on Mankind, than to make them their Parasites, whereof *Minos* and *Tantalus* are Examples. But let us now bring the Heroes of our Profession into the Field. First, They never march against the Enemy, till they have prefac'd the Combate, by making Merry in good Company, and Feasting plentifully together, according to the Advice of *Ulysses*; to the end they may be strong and in heart for the Battel: While the others are at a loss for Fear, and surpriz'd at the Danger, act awkwardly in their Duty. When it comes to the Sword's Point, behold our Parasite in the first Ranks, covering and shielding with his Body him who sustains him, as *Ajax* did *Teucer*. And, if he dies in the Action, who wou'd refuse to own him who fights so bravely living, and looks so fiercely dead? On the other hand, What wou'd be more

more ridiculous than to see one of these crest-fallen Philosophers fighting by his side, with a ghastly Countenance and meager Carcase, looking rather like a Criminal going to Execution, than a Soldier. In short, what State can be safe without such Defenders? Such then is our Parasite in time of Hostility, compar'd to your Orators and Philosophers! Let us now bring our Parallel to Times of Peace; wherein they as far exceed them as Peace surpasses War: And first, they have no Debates at the Bar, no Law-suits for Fraud and Usury depending, as hating Tricks, base Profit, and guilty Practices. And then for bodily Exercises, let one of these feeble Philosophers ingage in the Lists with our Parasite, and see what an Ass he will make of him: In the Chace and Sports of the Field he attacks boldly the fiercest Animal, which, but to behold, wou'd make those Wretches tremble with Terror; If a Stag threatens him with his Head, he firmly stands his Ground, and points his Spear with Assurance: Does a wild Boar whet his Tusks, and prepare for the Encounter, our Parasite grins and grinds his Teeth again with Eagerness. In splendid Feasts and magnificent Entertainments, which are the noblest Advantages of Peace; who but our Parasite is Master of the Revels, and does the Honours of the House? while your Philosopher comes sneaking and sad to a Treat, as 'twere to the Funeral of his Father. Let us compare 'em in the other Actions of this Life: Our Parasite is without vain Glory, and looks with Contempt on the Praise and Dispraise of the World, while your Orators
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and Philosophers labour and hunt with Anxiety after Applause, whatever they pretend to the contrary. And then, for Avarice, your Orator does not only sell his Breath but his Conscience too; and the Philosopher, to heap up Wealth, sets Vertue to sale as it were by Auction; and often becomes the most impudent and abject of Flatterers. How do they wander the World about in search after Riches, selling themselves Slaves to great Men for Gain? In a word, 'Tis hard to enumerate the various Ways whereby they are seduc'd and subdu'd by their Passions; Fear, Envy, Arrogance, domineer by turns, which the Parasite wou'd scorn to be accus'd of; who if by chance (for it rarely happens) he be provok'd to Anger, his Indignation shall be express'd in Railery, rather to please and entertain, than offend good Company. So happy he is, that his very worst Humour is obliging. And then for Sadness and ill Humour they are utter Strangers to him, having no Cares to cause them, as being cur'd of the Folly of weak and worldly Minds.

Tyg. Well, but all this while your Parasite is poor, and is not that an Affliction?

Sim. No; for he is never poor, who never wants, which is the State of the Parasite, who lives intirely at the Cost of another, otherwise he wou'd want that Name; as we never call that Man wise or brave, who is a Fool or a Coward. He carries no Cudgel, like your Philosopher, for his Defence; to whom Poverty it self is a Sanctuary. He has no occasion to bar his Doors, nor shut his Windows

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dows by Night, unless to keep out the Cold or the Weather. He's never accus'd of Fraud, Theft, Perjury, and the like Crimes of your Orators and Philosophers, whereof their Apologies which we read sufficiently accuse them; but our Parasite, having no Guilt, needs no Apology. And if at any time he falls into any Action unworthy of him, 'tis not in Quality of a Parasite, for then he forfeits his Title by his Crime, and, from a Parasite, becomes a Thief, Murderer, Adulterer, and the like, according to the Nature of the Offence.

Tyg. The Life of a Parasite I confess you have prov'd to be much better than a Philosophers; but his Death a least you will own to be worse.

Sim. No, by no means; for as we behold the one dye for the most part in Torments, by his Maladies, or for his Crimes, so we hardly ever see a Parasite expire, but in good Humour, and with Smiles in his Face, as he were going to sleep: Who ever saw a Parasite in Banishment, or compell'd to swallow Arsnick?

Tyg. You have given Proofs sufficient of the Advantage they have of the Orators and Philosophers, it remains only now to convince me, that the Profession is laudable and honest.

Sim. Have I not given abundant Evidence already that it is, by the many Examples I have produc'd of the worthiest and bravest Men who were of that Profession? And let it not be argu'd, that they are a Charge and Bur-

Burden to the Great, since they wou'd be nothing without them, but be full out as wretched as you fancy'd the Parasite, were it not from the Pleasure they yield them by their Company and Conversation, admiring and extolling their Riches and Greatness. Nor do they only contribute to their Ease and Entertainment, but to their Defence. For who are so safe as those who have such Guards about them, who are never absent? What Danger can they fear from Poison, when another first tastes both their Meat and their Drink, who generously exposes his own Life for his who sustains him. Furthermore, as great Men owe their Greatness to our Parasite, glorying in nothing more than to have many of these about them; so the Parasite receives no Addition of Honour from them, albeit he makes no difficulty to court and respect him, it being but just so to do, as being in Quality so much above him.

Tyq. I firmly believe the Art is at this Day arriv'd at Perfection, and wonder no body has written on the Subject, so pertinently and masterly you have set forth and prov'd its Excellency. And yet you will not, I hope, deny me, but that tho' the Thing be not shameful, the Name is?

Sim. I have told you already, that the World judges wide in most things: Do they not speak with Honour of Courtiers? And what, I pray, is a compleat Courtier, but a Parasite of some King or Prince? Kings are styl'd by the Poets, *The Nurslings of the Gods*, as who'd say they'r Parasites.

Tyq.

Tyq. I confess my self intirely vanquish'd
and converted, and am thorowly perswaded
of the Dignity and Antiquity of this noble
Art, and dye of Impatience to learn it; so
much have your admirable Reasons wrought
on me. And I will hope, that being your
first Disciple, you will not only take Pains
but Pleasure in my Instruction; as Mothers
are fondest of their first-born Children.

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By Andrew Baden, M.D.

The Arugment.

The Author here tells us a pleasant Story, how, travelling in Thessaly, he happen'd to lodge at a Witch's House, who us'd to assume the Shape of a Bird, the more conveniently to carry forward an Amour. But another, it seems, having the same Affair with her Gallant by an unlucky Mistake, he was turn'd into an Ass. Hereupon he gives us a Relation of the several strange Adventures that happen'd to him during this Metaphorphosis. From this Story Apuleius has taken the Platform of his, tho' he has swell'd it out to eleven Books: and Fulgentius has oblig'd us with a Mythological Interpretation of the whole.

SOME Affairs calling me to Hypata in Thessaly, on the Road I met with many of the Inhabitants, who gave me to understand, that Hyparchus, to whose House I was recommended, was vastly rich indeed, but wonderfully miserable and penurious withal, having but one Servant only. Being come to the House, I took my leave of my Fellow-travellers, and

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knockt at the Door; after a tedious waiting, his Wife let me in, and demanded what I wanted; I told her I had Letters for her Husband, from a Friend of his at *Patara*. She shut the Door hastily upon me, and went in again; at her return, she bid me welcome. When I came in, I found 'em just going to Supper; they lay both upon one little Bed, and had a Table before 'em indeed, but there was nothing upon it. When *Hyparchus* had perus'd his Letters; I take it extremely kind of *Decian* the Philosopher, said he, to recommend his Friend to me; he told me, that his was but a very small Cottage, as I might see, but however at my Disposal, and he shou'd look upon my being under his Roof to be an Honour to his Family. Then he call'd the Maid, and bid her take my Things into a Chamber, and from thence carry me to the Bath, because I must of necessity be tired with so great a Journey. She took me into a small, but neat Room; This is your Apartment, Sir, said she; and I'll put up a Bed in that Corner there for your Servant. I gave the Girl Money to buy Corn for my Horse, and went into the Bath: When that was over, *Hyparchus* invited me to eat; there was nothing extraordinary in his Treat, but good old Wine, and that we brush'd about after Supper; some general Chat passing away the Time a little, I e'en went to Bed. The next Day he ask'd me, whether I was travelling, and if I had any thoughts of tarrying there? I told him no: for in four or five Days, I purpos'd to go to *Larissa*; not but that I intended to tarry a little while at *Hypata*, in order to meet

with a Witch, if I cou'd; for (as Report went) there were many there; and I was in hopes of seeing some extraordinary Performances of their Art. Sauntering up and down the Town, with my Head full of this, who shou'd I meet but a Woman, who, by her Aspect, Dress, and Attendance, seem'd to be of some very eminent Rank; she ask'd me who I was? and when she was told, You are the Son (says she) of one of my most intimate Friends, and whose Children have ever had an equal share in my Affections with my own; and that I was much in the wrong, I did not address my self to her House; however, I shou'd go that Moment along with her. I begg'd her to excuse me, because to go from my Host, who had given me so kind a Reception, wou'd be very rude; not but that she shou'd have my Soul, tho' t'other had my Body. What, says she, do you lodge with that old miserly Dog *Hyparchus*? He has entertain'd me very civilly, (said I) Madam; therefore I must bar all scurrilous Reflections upon him. At that she smil'd, and whisper'd me in the Ear, to be very circumspect in my Deportment with his Wife, because she was one of the most notorious Witches in the whole Country; and, if they did not please her, she'd kill some, and transform others into Beasts: That she was apt to be in Love; and I being not only young, but a Stranger too, it wou'd certainly expose me so much the more. Highly satisfy'd with having so luckily met with what I sought for, I took my leave of Madam; and all the way I went home, I was plotting how to satisfy my

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Curiosity, and was resolv'd to get in with the Maid, who was a handsome Girl, and doubtless was privy to all her Mistress's Intreagues: besides, it was ungenerous, and against the Laws of Hospitality, to endeavour any thing upon the Wife of my Host. When I came home, I very fortunately found the Maid by herself in the Kitchen, and complemented her upon her Handiness in her Function. To which she briskly made answer, that she was as dextrous in Bed, as in the Kitchen. This unexpected Answer surpris'd me very much; and going up to her, to play with her, but she stepping back a little, Have a care, says she, how you come too near me, unless you have a mind to be burnt; for if I touch you but with my Finger, I shall set you all in a flame, so that neither Doctor nor Deity can cure you. I laugh'd at her Pertness and Reply; and calling her every now and then the charming Cook-maid: You little think, says she, very briskly again, what a charming Cook I am; for I can dish you up all manner of Ways, if I please; nay, and cut you as small as Herbs for the Pot. I am not unsensible, says I, what you can do; for already I find my self I know not how, but as hot withal as if I were upon a Stove. At this she burst out a laughing, saying withal, that she was a famous Witch; and if she had but set a Spell upon me, she cou'd pult me with Stones, and I shou'd never be able to endeavour an Escape from her Persecution, but kindly submit to the fascinating Torment. I was but too sensible, I told her, of the Influence she had over me, and that it was no longer in

my Power to be absent from her. After some Difficulties, I brought her to Terms, and she assur'd me, as soon as ever her Mistress was in Bed, she wou'd come to me. When her Master was come home, and Supper concluded, we toasted a few Healths together; and I, pretending to be somewhat drowsie, withdrew: I was no sooner got into my Chamber, but I was surpris'd to see it all strow'd over with Roses, some loose, and others in Bundles; nay, and my Man's Bed remov'd out of the Room. When she had dispatch'd her Mistress, she came to me, and we fell to work upon an Entertainment she had prepar'd for us: Healths and Kisses went plentifully about, and in a little time we adjust-ed the Preliminaries of Love. We shall soon see, says she to me, whether you are the Man you brag you are; for as my Name is *Palestra*, so was I never worsted in *Cupid's* Field. I accepted the Challenge, and she undress'd, telling me, Now the Stage is clear, prove your Manhood; and if I find you a capable vigorous young Man, I'll teach you some Curiosities in these Matters; Come strip, and to it. While you exert your Courage I'll be Umpire, and will give you Directions what to do; be you sure to obey my Orders. Sound the Charge, (says I then) and take care that our Engagement be warm and fierce, and show equally Conduct and Gallantry. At this, she being stark naked, Come, Sir, strip, strip, and take heed to the Word of Command. Anoint your Body with those Perfumes, and make ready. Advance my Thighs. Ground me on the Bed. Draw your Baggonet of Generation.

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neration. Put it in the Muzzle of the Piece. Mount the Breach. Maintain your Ground. Push your Baggonet. Again. Again. Again. Briskly, my Lad. Courage. Advance. Make good your Footing. Attack again; but preserve your Fire. Now, now, now; Give fire! Oh, ye Gods! cry'd she, all in Rapture, how I expire in Extasie and Delight. The Fantasticalness of her Expressions made me less moved with the tumultuous Bliss, and without any Concern, when the Parly was founded, My charming Lady, (says I to *Palæstra*) you see now how dextrous I am at my Arms, tho' you huddled over your Words of Command with so much Precipitation. At this Repre- mand she gave me a gentle Spat on the Cheek; You are a Rogue, Sirrah, says she; but a dear one: Take care that you never receive greater Dammage in these Engagements than what you have done from me, then you will be always eager to renew the Combat. After having compos'd herself again a little, Now, says she, I must try your Skill in another sort of Exercise, which is call'd the Kneeling Posture; with that she threw herself upon the Bed on her Knees; Now to Arms, cries she, begin your Attack in *Fosse*, in the Center, between those two Bastions; Briskly, my Lad, Push on; gain Ground upon 'em; what repuls'd! Go on again; seize the Enemy. The Counterscarp is unmann'd; lay hold of the Opportunity. If you find your self fainting, redouble your Efforts; thrust your Sword up to the Hilt, and continue it there till fresh Orders. Ah! ah! ah! ah! my Dear, cries she, now I find you are quite spent. But I

cou'd not forbear Laughing, ready to split my Sides. Now, said I, to her, 'tis time that I command a little. Get up and rectifie your Disorders, and wipe my Weapon with your softer Hand; and then return it, and lull me to sleep. Thus we dallied away the Night, and I was so transported with the Huzzy, that I never reflected upon what occasion'd my Journey. I press'd her mightily to impart some of her Magic Secrets to me, since I had found how expert she was, and cou'd not possibly but improve very much under so knowing a Mistress as she had. She protested to me, that she had nothing for her Instructions but pure Nature, was ignorant of any thing besides, and meant nothing farther by what she had advanc'd to me before: promising me withal, that I shou'd see *Hyparchus's* Wife, the next time she shou'd assume the Form of any Animal. An Opportunity presented it self in a very short time after, which she made me acquainted with, and told me she was to be a Bird, and that I shou'd not be afraid: at Night she conducted me to the Chamber-door, where, through a Crevice, I saw her Mistress stark naked; she threw two Grains of Incense into a burning Lamp, and mumbled over some Words to herself, that continued some time; then, taking a Viol out of her Closet, she besmear'd her self all over the Body, her Nails only excepted, and, in the twinkling of an Eye, was turn'd into an Owl. Feathers sprung instantly over her Body; her Nose was crook'd, like a Beak; she took her flight out of the Window, and made a great Skreek as she went,

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went. This so amaz'd me, that I had like to dy'd away, and cou'd not resolve with my self, whether it was Reality, or a Dream; but recovering my self by degrees, I very instantly press'd my Mistress to metamorphose me so, out of Curiosity of knowing how much a Man retain'd of himself, notwithstanding the Alteration. Being unwilling not to gratifie me in any thing, she ran presently into the Chamber, and brought me a Bottle, which I had no sooner made use of to anoint my self with; but, instead of Feathers, grisly Hairs shot through my Pores; my Face and Ears were wonderfully protracted, my Nails were hardned into Hoofs, and a long Tail dropt out from the end of my Spine; and when I came to survey my self in the Looking-glass, I found I was just no better, nor no worse, than an Ass. The poor Girl, as much astonish'd as I was, began to rave and tear, like one distracted; and told me, that it proceeded from a Mistake in her, occasion'd by the Similitude of the Bottles, whereof there were several together in the Closet: but if I wou'd have Patience till the next Day, she wou'd get me something, that by eating of it, I shou'd return to my own shape again: With that she stroak'd my Ears, and scratch'd my Back, being the only Caresses that Animal cares for. However, I retain'd still the Idea's I had when a Man, tho' under the Form of a Beast; and apprehended every thing that was said to me, tho' I had lost the benefit of Speech my self. I endeavour'd to utter some Complaints to lament my Condition; but, alas, I fell a Braying, and frighten'd my self.

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This put me into so great a Confusion, that I hung down my Head, and retired into the Stable, thinking to lye down by my own Horse: but my Host having an Ass there too, he gave me no other Welcom than half a dozen Kicks on the Countenance, apprehending I came to go halves with him in his Hay. This made me get farther off into a little Corner, and entertain my self with the hopes of Revenge the next Day. Reflecting somewhat melancholily upon my present Condition, I condemn'd my Curiosity; and, ruminating upon old *Homer*, I said to my self,

*The Miseries which from our Vices spring,
Leave the most lasting and acutest Sting.*

Shou'd a Wolf now meet me, thought I with-
in my self, in this Condition, or any other ra-
venous Beast, I shou'd compleat my present
Representation. While I was musing thus to
my self, I heard a great Noise, the Walls were
breaking down, Thieves with naked Swords
pillag'd and ranack'd the House, bound and
gagg'd the People, and then came and laid
their Loads upon mine and my Companions
Backs, and so drove us away before 'em thro'
By-streets to the City-gates, and from thence
to the Tops of Mountains, cover'd over with
Woods, where we came to by the Dawning
of the Day. What my Fellow-sufferers en-
dur'd I can't tell, but as for my part, my Tor-
ment is not to be conceiv'd; going over the
sharp Flints, with such a Load upon my Back,
being an Ass of Reputation, and not inur'd
to such Hardships, I stumbl'd at every Step I
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took, and they shew'd me the Way up again with a good Bastinado. I was going to cry out, O Cæsar, as imploring his Assistance, but I cou'd get nothing out but O; and that too occasion'd me a fresh Banging, because the Thieves were apprehensive my Noise might betray them. This made me resolve to be quiet: Besides, we were muzzled, that we might not lose time by grazing upon the Road. Towards Noon we came to a little loansome House of their Acquaintance, where we were made much of, and they gave us some small Matter of Provinder, while our Masters were carousing it about: But, not being us'd to such Food, I cou'd not eat one Bit; and, spying the Garden-door open, I stole in, and observing some Roses there, I hastened up to 'em, in hopes to recover my pristine Form again; when, to my Sorrow, coming up, I found they were not the Roses I wanted, but a sort that is deadly Poison to Asses: so I fell foul upon a little Sallating I found there; but the Gardner coming up to me, and beating me too unreasonably, (as I thought at least) I lifted up my Heels, and rebuk'd him cross the Stomach, insomuch that I knock'd him down. Then I broke out and betook my self to the Mountains with all the speed I cou'd make; but the Gardner recovering, cry'd out to fet the Dogs after me; which put me in a terrible Agony, lest I shou'd be torn to pieces: so I prudently retired to my Stable again, where the Gardner took an Opportunity of clearing all Accounts between us to that Day. Our Masters had no sooner din'd, but we were taken out to be loaded,

loaded, and, as Ill-luck wou'd have it, I got the heaviest Burthen of 'em all: This pressing hard upon my Spirits, I was twenty times in the mind to lay my self down, expecting to be unloaden: when the other Ass, who was plotting the same Conveniency perhaps as I was doing, fell down, and they finding that they cou'd not make him stir, fairly hamstring'd him, and threw him down a steep Rock, which made me grow wise at his Expence. Thus I took my Legs somewhat more nimbly up, tho' to my farther Mortification, the other Ass's Load was distributed between the Horse and me: However, finding nothing but Cross upon Cross, I put on a Resolution to bear my Miseries patiently, and made the more haste in hopes of reaching our Quarters, which by their Talk cou'd not be far off, then peradventure I shou'd meet with some Roses. 'Twas not yet Night when we came there: and an old Hag of a Woman help'd us to unload, and then secur'd the Effects under Lock and Key. The Thieves ask'd her what was the reason she did not take care for some Supper for 'em, but sat so like a Mopes, with her Arms across? That's ready, ne'er fear, (says she) and you shall be feasted to Night with delicate Venison and brave Wine. Upon this Assurance they all stript, and oil'd their Bodies by the Fire-side; then, refreshing themselves with warm Water, sat them down to Table. Immediately came in some more of the Fraternity, loaden with noble Spoils, and Gold and Silver in abundance; which having put into the old Woman's Tuition, they sat down with the rest

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of the Gang. All Supper-time, which was pretty considerably long, being very plentifully exhibited, the whole Conversation run upon Murders, Robberies, Booties, Barbarities, Difficulties, Pursuits, Escapes, and such like Cant of High-way-men. All this while the Horse and I were ty'd up to the Rack, which was a Supper no ways agreeable to my Stomach, tho' I had made a shift to steal a good Piece of Bread from the old Woman, when she had turn'd her Head another way. No sooner was it day, but out they went to the old Trade again, leaving a strong dock'd Son of a Whore behind 'em, to assist the old Woman, in case of any Exigency; which made me so much the madder, because I had some Probability of making my Escape, if no body had been at home but her. But this lusty young Fellow, had a plaguy sort of a broad Sword by his Side into the Bargain, and, at every turn, cast his Eyes towards the Door. 'Twas three Nights before we had any News of our Rovers, and then they brought nothing but a lovely young Damsel, who cry'd, and took on most bitterly, and refus'd both Meat and Drink; her Misfortune touch'd me very sensibly, and I cou'd not help dropping some Tears of Compassion for her Calamity: In the Morning they had Intelligence sent 'em, that some Foreigner of Quality was passing by with a gallant Retinue: At this they got up in a Confusion, and arm'd themselves according to the Attempt, and crouded out of Doors, and dragg'd out the Horse and me; but I, apprehending they were going to fight, cou'd not be wheedled to go
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forward, under a great many sweet Sentences of a Crab-tree Cudgel. Being come upon the Road, the Gentleman and all his Servants were presently murder'd and stripp'd, and robb'd of all: part of the Booty was truss'd up upon the Horse and me; the rest hid in a private part of an adjacent Wood. As they press'd us forwards, I unluckily dash'd my Foot against a Flint, and split my Hoof, which made me go very lame, insomuch that I overheard 'em coming to the same Resolution about me, as had been executed upon my late Fellow-servant, which Fear gave me fresh Courage, and I trudg'd on, as if nothing had ailed me. Night being now come, they went back to the Wood to fetch home somewhat they had conceal'd there: but as I was so miserably hurt they left me at home, and only took the Horse with them. In their absence I reflected with my self, that I was only kept there for further Hardships and Miseries, and at last to be an Entertainment for Crows; weighing withal, what had befall'n my Companion, and how narrowly I escap'd my self but the Day before: Pull up thy Heart, Man, (said I within my self) there's no body at home now but the old Woman: 'tis a fine Moon-shining Night, and thou art loose. In this Resolution I ran directly to the Door, and the old Beldam after me, to prevent my getting away; but being not able to hold me, tho' she hung hard upon my Tail, she bethought herself, and call'd the young Woman to her assistance; who, glad of so favourable an Opportuntty of making her escape, got upon my Back, and push'd me forwards, imploring

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ploring the Assistance of Heaven to facilitate her flight; and as it were whisper'd to me the Assurances of my Freedom, if I carry'd her out of Danger. Urg'd on with these pleasing Expectations, as well as the Honourableness of the Undertaking, I flew rather than scambld along like a lame Aß, unfortunately at a certain Turning, we popp'd just into the very Mouths of the Thieves, who ask'd the young Gentlewoman where she was going at that unseasonable Hour, and if she were not afraid of Spirits, and so reconducted us home; but having no longer the hopes of Freedom, or the Prospect of doing a generous thing, my Spirits flagg'd, and I was e'en as lame as ever: which occasion'd much laughing amongst the High-way-men. So, so, Mr. Aß, (says they) you are mighty nimble, when you are running away; but now you must go back again; alas, you can't stir Leg nor Foot; but we shall turn over a new Leaf with you presently; and with that they laid a thousand upon me, insomuch that I had a very deep Wound in my Hip. When we came home, there was the old Woman hang'd out of Despair for our Escapes, they commended her very much for being so true to her Trust, as she had all along been, and then threw her down the Mountains. They bound the young Woman fast, that she might not make an Escape a second time; and, while they were cramming their Guts, enter'd into Consultation what they shou'd do with her as well as me, to punish us for our Attempt. The Pertest of 'em said, Let us e'en paunch the Aß, and sow her up alive in it, and then fasten

fasten 'em to some Point of the Rocks, that she may be starv'd to death, in case the Birds of the Air don't pick her to pieces first. The Sentence met with an universal Approbation, and they were just rising from Table to put it in execution; but Providence, that had preserv'd us from other Tryals, brought the young Lady's Gallant in the very nick of time, with the Sheriff and the *Posse*, who burst into the House and seiz'd all the Rogues at once, and carry'd 'em before the chief Magistrate thereabouts. The young Woman's Lover set her upon my Back, and carry'd her to her Father; and all the way we went, the Roads were strew'd with Flowers, and the Skies ecchoed with a thousand joyful Acclamations. Being come home, she gave Orders that especial Care shou'd be taken of me, having participated of her Misfortune, and labour'd all in me lay to have freed her from it sooner. They brought me enough, but I cou'd not touch a bit of any thing. Oh how I envy'd the Dogs in the Kitchen; and wish'd ten thousand times, that Destiny had but been pleas'd to have metamorphos'd me into a Spaniel, and not an *Afs*. The Lady, to make good her Word with me, some Days after the Wedding was over, gave me my Freedom, and turn'd me up amongst the Mares, to Leap what I wou'd, being an agreeable, as well as pleasing Gratification to an *Afs* of my Personage. But Fortune being not as yet satisfy'd with my Sufferings, brought it so about, that the Man's Wife, who had charge over me, made me turn the Mill, and carry Flour, so far was I from Liberty; and what added new

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Weight to my Oppressions was, that when I came into the Grounds, the Horses grew jealous of me; and, apprehending I might debauch some of their dear Wives, or loving Sisters, fell foul upon me, and bit me almost to Death, after having damnify'd every Rib, besides my venerable Noddle. Under so many Miseries, I cou'd not but sink, and as they always robb'd me of my Corn, so I had nothing but dry Bran to live on, and was reduc'd, from a fat plump sleek Afs, to a meer Skeleton. To this was added a farther Hardship of fetching Wood from a steep scraggy Mountain, under the Discipline of a cruel unreasonable Son of a Whore of a Boy; who scorning the Civilities of common Whips, made one all full of great Knots, and several large Rowels of of Spars made fast to 'em; and always applying his Severity to one part that lay easiest for his Hand, he made a vast Gash in one of my Buttocks. He heap'd such prodigious Loads upon me, as wou'd have stagger'd an Elephant; and, tho' the Road was rough and steep, yet he wou'd not forbear the Exercise of the Whip. If my Load happen'd to be unequally laid on, and lean'd on one side, in going down, the cruel Bastard wou'd not take from the heavier side, and exchange with the lighter, but wou'd throw up a Parcel of huge Stones, to make the lighter side equipondrous to the heavier; and, if by the addition of one great Stone, what had been the heavier was now the lighter, up went some more Stones to ballance 'em, instead of subtracting from the more weighty. Thus was I crush'd with a superfluous Load of Stones,

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over and above a double Burthen of Wood. There hapning to be a Brook in the Road, that we were to pass some part through when we came there, the unconscionable Rascal got upon my Back too, to save his Shooes; and if I was ever so tired, that I was forc'd to lye down with my Burthen, this cruel Boy wou'd not light to help me up, but to work went the Whip, or a Cudgel that was worse, for then he wou'd lay about him so manfully, that I had many great Knobs about my Head. Moreover, he extended his Cruelty yet farther, and fasten'd a Bundle of Briars under my Tail, which cou'd not but grievously wound my Posteriors every step I made; if I went leisurely, the Cudgel flew about; if I mended my Pace, I prick'd my self so much the more severely by the Motion of the Briars. This was indeed a ready way to dispatch me. Sometimes, unable to bear my Anguish, I did rebuke the Younger with my Heels, but he had a special good Memory for Injuries. Sometime after, having occasion to make use of me to carry a Parcel of Tow and Flax into another Country; the Pack was bound very tight upon me, and he in the mean time, hatching of Mischief in his Heart, going on of our Journey, he snatch'd a Brands-end out the Fire, and thrust it into the Flax, which immediately was all in a flame about my Ears, (as you may well imagine) so I labour'd under a Load of Fire, and being ready to be burnt, I threw my self into a Pond, which by good Luck was near the Road, and rousing about in the Mud, quench'd the Fire, and gave me some Relief, since I sav'd in the Burthen, what I suffer'd in the Burning: For as it

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it was all over wet now, the roguish Boy cou'd not play that Prank again with me, but yet the young Devil's Imp was even with me at Night; for he made a long Bill against me to his Master, wherein he accus'd me of having voluntarily thrown my self into the Fire; and that he had almost miraculously saved what remain'd of the Flax: Nay, the Villain pusht his Malice higher, and to these Accusations, added one of a much more dangerous Consequence, as being of a deeper Dye: For having been one Day out to fetch Wood from the Mountains, he loaded me unmercifully, but sold it to a Farmer hard by, and being ask'd why I came empty home; In good truth, Master, says the lying Rogue, it will never be worth your while to keep this Ass here; for he is not only mighty sluggish and dull, but has some unaccountable Things in his Head, that are of dangerous consequence, and may bring you into Trouble. The other Day, as I was leading him gently home with his Burthen, he laid Eyes on a handsome Woman in the Field, and shaking off his Load, he tumbled her down upon the Ground, and had certainly ravish'd her, had not some of the Country come in to mine and her Assistance. The Governour having this Account of my Deportment; Well, says he, if he won't go, nor carry his Load, but has so many of the vicious Inclinations of Mankind, cut me his Throat presently; let the Dogs be feasted with his Entrails, and my Slaves with his Quarters: if any Enquiry be made after him, we will say the Wolves kill'd him. This was Nuts to the Boy, and he was just going to

whet his Knife, when a neighbouring Farmer sav'd my Life, by changing my Punishment to something ten times more insupportable and more infamous. Why, kill your Afs, Neighbour, quoth he, he is fit for Carriage, or the Mill at least: if he be troubl'd with those wanton Vagaries, (as you say) you may easily put a stop to those Extravagancies, by guelding him: and when that violent Heat of his Mettle's damp't, he'll become much more tractable, and keep his Flesh better, so he will be fitter for a great Burthen: And if you don't know how to go about this Operation your self, in two or three Days time I shall be this Way again, Neighbour, then I'll do it for you. Those that were by preferr'd this Advice; but I was sinking into the lowest Pit of Despair, finding my self so near losing even the Manhood of my Afs-ship; and cou'd not bring my self to support Life, after having suffer'd *Castration*: So I fairly resolv'd with my self either to starve my self to Death, or break my Neck down a Precipice, that tho' my Life ended miserably, my Person perish'd entire: The Night was very tempestuous, and a Messenger came to the Castle in the Village, giving the Family to understand, that the Lady, who had been stolen away by the High-way-men, as she was washing with her Bridegroom on the Sea-shore, were both of 'em miserably carry'd away by the furious breaking in of the Water. The Servants being desirous of Freedom, laid hold of this Opportunity of their Master's Death, and plotting amongst themselves, agreed to make a Dividend of their Master's Substance, and
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so every Man provided for himself. The Head-Groom took me and the Mares for his Portion, and loading us with the residue of the Moveables that fell to his share, he made the best of his way off the Premises. Tho' I stomach'd it a little to do the Drudgery of an Ass still, yet I thought it more easily to be dispens'd with, than being guelt; we travell'd all that Night through a very craggy broken Way; and at the end of three Days Peregrination more, at last we came to *Beraa*, a large and populous City in *Macedonia*; and, the very next Day, our Master expos'd us to sale; but I had never met with a Chap, had not one of the Priests of the Goddess of *Syria* purchas'd me for thirty Drachms: being come home, he told his Virgins, as he call'd them, the Eunuchs, that he had brought 'em a glorious Companion: this News made 'em all glad; but when they saw me, they fell a railing, and cursing of him most bitterly, and wishing him a hopeful Issue out of that Nuptial Bed. The Goddess next Morning was mounted upon my Back, and so they stroal'd about the Country. At the first Village they came to, one of 'em play'd upon the Flute, and immediately all the rest fell a dancing, and flinging their Heads about like so many Bethlemites. Their Caps flew about in the Air, and they beat and bruise'd their Elbows and Tongues till the whole Street was cover'd over with Gore-blood. I did not approve of these Proceedings in the least, for fear they might have carried the Jest too far, and have thought it necessary to invite the Goddess to a Draught of my Blood. How-

ever, by these Pious Cheats they pick'd up the Pence in a very plentiful manner: for all the People brought in somewhat more or less, even to their very Provender for me too. As they pass'd through another Village, they very fairly stole away a lusty, well-set, jolly, raw-bon'd, young Fellow, and kept him for a Stallion amongst 'em. This provok'd me to such Indignation, that I cou'd not forbear crying out, Good Gods! not remembring, that I was depriv'd of the Benefit of Speech. Some certain Country Fellows, that were in quest of their Afs, hearing me Bray, did not know but I might be theirs peradventure, and surprising them, the whole Mystery was discover'd: and this being spread about every-where, they were forc'd at Night to change their Quarters. Being got a little out of the Village, they bound me to a Tree, and there flogg'd my Back and my Belly most superabundantly: and they were at last so incens'd against me, for having expos'd 'em, that they were going to murder me out-right: but the Goddesses sav'd me that time, by looking upon 'em with a menacing Countenance: so they set her again upon my Back, and we jogg'd on: about the Evening we came to a Gentleman's House, that made very much of us, and offer'd Sacrifices to the Goddesses. But here likewise was I in no small Jeopardy; for by Ill-luck, the Dogs had fallen foul of an Haunch of a wild Afs, that an intimate Friend of his had made him a Present of: the Cook was ready to hang himself for the loss, but his prudent Wife gently perswaded him to murder me, and serve up one of my Haunches,

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instead of the other. But over-hearing the wicked Design, to prevent my being murder'd, I broke through 'em all, and run into the Dining-room, and in my Fury threw down Table, Stands, Candlesticks, and all that stood before me. But how are we mistaken in our Proposals! I expected Safety, and run into imminent Danger; for the whole Caravan were going to cut me to pieces; but I made one Effort more, and burst through 'em into the Appartment that was assign'd the Priest; and there I was lock'd up secure enough. From thence we proceeded farther, and came to a great City, where the Priest told 'em the Goddesses wou'd willingly lye in their Temple for that Night; and the credulous People came out with all possible Respect and Veneration to receive her, and set her by the Goddesses of the Place. The rest of the Retinue were put in a very scurvy Accommodation; and, when we went away in the Morning, we stole a golden Cup; but it being presently miss'd, they follow'd us, and, upon searching, found it amongst our Eguipage. The Priests were committed to Prison, and I dispos'd of to a Miller, who immediately hoisted up some ten Bushels of Wheat upon my Back, and led me home to his House, tho' through a very troublesome and prickly Way, I was no sooner come home, but I saw a great many of the like Creatures that I seem'd to be, which I thought did not look well. The next Day I was hoodwinkt, and clapt into the Mill, and pretending to be an utter stranger to that Sport, they gave me some sensible Instructions by way of Bastinadoes. At this

I spun like a Gigg, having but too often found the Inconveniency of being forc'd to do what is but our Duty to do. My Master, finding that this sort of Work was too laborious for me, by my falling from my Flesh, so very quickly as I did, sold me to a Gardner, who had no other Employment for me than to carry some Herbs and Fruits to Market. This State of my Life was tollerable enough; for I had nothing to do all the Day long, while he workt in the Garden: tho' as for Food, I got nothing but decay'd Lettices, that caus'd Crudities in my Stomach, and Winter being not far off, I cou'd not but be concern'd, because he had not enough for his own private Support, much less for mine. In the interim, tho' a Roman Soldier passing by, ask'd the Gardner some Question in Latin, which he not understanding, made no reply to: The Soldier enrag'd thereat, as if it had been done out of Contempt, fell aboard of his Jacket; and the Gardner growing sour, upon the Blows, without Provocation, turn'd again upon the Soldier and got him down, and paid him to his Heart's content, tho' he still threatened, that he wou'd run him through when he got up: whereupon the Gardner took away his Sword, and thrash'd him a little more, till the poor Soldier, apprehending he shou'd be murder'd indeed, for his own security, pretended he was downright dead. Then the Gardner left off beating him, and packing the Sword upon the top of his Concern, drove me into the City. The Soldier, getting up when we were gone, made what hast he cou'd after us, and had strict search made for us every-

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every-where, and, at length, getting Intelligence of our Quarters, he brought the Officers along with him: They had secur'd my Master in an old Trunk, and me they had coin'd up into the Cock-loft, a Place that no body wou'd ever have look'd for me: but hearing a Rout in the Yard, I must needs be peeping out of Curiosity, (the first unhappy Origin of all these Disasters) and my Head was no sooner out of the Window, but the Soldiers 'sying of me, set up a wonderful Shout and Laughing, and shew'd me to the Magistrate; who coming into the House upon this Discovery, never left off searching till he found out his Man: Him they put into Prison, and I was turn'd over to the Will and Pleasure of the Soldiers; but they quickly pack'd me off for a brace of Crowns to a Cook to a Thessalonian Lord; and, as it happen'd, had a Brother in the same Family, who was his Butler; they shut me up in a by Place of their Appartment; and, as they us'd to prog for themselves, I us'd also to watch the Opportunity of their Bathing, or any other Business that call'd 'em both side; then I fed like a Farmer, mightily pleas'd, that now I was come to a Diet that suited naturally to my Appetite. They had such store of Provisions in Bank, that they cou'd not perceive it at first, as well as that I was cautious in not making too considerable a Havock of their Stores, yet in a little while they look'd upon one another with very invidious Eyes; and made their Accounts up of whatsoever was laid by: They knew not what to think of my being in so good Condition, seeing

ing I eat none of my Provender, and suspecting something of the Matter, they watch'd me one Day through a Crevise, and found out the Intreague; at first they gap'd and star'd upon one another, like two distracted Men, and recovering a little, burst out a laughing, and call'd up all their Fellow-servants to participate of this new and odd Scene of Mirth: they making such an Uproar with their Shouts and Laughter; and the Lord being allarm'd at it, wou'd needs know what was the Matter, and coming into the Pantry, he saw me very busie about a Piece of a wild Boar; and, to carry the Jest on farther, he had me led into the Dining-room, and serv'd very sumptuously both with Fish and Flesh; and tho' I had eaten very heartily before, yet I thought it stood me upon now to exert my grinding Faculties, and I knew not but it might be a Means of my gaining my Freedom; so I sat me very destily down to the Table, and tasted of all that was before me: some body mentioning Wine, the Lord order'd 'em to fill me some, which I suck'd as merrily off. He being mightily taken with the Novelty of the Spectacle, gave his Cook twice as much Money as I cost him, and order'd me to a Freeman of his to be my Tutor; and he had no hard Task of it, seeing I knew much more than my Master did himself. I took him presently, whatever he bid me do: Was it to lye down upon the Bed, I did it; was it to lean upon my Shoulder, as others do upon their Elbows when they eat, I did it: I wou'd sometimes Wrestle with him; as others rear up an end, and fall a dancing and capering like

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like mad; and every now and then wou'd make a Motion with my Head, to let 'em know I was sensible of all pass'd before me. This was spread about as something very amazing and wonderful, little suspecting how much of a Man was under the appearance of the Afs. Sometime after my Master was to treat the People at *Theffalonica* with the Gladiators, and me he took along with him; part of the way he rode upon me; I was no sooner come, but all sorts of People came in whole Shoals to see me; for there was no body almost but what had heard more or less of me. I was seated at the end of the Table, where I did abundance of Monkey Tricks while he was at Dinner. My Tutor too made no scruple of shewing me in private, since he found the sweet of it; besides, all that came thus to see me, still brought something for me in particular, so that I grew fat and plump and smooth: I had Velvet Robes, and Silver Bells, and all manner of rich and gay Trappings. Nay, a Lady took a wondrous liking to me, and gave my Superintendant a considerable Sum of Money for the Diversion of my Company for a Night; never troubling his Head about what she wou'd do with me. After Supper I found the Lady in my Chamber, where she had taken care to provide a Bed for us, and a great many soft Cushions and other Necessaries for our more easie lying down together. There was a Silver Lamp in the middle of the Room, by the assistance of whose Light she anointed her own Body and mine with a precious Composition; then hugging me dearly, she took me about the Neck, and drew me to the Bed,

as if I had been her happy Lover, with all the melting Expressions imaginable. I made not much Ceremony indeed with her Ladiship, as well because she was a lovely Creature, and I my self in very good Case; to which you may add the Incentive of the Unction, and the Powers of good generous Wine. However, as I had not since my Metamorphosis had any carnal familiarity with that Sex, I cou'd not tell what to think of my self; I was affraid of the Gallows, if I happen'd to kill her. But her Provocations were so many, the Temptation of her soft Kisses so irresistible, her Desires so impetuous, that in a word, she sweetly guided what she wou'd, just where she wou'd, and making no Bones of the whole Proportion, left me still under some Apprehensions; and, as I went to withdraw a little, she clasp'd me so soft in her Arms, and hung so close to me with her Legs, that it was impossible to disengage my self from her Embraces. She was not long in shewing me how much I mistook, in thinking my self an overmatch for a Woman, either in largeness or length. She was so exquisite in every Act of Lubricity, that nothing ever was more falacious: she pass'd the whole Night in Wantoning and Toying, and every Blandishment that cou'd give new Life to baffled Lust. She was very unwilling to find it Day that she must retire; but so it was, with a bleeding Heart she withdrew with her Attendants, who tarried for her in the Anti-chamber, having first paid my Superintendent his Money for a second Night's Conversation. My Master, being acquainted with the Proceeding, peep'd through

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through the Key-hole of the Door, and saw all the Transactions; this made him resolve to add this new Scene to his Spectacles, and I was publickly to lye with one of the Slaves that were condemn'd to dye. The proper time being now come, I was put to Bed, the Wood whereof was inlaid with Gold and Tortoise-shell, and the Slave she lay by me: In this Posture were we drawn in a Machine up to the middle of the Amphitheatre, which set all the People a wondring. There was a Table prepar'd and laden with all Curiosities, and a Parcel of smock-fac'd Boys waited upon us, and fill'd out our Wine in golden Bowls. I was not only asham'd to lye so openly with a Woman, in the Face of so many thousand People; but what check'd me most was, that I was terribly affraid of being torn to pieces by some of the wild Beasts. While I was revolving these Things in my Mind, a Man pass'd by with a Parcel of Roses, I immediately made up to him, and eating some of 'em, I was restor'd to my primitive Form and Figure. Nothing was ever so surprizing to Men as this Change was: some wou'd needs have it, that I was a Necromancer, and ought to be burnt; others a little less impetuous in their Resolutions, wou'd exact an Account of me how these wonderful Things were effected: With that I went up to the Governour of the Province, who hapned to be there, and gave him a full and true Relation of the whole Adventure, and offer'd my self a close Prisoner, till I had made out what I had said: But when he heard my Name, and the Name of my Country, he took me in his Arms and caress'd

refs'd me; telling me, he was an intimate Acquaintance of my Father's, and remember'd me too very well; so I went away along with him. My Brother, who had heard of this Matter, came to ransom me; but the Governour declar'd before the publick Assembly, that I was free. After this, I thought it but Gratitude to pay my Duty to that Lady who had had so much Indulgence for me, when in another less honourable shape, and flatter'd my self, that seeing me a Man, her Passion augmented proportionably. Whether the Oddness of the Thing engag'd her or not, I can't tell, but she gave me a very kind Reception, and press'd me to sup with her, and spend the Night in Wantonness and Love; which I readily consented to; for it had been unpardonable in me to have receded from her Satisfaction when I was Man, seeing she had had so wonderful an Inclination and Passion for me when an *Afs*. Supper being over, I retir'd and rubb'd my self all over with that precious Oyntment, and made a Chaplet of Roses for my Head, in grateful remembrance that I own'd my being a Man again to their Vertue. About Midnight I got up, pull'd off all my Cloaths, and presented my self to the fair Lady in that Posture, thinking it more so than when an *Afs*. But she perceiving, that I was but a Man, and finding as great an Alteration in one Part as in the whole Person, looking very scornfully upon me, Get you about your Business, (says she to me) take my Advice, and keep at some distance from my House. Desiring her to know wherein I offended? Why, by *Jupiter*, 'twas the *Afs* I lov'd,

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lov'd, and not thee; I lay with it, and not with you. I knew not but you might still have preserv'd that glorious Member; but, alas! you come now transform'd from the beloved, beneficial, necessary Creature, into some Baboon or Monkey: and with that order'd her Servants to turn me presently out of Doors. Thus was I, notwithstanding my Chaplet, my Uction, my Bathing, and my Nakedness thrust out into the middle of the Street. So I e'en sneak'd home to my Lodgings, bitterly vext and aſham'd, and gave my Brother an exact Narration of the whole Proceeding, whereof he us'd for some time after to make a perpetual Jest. After this we went out to Sea again, and having a fresh and favourable Gale, we soon made our own Country: where I was no sooner landed, than I return'd my Acknowledgments to the Gods for my Deliverance out of so many Dangers, as well as my safe Arrival after so many violent Storms.

ALEXAN.

ALEXANDER:

OR,

The False PROPHEET.

By Charles Blount, Esq;.

The Argument.

This is the History of an Impostor, that lived in the time of Lucian.

My dearest Celsus!

THOU may'st, perhaps, esteem it a small and trivial Injunction to oblige me to Historize and send thee the Life of *Alexander* the Abonotichite, together with his Legerdemains, Stratagems and Impostures; whereas to relate every Passage exactly, is of no less Difficulty, than to describe the Actions of *Alexander*, the Son of *Philip*: the one being as eminent for his Wickedness, as the other is renowned for his Vertue. Nevertheless, if you will promise me to read with a favourable Construction what I send you, and so far oblige me, as to supply what is defective in the

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the Relation, I shall, for once, undergo the Fatigue, and attempt to cleanse *Augeas's* Stall, if not thorowly, yet according to my poor Ability, carrying out some few Baskets full of the Dung, whereby you may conjecture, how great and unmeasurable all the Residue was, which three thousand Oxen could make in many Years. Wherefore I blush, as well for your sake, as my own: for yours, to desire, that such a Poltron should be described or recorded; and for my own, that I should ever employ my Pains about such an History, or the Actions of such a Man, who is unworthy the Consideration of the Learned: but deserved rather to have been exhibited in some spacious and populous Theater, to be torn in pieces by Apes or Foxes. Yet if any one shall impute this to us as a Crime, we may furnish them with a like Instance; for *Arriannus*, the Disciple of *Epietetus*, a Roman of considerable Quality, and of a learned Education, did the same: and therefore may well make an Apology for us; as having in his History described the Life of *Tillibornus* the famous Robber. But we shall here give you an Instance of a far more notorious Thief, who practis'd his Robberies, not in Woods and Mountains, but in great famous Cities: who did not only infest *Mynia*, *Ida*, or a few solitary Places of *Asia*; but made Spoil of almost the whole Roman Empire. However, I will first describe him to you with my Tongue, as near as I can to the Life, altho' I am but a very indifferent Painter. You must know then, He was tall of Stature, and well-favour'd, his Complexion light, his Beard

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somewhat thin, his Hair partly his own, and partly borrowed; but so artificially contrived, that it could not be distinguished from his own: his Eyes were brisk and sparkling, emitting (as it were) a Divine Lustre upon all that beheld him; his Voice most sweet and clear. In short, you could discover no Imperfection in him relating to his Body; but as to his Soul and Mind, Oh *Hercules*! Oh *Jupiter*! rather let me fall into the Hands of my greatest Enemies, than converse with such a Fellow; for in Understanding, and Acuteness of Wit, he far excell'd all others: and as for Curiosity, Docility, Memory, and Inclination to Learning, all these were inherent in him, even to Admiration, however he made so bad an use of them. Nevertheless, being thus accomplish'd, with so great Endowments, in a short time, he made the greatest Figure among all the Debauchees: far excelling the *Cercopians*, *Eurybatus*, *Phrynonidas*, *Aristomedus*, or *Solstratus*, insomuch that writing at a certain time to his Son-in-law, *Rutilianus*, he thought it but modest to assimilate himself to *Pythagoras*: And, with Submission to *Pythagoras*, I must needs say, that were he now alive, he would seem but a meer Child, in comparison of this rare Fellow; Yet I beseech you not to imagine, that I speak these Things any ways to reflect on *Pythagoras*, or out of a design to parallel their Actions: for should any one rake together the most vile and opprobrious Slanders that ever were thrown upon *Pythagoras*, (none of which I give credit to) yet would they not amount to the twentieth part of *Alexander's* Roguery.

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Suppose and imagine in your Thoughts a Man of a most various Temper of Mind, compos'd of Falshood and Tricks, Perjuries and Impostures; one that is prompt, bold, daring and industrious, to effect what he hath contrived, plausible and perswasive, professing in appearance the best Things, and such as are most opposite to his inward Inclinations: by so doing, you shall truly hit the Disposition of *Alexander*; for there was no Man, who upon the first Acquaintance with, did not go away with an Opinion, that he was of all Men the most civil and courteous, nay, the most plain-hearted and sincere in the World. Moreover, besides all these Qualities, he was of such a Temper, that he never amuzed himself with any trivial Matter, but still set his Heart on high and great Attempts. When he was but a Youth, being very beautiful, (as appear'd from the Ruines of his Face, and is likewise confirm'd by the Relation of those that then knew him) he did for Hire prostitute his Body to all Purchasers whatever: But among others, a certain *Amoroso* lighted upon him, who was a Conjuror or Impostor, professing Magick and Enchantments, as to procure a reciprocal Affection to them that are in Love, Mischief to one's Enemies, and to recover Money that was lost, as also to help Men to get other Peoples Inheritances, &c. Now this Fellow perceiving *Alexander* to be an ingenious Youth, and very fit for his Designs, besides no less in love with his Impostures, than he was with the other's Beauty, did both instruct and imploy him continually, as his Coadjutor and Minister. Like-

wise the same Fellow did publickly practise Physick; and was, as *Homer* speaketh of the Wife of *Thoon* the Egyptian, skill'd in sundry good and bad Medicines: of all which *Alexander* became his Heir and Successor. This Doctor and Lover, by Birth of *Tyana*, a City in *Cappadocia*, was one of those that were intimately acquainted with *Apollonius* the Tyanean, and perfectly acquainted with all the Passages of his Tragedy; so that you may see out of what School the Man I speak of did proceed. But *Alexander*, after his Beard was grown, and his Friend the Tyanean dead, being reduced to some Necessity, by the Decay of his Beauty, whereby he used to get his Living, resolv'd to attempt something extraordinary; and communicating the same to a certain Historiographer of *Byzantium*, (than whom, a wicked Fellow was never yet condemn'd to fight with Beasts in a Theater, and whose Name, if I mistake not, was *Cocconas*;) they went about together playing the Mountebanks, and polling the fat Heads: (for so they term the common People, in the Magicians Language) till having light upon a rich Woman, call'd *Macetis*, somewhat stricken in Years, who had still a Desire to be thought handsome, they both supply'd their own Necessities by her means, and followed her out of *Bythinia* into *Macedonia*, she being an Inhabitant of *Pella*, a Place sometimes flourishing under the Reigns of the Macedonian Kings, but now had only some few, and those very poor Inhabitants, for the most part. Here, observing many great Snakes, very tame and gentle, insomuch that they were fed by Women,

men, slept with Children, and suffer'd themselves to be trod on, without being exasperated, tho' never so hardly press'd, also would suck Milk out of Womens Breasts, like Infants; there being many such in that Country: (for which reason I suppose the Fable concerning *Olympias* might have its Rise from hence, of a Snake's lying with her in the Bed, when she conceiv'd of *Alexander*;) They for a small Price buy one of these Serpents; and (that I may use the Words of *Thucydides*;) *Hence beginneth the War*. For these two Villains, laying their Heads together, and easily perceiving that the Lives of Men were exceedingly tyrannized over by Hope and Fear; as also, that he, who knew rightly how to mannage either of these, would soon grow rich; and that in both these, Fore-knowledge was most necessary and desirable: that by this means, *Delphos* heretofore grew rich and famous; as also *Delos*, *Claros*, and the *Branchidae*, or Priests of *Apollo*: whilst Men, excited by the aforesaid Tyrants, Hope and Fear, continually resorted to their Temples, desiring to know before-hand what Things were to come to pass; and for that purpose, both sacrificed *Hecatombs*, and offer'd up golden Plates. Wherefore, I say, revolving these Things between themselves, after some Debate, they resolv'd to set up an *Oracle*; thinking if this Design did but take effect, they should speedily become both rich and happy: the which fell out accordingly; nay, even far beyond their first Expectation, and very much exceeding their Hope. Then they began to consider, *first* concerning the Place, and *next*

what should be the Beginning and Manner of the Attempt: *Cocconas* thought *Calcedon* the fittest, as being a great Mart, bordering upon *Thrace* and *Bythinia*, and not far distant from *Asia*, *Galatia*, and other adjacent Countries. But *Alexander*, on the contrary, preferr'd his own Country, alledging, and with great reason, that for setting on foot such a Design, there would be need of a soft-headed silly People, to give them Entertainment; such as he said the *Paphlagonians* were, who dwelt beyond the * Wall of *Abonus*, being for the most part superstitious and foolish; so that if a Man did but bring a Taberer among them, and divine with a Sieve, (as the Proverb saith) they would presently stand gaping at him, and honour him, as coming from Heaven. Now when they had a little controverted this Matter, the Opinion of *Alexander* prevail'd; whereupon, coming to *Calcedon*, (for that City was in some Measure conducive to their Design,) they hid under Ground, in the Temple of *Apollo*, (which was of great Antiquity among the *Calcedonians*) certain little Tables of Brass, intimating, that *Esculapius*, with his Father *Apollo*, would very speedily come to *Pontus*, and settle himself in the Wall of *Abonus*. Which Tablets being purposely found, and taken up, occasion'd this Rumor to be presently bruited throughout all *Bythinia* and *Pontus*, but more especially within the Walls of *Abonus*; for the Inhabitants thereof forthwith decreed to erect a Temple, and already began to dig a Place for its Foundation. Hereupon, *Cocconas* is left at *Chalcedon*, contriving two doubtful and obscure Oracles; where,

not

* Or *Abon-*
Wall.

not long after, he died, being (as 'twas suppos'd,) stung to Death by a Viper. But *Alexander* being sent for before-hand, came, with his long Locks of Hair hanging down, cloath'd in a Coat of Purple, mixt with white, and another white Cloak thrown over it, holding a Scymiter in his Right-hand, after the Fashion of *Perseus*, from whom he derived his Pedigree by his Mother's side: Yet so wretchedly stupid were the Paphlagonians, that altho' they knew both his Parents to be obscure and ignoble, they gave credit to the Oracle, which was this:

*The Son of Podalirius, here we send,
Deriv'd from Perseus, and great Phœbus Friend.*

This *Podalirius* was a Fellow so addicted to his Lust, that he would run from *Tricca* to *Paphlagonia* after *Alexander's* Mother. There had been found also before this another Oracle, written (as it were) by some Sybil, in these Words:

*Near to Sinope, by the Euxine Strand,
At Tyrhis, an Asonian Priest shall land;
Whose Name by Numbers, that you all may know,
One, thrice ten, five, and three times twenty, show.*

Alexander therefore re-entring his Country with so much Pageantry, after so long an Absence, became very famous, as well as eminent for the many Tricks he plaid; sometimes feigning himself mad, and foaming at Mouth; which was easily perform'd, by chewing the Root of *Madder*; but to them the Foam seem'd

some divine and dreadful Thing. He had made also long before a Serpent's Head of Linnen, resembling that of a Man's, which painted to the Life, opening and shutting its Mouth by a secret Contrivance with Horse-hairs. As for the *Pelleas* Snake, that was long ago in readiness, and kept at home to be shew'd them as Occasion serv'd, to furnish out a Part of this Tragedy, or rather, to be the prime Actor therein. Now when he thought it a convenient time to begin, this was his Contrivance: going himself alone by Night to the Foundation of the Temple, which was newly digg'd, and wherein there was Water standing, which either came out of a Spring that was in the same place, or fell down from Heaven in Rain, and there he hideth a Goose-egg, which he had emptied before, and which contain'd within it a new-born Snake; then, thrusting it under the Mud, he returneth home again. But in the Morning, leaping out into the Market-place naked, without any thing on him but a golden Apron about his Privities, and bearing the Scymitar in his Hand, as also shaking his disshevell'd Hair, like those that are possess'd, and run a begging for *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods, he getteth upon the top of an high Altar, and there maketh an Oration, magnifying that City, wherein (as he said) the God would speedily be exposed to the View of the Inhabitants. At which, the Standers-by (for almost all the old Men, Women and Children of the whole City were there assembled,) began to admire, pray and worship; when *Alexander*, mumbling over some few insignificant

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Words, like those of the Hebrews or Phenicians, did very much amaze the People, not knowing what he said, but only observing, that ever and anon he intermingled the Names of *Apollo* and *Esculapius*. From thence he ran hastily to the Temple, which was a Building, and coming to the Place that was digged, and to the Fountain that had been prepared for the Oracle, going down into the Water, he sung Hymns to *Apollo* and *Esculapius*, with a loud Voice, and invited the God to come in that lucky time to the City. Then asking for a Vial of one that stood by, he putteth it down with his Hand, and draweth up, together with the Water and the Mud, the aforesaid Egg, wherein the God was enclosed, and which had the Hole thereof neatly stopp'd with white Wax and Cerufs; when, taking it into his Hands, he said, that he now had gotten *Esculapius*; at the same time, the People look'd very wistly upon what was done, much admiring at the Egg found in the Water; but having broken it in the Palm of his Hand, and taken out the enclos'd young Snake, which they that stood by saw moving and wriggling it self about his Fingers; then they presently cry'd out, saluting the God, and congratulating the City; whilst every one's Mouth was filled with Prayers and Petitions, some for Wealth, some for Health, and others for other good Things. But *Alexander* presently ran home again, carrying along with him the new-born *Esculapius*, who had been twice hatcht; (whereas Men are brought forth but once;) and hatcht too not by a *Coronis* or Crow, but by a Goose. Now all

all the People followed him, being possess'd with a kind of divine Fury, and distracted (as it were) with their Hopes. In the Day-time therefore he staid at home, expecting (as it afterwards came to pass,) that very many of the Paphlagonians would be drawn together by this Rumor. And when the City was exceedingly throng'd, with such Persons as were in a manner heartless and brainless, altogether different from Men that feed on Bread, only that their outward Form did something distinguish them from Sheep, *Alexander* then sitting on a Coach, apparrelled with a Priestly Habit, taketh into his Bosom that Pellean *Esculapius*, being very great and fair, rōuling him about his Neck, but suffering only his Tail to hang out, (which was so very large, that it not only strutted before his Bosom, but partly dangled on the Ground,) when holding his Head under his Arm-pit, and there hiding it, (for the Snake would endure any thing to be done to him,) he shew'd only that Linnen-head I formerly mention'd, on the other side of his Coat, as if it belong'd to the Snake which appear'd: For here you must suppose a little Room, not very light-some, with a great Crowd of People, disturbed, amazed and elated with Hopes; to whom, at their entrance, it seem'd a Prodigy to behold a Snake of so great Magnitude, faced with the Visage of a Man, so wonderfully grown in so few Days, as also to become so tame. Nor did they stand long a viewing him, but were forced quickly to void the Room, by those that crouded in after them; for there was another Passage made in the Wall,

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Wall, over-against the Door they enter'd : like that which the Macedonians made at *Babylon*, whilst *Alexander* lay sick, when the neighbouring People desired to see him, and take their Leaves of him. Now this Show was not only once or twice, but oftentimes presented by *Alexander*, especially when any rich Foreigners arrived in the City. And here, my beloved *Celsus*, if we must speak the Truth, we cannot but confess, that the Paphlagonians and Ponticks are not so much to blame, if, being silly gross-witted Men, they were deceiv'd, when they touch'd the Snake, (which *Alexander* permitted to as many as desired it,) discerning only the Head, opening and shutting his Mouth, by an obscure Light. Which Contrivance required a *Democritus*, *Epicurus*, *Metrodorus*, or some other wise Man, whose Heart was Proof against such Illusions; to disbelieve it, and find out the Truth by his Conjecture : or if he could not discover the manner thereof, was yet beforehand firmly perswaded that it was all an Imposture, notwithstanding he knew not the Reason of it; forasmuch as the thing it self was impossible. However, in a short time, *Bythinia*, *Galatia*, and *Thrace*, were almost all gather'd together to this Show; whilst every one of those that gave an account of it, reported (as you may imagine,) that he had seen the God born, and touched him, as also how prodigiously he was grown in so short a time, and that he had the Face of a Man. There were likewise Pictures made of him, and Statues, some of Brass, others of Silver, together with a Name imposed upon the God, who was called

Gly-

Glycon, according to the Command of an Oracle, deliver'd in these Words by *Alexander*:

*Glycon's my Name, Third in descent from Jove,
To illuminate Men, descended from above.*

Now when the time was ripe for the Production of all these Things, which had been thus contrived, *Alexander* taking a Hint from the Practice of *Antilochus* in *Cilicia*, (who after the Death of his Father *Amphiaraus*, and his own Exile from *Thebes*, coming into *Cilicia* had very good Success there by his Predictions, receiving Two-pence a piece for every Oracle:) wherefore *Alexander* (I say) taking a Hint from thence, gave out to all who resorted to him, that the God intended to Prophecy, appointing a certain Day, wherein he would begin. To which end, he commanded every one that desired to be inform'd concerning any Matter, to write it down in a Piece of Paper; then, folding it up closely, to seal it with Wax, Clay, or some other such like thing; after which, receiving the said Tickets, and going into the Oracle, (for the Temple was now erected, and the Curtain prepared) he promised, by the help of a Cryer, and Interpreter, to call in order all such as had deliver'd in their Papers to him; and as soon as he had receiv'd Instructions from the God, to restore to every one his Paper, seal'd up as it was before, together with the Answer thereunto, subscribed *Verbatim*, according as the God had resolved the Question propounded. Now this Device, to

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such a Man as you are, and (if I may say it without Vanity,) to such a Man as my self, was very obvious and easie to be discover'd; but to the sniveling and unthinking Mob, appear'd no less than Prodigy and Wonder. For having devised several Ways of opening the Seals, he first read that which was written within, and then made such an Answer thereto, as he thought fit; when folding up the Papers, and sealing them again, he restor'd them, to the great Astonishment of the Receivers; insomuch, that it was a frequent Saying among them, *How could he know these Things which I deliver'd to him closely seal'd, and with Seals too that could hardly be counterfeited, unless some omniscient God were his Assistant?* But perhaps you may be here inquisitive to know what were the Sleights he used; I will then tell you, that you may the better be able to detect such Cheats another time: the first was this; Heating a Needle, and therewith dissolving both that part of the Wax which was under the String, as also that which was under the Seal, he easily clos'd it again. Another Way was perform'd by a *Collyrium* (as they call it,) made of *Berytian Pitch*, *Bitumen* and transparent Stone bruised to Powder, together with Wax and Mastick; for having made the Collory of all these, and warmed it at the Fire, also anointed it with Swinegrease, he put it on the Seal, and so took off the Impression: which soon becoming dry, he easily loos'd the Seal of the Paper; and having read the Contents of it, put on the Wax again, making a new Impression thereon with the *Collory*, exactly like the Original. A third Trick

Trick was this, He cast Lime into Glew, such as they glew Books with, and making Wax thereof, put it whilst it was moist upon the Seal; then, taking it off again, (for it suddenly hardneth, and becometh more hard than Horn, nay than Iron;) he used it to make Impressions with. There were many other Inventions which he try'd, but it is not necessary to mention them here, lest you think me impertinent; especially, since in your most excellent and useful Writings against Magicians (which are able to make all that will peruse them become Wise and Learned) you have deliver'd enough, and more than enough, concerning these Cheats and Impostures. After this manner, therefore, *Alexander* continued to give Answers and make Predictions, but with very much Caution, rendring them still the more probable by his cunning Way of uttering to some oblique and doubtful ones, to others such as were wholly obscure; which in his Opinion was the more consentaneous to an Oracle. Some again he deterr'd or excited, as he conjectur'd best for his Purpose; to others he prescribed Physick and Diets, knowing, as I said in the beginning, many useful Medicines, but the *Citmydes* were of greatest Value with him, which is the fictitious Name of a certain *Anodyne*, composed of Bears-grease. But for his Responses to Hopes and Successes, as also to the obtaining of Inheritances, he ever adjourn'd them till some other time; adding, nevertheless, they should have what they desired, when he thought it convenient, and *Alexander* his Prophet did petition for them. He likewise set a

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Price on every Oracle, viz. a *Drachm* and two *Oboles* apiece. Neither do you imagine this to be so small a Revenue; whereby he yearly gather'd no less than seven or eight *Myriads*: since many out of their insatiable Curiosity propos'd ten or fifteen Questions at a time. And what Money he thus receiv'd, he spent not wholly upon himself, nor hoarded it up in Bank; but having many Assistants and Ministers about him, as Intelligencers, Oracle-makers, Oracle-keepers, Secretaries, Sealers, and Interpreters, he gave to each of them according to his Desert. He likewise sent Men into foreign Parts to spread abroad the Fame of his Oracle, and to relate not only how it foretold things to come, but also discover'd fugitive Servants, as well as conceal'd Treasure, cur'd the Sick, and rais'd again some that were perfectly dead. Which occasion'd much running and crowding from all Parts, with Sacrifices and Gifts, both for the God, and for his Prophet: this Oracle being then publish'd for the same end;

*Honour my Prophet, for his Gain shall be
By far more dear, than any Gift to me.*

But when many of those who were the most intelligent, being, as it were, recover'd out of a grievous Drunkenness, began to combine against him, especially those that were the Followers of *Epicurus*, and the whole Imposture was by little and little discover'd in the Cities, he endeavour'd to terrifie them, by saying, that *Pontus* was full of *Atheists* and *Christians*, who vented their horrid Blasphemies

mies against him, whom therefore he commanded to be pelted away with Stones, if the People desired to have the God propitious to them. As for *Epicurus*, he gave out a particular Oracle about him; for when one enquired what *Epicurus* did in Hell? his Answer was, that he sat in the Dirt with Leaden-slippers on his Feet. How can you wonder then if his Oracle was cry'd up, when you consider the wise and learned Questions that were propos'd to him? But he maintain'd a fierce and irreconcilable War against *Epicurus*, and not without cause; for against whom should a Deceiver more justly bend his Forces, than against *Epicurus*, a Man well skill'd in the Nature of Things, and who alone attain'd to the Truth therein? As for the *Platonists*, *Chrysippeans*, and *Pythagoreans*, they were esteem'd his Friends, and he was ever at Peace with them; but the untractable *Epicurus* (for so he styled him,) was his utter Enemy, as accounting all these Proceedings but meer Toys and Trifles. For which cause, he likewise hated *Amastria* above all the Cities in *Pontus*, by reason he knew that *Lepidus* and his Consorts, together with divers others of the same Strain did frequent that City; neither did he ever utter Oracle to any *Amastrian*. But, when he attempted to give an Answer to the *Proconsul's* Brother, he came off very shamefully, being unable either himself to fain an agreeable one, or to find out any Man that could: for when he complain'd of a Disease in the Stomach, and *Alexander* would enjoin him to eat the Leg of a Swine, with *Mallows*, he spake thus,

* Take

* Take some Sipydneas, and then cuminate
the Malbax of a Swine.

* A canting
Gibberish,
signifying
nothing
but to amuse.

He oftentimes (as I said before,) shew'd the Serpent to such as desired it, not entirely, but chiefly his Tail, with some of his Body, still keeping the Head invisible in his Bosom; and being desirous yet further to amuze the Multitude, he promised, that he would make the God himself speak, and deliver Oracles without any Interpreter. To which end, compacting the Wind-pipes of Cranes together, and including them in that Head, which (as I formerly told you,) was most artificially contrived, he convey'd Wind in them by another that stood without, and so gave Answers to their Demands, the Voice passing to the Ear through that Linnen *Esculapius*. And these Oracles were call'd *αὐτοφωνα*, or Self-Oracles, such as were given by the Voice of the God himself. Nor were they given to all promiscuously, but only to the Rich, munificent and bravely attired: for that Answer which was given to *Severianns* concerning his Expedition into *Armenia*, was one of the *Autophona*; when exciting him to the Attempt, he speaks in this manner,

*The Parthians and Armenians being fled,
Thou shalt triumphantly to Rome be led,
Wearing a radiant Garland on thy Head.*

But afterwards, when that inconsiderate Gaul had made the Invasion, and come off with the Rout of his Army, by *Othryades*; *Alexander*

expung'd his Oracle out of the Catalogue, and inserted this other instead thereof,

*'Gainst thy Armenian Foes no Arms prepare,
Least he, that does a Female Habit wear,
Should with his Bow unite thy Soul to Air.*

Now this was a most politick Fetch of his, by After-Oracles, to salve the Miscarriages of the former: For oftentimes, to those that were sick, he promised Health, but just before their Deaths; and when they were dead, another Oracle was always ready by way of Recantation. As this for Instance,

*All Cares will now be but in vain apply'd,
Since Death's resolv'd, lay future Hopes aside.*

Now being inform'd, that those of *Claros*, *Didymæ* and *Mallos* were very famous for their Predictions, he made them his Friends, and sent many Enquiries to them, saying,

Get Thee to Claros, and my Father hear!

And again,

Go thou to Mallos, hear Amphilochous!

Likewise,

Go to the Branchidæ for Oracles!

All which Places lay within his own Bounds, not exceeding *Ionia*, *Cicily*, *Baphlagonia*, and *Galxia*. But when the Noise of this Oracle

was

was bruited as far as *Italy*, and diffus'd it self in *Rome*, every one made hast to Address themselves to *Alexander*, either going themselves, or sending others; but especially the better Sort, who bore the greatest Sway in the City. The Ring-leader of whom was *Rutilianus*, a Man otherwise well-minded, and of experienc'd Valour in War, but very unsound and superstitious in his Opinion about the Gods: having such strange Notions concerning them, that if he any where saw a Stone anointed or crown'd, he would fall down before it, and worship it; nay, and after long Prayers made to it, would implore good Things of it. He therefore hearing of this Oracle, was ready to leave his Command in the Army, and betake himself to the * *Wall* * Or *Abon-* Wall.
of *Abonus*. However, he first sent Messenger after Messenger to the Place; but those that were sent being silly, ignorant Servants, were easily gull'd, and at their return, related many things, which they had either seen, or feign'd to have seen, and heard, adding divers Circumstances of their own, the better to ingratiate themselves with their Master, whereby they set the silly old Man on fire, and cast him into a strong Frenzy: who being acquainted with the greatest Men in *Rome*, went about relating, partly what he had heard from the Messengers, and partly what he himself had devised in his own Fancy; wherewith he fill'd the City, and deceiv'd very many of the Court, who did themselves make all the haste they could to be thoroughly inform'd concerning their own Affairs. Now *Alexander*, receiving all those, who came in a

very obliging manner, soon won them to his Interest, some by his kind Entertainment, and some with rich Presents, sending them away, not only to relate the Answers, but to magnifie the God, as well as to spread abroad prodigious Lyes, both concerning the Oracle and himself. This Villain had also one devilish Contrivance more crafty than what suited with the ordinary sort of Villains; for opening the Papers that were sent him, and reading them, if he found any thing in the Question that was smart and dangerous, he kept them, and never return'd them again, whereby he rendred those that sent them obnoxious and at his Mercy, nay, in a manner, his Vassals, considering what the things were they enquired after: for he knew very well, (as you may imagine,) which were those Questions that Men of the greatest Riches and Power propos'd; whereupon he receiv'd great Bribes of them, whilst they were in his Nets. But I will here relate some of those Answers he gave to *Rutillianus*: as, when he enquired of him about his Son by a former Wife, (who was old enough to be sent to School,) to whose Tutorage he should commit him? *Alexander* made him this Answer,

To the Great Poet, and Pythagoras.

But the Youth dying a few Days after, *Alexander* was in a great Quandary, and knew not what to say to them that accus'd him, the Oracle being so notoriously confuted; till honest *Rutillianus* saved him the Labour, and made an Apology for the Oracle himself, saying,

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ing, That the God fore-signify'd this very thing; and therefore commanded him to chuse no living Master for the Boy, but *Pythagoras* and *Homer*, who were long since dead, with whom it is probable the Child now converses in the infernal Shades. How then can we blame *Alexander*, since he had to do with such Coxcombs? But when *Rutillianus* demanded again, whose Soul it was possess'd his Body? *Alexander* reply'd,

*Thou wert Achilles first; Menander then;
And thou, who now art in the Rank of Men,
Shalt turn a Sun-beam: But thy Life shall last
Till fourscore and a hundred Years be past.*

Nevertheless *Rutillianus* died of a Frenzy, when he was about seventy Years old, not tarrying for the Promise of the God: and this was one of the Vocal Oracles. But one time, when he enquired concerning his own Marriage, *Alexander* expressly said,

Take Alexander's Daughter and the Moon's.

For he had long since given out a Report, that the Daughter which he had, was born of the *Moon*, who fell in love with him, as he lay asleep: for so the Custom of the *Moon* was, to fall in love with handsom Men whilst they slept. Whereupon *Rutillianus* without delay sendeth to the young Woman, and made up the Match; being himself a Bridegroom of sixty Years old, and lay with her: offering to his Mother-in-law, the *Moon*, whole *Hecatombs*; and imagined himself likewise to be one of the *Celestials*. By this means, *Alexander*

der having once set footing in *Italy*, conceiv'd still in his Mind greater Attempts; and sent Messengers throughout the whole *Roman Empire*, precautioning the Cities to take heed of Fires, Pestilences and Earthquakes; promising, withal, that he would lend them his assisting Hand to prevent any such Mischiefs. But one Oracle above all the rest, he sent abroad in time of the Pestilence, among all Nations, and it consisted of one Verse only, namely,

Unshav'd Apollo drives away the Plague.

Which one Verse you might have seen everywhere written upon the common Peoples Doors; as being by them esteem'd a Preservative against the Plague: But it happen'd quite contrary; since for the most part, tho' by accident, such Houses were chiefly infected, as had that Verse written upon them. However, do not mistake me, (I say) to think me so foolish to believe, that this came to pass by reason of the Verse, but only by a meer Casualty; for, perhaps, many relying on the poetical Charm, were careless, and liv'd remissly, whilst the Oracle, at the same time, no ways conduced to the Expulsion of the Disease: Nevertheless, they foolishly imagin'd, that the very Syllables would fight for them; and that *Apollo* would shoot away the Infection. He furthermore appointed Scouts even in *Rome* it self, that were of his Confederacy, and who related to him every Man's Designs or Intentions. As also preinform'd him what Questions they would propose, and what they most desired: insomuch, that he

was

was generally found prepared with Answers, before the very Questions themselves were propounded to him. And these were the Shams he put upon the *Italians*. Moreover, he instituted a certain Festival, illuminated with Torches, and divers other Ceremonies, which continued for the space of three Days successively. On the first Day a Proclamation was made, like that used at *Athens*, viz. *If there be any Atheist, Christian, or Epicurean, that cometh to this Feast as a Spy, let him pack away and be gone; but all such as give Credit to the God, let them be timely initiated in our Mysteries.* After which they began to turn them forth, a Man going before, and crying, *Out with the Christians!* When the whole Multitude presently answer'd, *Out with the Epicureans?* Then was acted *Latona's Delivery; Apollo's Nativity; the Marriage of Coronis, and Æsculapius his Birth.* On the second Day was exhibited *Glycon's Appearance and Birth.* On the third, the Marriage of *Podalirius* with *Alexander's* Mother, call'd *Dadis*; at which, all the Torches were illuminated: And, last of all, was represented the Amour between *Alexander* and the *Moon*, together with the Nativity of *Rutillianus's* Wife: Whereat *Alexander* himself carried a Torch, and, *Endymion* like, perform'd the Mysteries, sleeping himself in the middle: till instead of the Moon, there descended from the Roof, as it were from Heaven, one *Rutillia*, a very beautiful Woman, and Wife to one of *Cesar's* Stewards, who was exceedingly in love with *Alexander*, and he at the same time with her: insomuch, that they kiss'd and embrac'd each other before the very Eyes of

that contemptible *Pander*, her Husband; in-
 somuch that, had there not been many Tor-
 ches burning, perhaps, they might have pro-
 ceeded to those things, which used to be com-
 mitted under the Apron. Soon after *Alexan-*
der re-entred again, vested with the Habit of
 a Priest, making his first Approach in Silence,
 and then crying with a loud Voice, *To Glycon!*
 To which, the *Eumolpida* and Heralds of
Paphlagonia (who follow'd him in high Shooes,
 belching out a Stench of Garlick) made An-
 • swer, *To Alexander!* But frequently, in car-
 rying the Torches, and amidst their mystical
 Dances, his Thigh being purposely naked, ap-
 pear'd as if it had been of Gold: some golden
 Tinsel, as it is probable, being curiously fast-
 ned about it; which made so glistering an
 Appearance by the Light of the Torches,
 that one time, two of those Coxcombs held
 a Dispute, whether *Alexander* had the Soul of
Pythagoras or no, by reason of the golden
 Thigh, or some other Soul, like to it? and
 referr'd the Decision of the Matter to *Alexan-*
der himself. Whereupon King *Glycon* resolv'd
 the Doubt with this Oracle,

*Pythagoras his Soul doth sometimes dye,
 And sometimes live again; but Prophecy
 Flows from the Intellect of God, who sends
 The same Assistant to his vertuous Friends.*

And further,

*Souls struck by Jove, return to Jove again;
 (To the same Forge, from whence at first they
 came.)*

But,

But, nevertheless, he enjoyn'd all Men to abstain from Sodomy, as an impious thing; yet at the same time contriv'd this Shift for himself: He obliged the Cities of *Pomus* and *Paphlagonia* to send so many consecrated Boys every third Year to joyn with him in the Worship of his God; and such only as were to be approved and selected for their Nobility and Beauty: whom, when *Alexander* had Seraglied, he abus'd like Hirelings, lying with them, and enjoying them, after the most filthy manner he could invent. He also made it a Law, that none should salute him with a Kiss, who were above eighteen Years of Age; wherefore holding out his Hand for others to kiss, he saluted none but those that were young Lads: and they were term'd Youth within the Law of Kissing. In this manner, he continued abusing the Ignorant, violating Mens Wives, and corrupting young Boys. Nay, it was also esteem'd a great and honourable Thing for any Woman, if he did but cast his Eyes upon her; and if he vouchsaf'd to give her a Kiss, every Man presently thought it an infallible Omen of Prosperity to that House, wherein she lived. Likewise many Women, that had been gotten with Child by him, declar'd it, and their Husbands were proud to attest the Truth of what they said. Now I will relate to you a Dialogue between *Glycon* and a Priest, whose Wisdom you will soon perceive by the Questions proposed: which Dialogue I myself read at *Tion*, where it was written in golden Letters, in the Priest's own House: Tell me, Prince *Glycon*, (says the Priest) who thou art? I am (answer'd *Glycon*) *Asculapius*

pins the Younger. How say you, reply'd the Priest? It is not lawful for you to know this Secret, says *Glycon*? But how many Years, says the Priest, will you continue to give Oracles among us? A thousand and three, answer'd *Glycon*. Whither will you go afterwards? To *Bactria*, and the Countries adjacent thereunto: since 'tis but reason, that the *Barbarians* should also have the Benefit of my Presence. As for the Oracles in *Claros*, *Didyma*, and *Delphos*, tell me, I pray, whether they are influenced by your Grandfather *Apollo*, or Counterfeit? Refrain your Knowledge of that, since it is not lawful for you to know it. But what shall I be after this Life? First a Camel, then a Horse, next a wise Man, and last of all a Prophet, no ways inferiour, even to *Alexander* himself. Now this was *Glycon's* Discourse with the Priest. But in the close, knowing him to be a Comrade of *Lepidus's*, he dismiss'd him with this Oracle in Verse,

Shun Lepidus, for he shall be destroy'd!

Because, as I said before, he stood in fear of *Epicurus*, as one that was an Antidote against all his Frauds and Impostures: For once, when an *Epicurean* undertook openly to confute him, he brought the Man into no small danger of his Life: for the *Epicurean* coming to him, said, with a loud Voice, *Thou, Alexander, didst perswade a Paphlagonian, to lay a capital Crime to the Charge of his Servants, before the Governour of Galatia, as if they had murder'd his Son, who went to School at Alexandria; whereas the young Man is yet alive, and safe returned*
home,

home, after the Execution of the poor Servants; who were thus, by thy Advice, exposed to wild Beasts. The Occasion whereof was this: The young Man having sailed into Egypt, and run the Ship ashore, till the time of the Rivers Inundation, was perswaded by some of his Acquaintance, to make a Voyage into India: where, making too long a stay, those unfortunate Servants of his, in the mean while, thinking either the young Man had been drown'd as he was sailing up the Nile, or that he was slain by Thieves, (who were then very numerous in those Parts,) return'd home, relating that their young Master was not to be found; whereupon the Oracle came forth, which was follow'd by a Sentence of Condemnation: after which the Youth return'd home in Safety, with a full Relation of his Voyage. And this was the Epicurean's Accusation of him. Whereat Alexander storming to hear such a Reflection, or rather Confutation of his Skill, and impatient of such a Reproach, commanded those that were present to pelt him with Stones, or otherwise they should be anathematiz'd by the Name of Epicureans. But when they had begun to fling Stones, one Demostratus, dwelling in Pontus, taking the Man in his Arms, rescued him from Death, being almost overwhelm'd with Stones; and that too not without cause; For why should he, only for the Vanity of shewing his Wit, expose himself to the Madness of the Paphlagonians? And this was all he got for his Pains. Now each of the Enquirers being called in order, according to the Priority of their Questions, (which ever used to be done the Day before their Answers were given out,) and the Cryer demanding of him, Whether he would

would give any Predictions, or no? if *Alexander*, (who answer'd from within) said, *Away with him to the Crows*. There was none that would afterwards so much as receive him into his House, or have any the least Communication with him; but he was necessitated to wander up and down from Country to Country, as an impious Wretch, an *Atheist*, or (which was esteem'd the worse Imputation of all,) an *Epicurean*. But *Alexander* did one thing more ridiculous than all the rest: for having gotten the peculiar *Placits* of *Epicurus*, (which (as you well know,) is the most excellent of Books, and doth summarily contain all the Opinions of that wise Man,) he carried it into the midst of the Market-place, and there, making a Fire with some Fig-tree Sticks, burnt it, as triumphantly, as if he had burnt the Author himself: when throwing the Ashes into the Sea, he deliver'd this Oracle thereupon,

The blind old Man's Opinion must be burnt.

Whereas that wicked Wretch little thought how much good that Book did to those, that read it; as also what Peace, Tranquility and Liberty it wrought in them: not only by freeing them from Terrours of Sprights, Prodigies, vain Hopes, and superfluous Desires; but likewise by instilling Wisdom, and Truth into them: rightly purifying their Minds, not with Torches, Sea-Onions, or such like Fopperies, but with right Reason, Truth and Freedom of Speech. Now, among many other of his villanous Attempts, this was one;

Alex-

Alexander having free Access to the Court by means of *Rutilianus*, who was in great Favour there, he sendeth an Oracle thither, in the Heat of the War between the Emperor *Marcus*, the * *Marcomanni* and * *Quades*; the Purport of which Oracle was, That two Lions should be cast alive into the River *Danube*, together with many Spices and magnificent Sacrifices. However, it will be more satisfactory to repeat the Oracle it self, which was this :

* A People of Germany, at this Day called the *Moravians*.

Two Lyons into swelling *Isther* throw,
With Herbs and Spices that in *India* grow;
And then Success with *Halcyon* Days shall flow.

But after these Things were done, as he had commanded, the Lions swam out of the River into the Enemy's Country, and were by the *Barbarians* knock'd on the Head with Staves, as if they had been Dogs or outlandish Wolves. Nevertheless, a very great Defeat was given to our Forces, near twenty thousand of them being slain at one Bout. And then followed those things which happened at *Aquileja*, when the City was in so much danger of being taken. To salve which shameful Mistake, *Alexander* fled to the old *Delphick* Collusion, and frigidly alledged the Oracle of *Cræsus*, saying, That the God did indeed foretel a Victory, but did not explain whether it belong'd to the *Romans* or their Adversaries. Now when the City of *Abonus* began to be crouded, by reason of the great Multitudes of them that resorted to the Oracle, so as it could not supply them all with Necessaries,

faries, he invented a new sort of Oracles, called *Night-Oracles*: for receiving the Papers, he pretended to sleep upon them, and then return'd such Answers, as he said the God had communicated to him in a Dream; which were for the most part very obscure, ambiguous and confused; especially if he saw the Papers were more accurately and carefully seal'd up: for then, without running the hazard of breaking them open, he subscribed what ever came first into his Head; and this, as he thought, was most agreeable with Oracles. There were also certain Interpreters who sat by for that purpose, and got great Sums of Money from those that had received such Oracles, by interpreting and unfolding the Sence thereof. Which Employment they farm'd of *Alexander*, paying each of them an *Attick Talent* apiece for the same. And sometimes, when there was none demanded of the God, or none that were sent to him, he would voluntarily publish Oracles of his own fancy, only to amuze the silly People; such as was this following one:

See who it is thy Nuptial Bed betrays;
 Thy own Bardachio, whom thy Lust did raise,
 To be thy Treas'rer, now that Crime repays.
 (Does all his Lust upon thy Wife employ,
 Till both their Natures seem dissolv'd in Joy;
 Which balmy Blessings, panting as they lay,
 How to prolong, have thus contriv'd a Way:)
 A sleepy pois'nous Potion is prepar'd;
 And in the Plot thy Maid Calypso shar'd:
 Under thy richest Bed the Dose is laid,
 Close by the Wall: Remember what is said!

Now

Now what *Democritus* would not have been concern'd at hearing the very Names and Places so accurately set down? Altho' so soon as he had penetrated into the Contrivance of it, might have ridiculed and spit upon the Oracle. Moreover, he oftentimes gave Answers in barbarous Terms, if they propos'd the Questions in their own Languages, as in the *Syriack*, or *Gallick* Tongues, when he could not so easily find out Men of the same Nation to interpret them. Wherefore there was always a great space of time interpos'd between the Proposal of the Question, and Return of the Answer; that, in the mean while, the Papers might be opened, and Men found, who were able to interpret them: Of which sort was that Oracle given to a certain *Scythian*, viz.

* *Morphi Ebargulis Chnenchirant* shall leave the Light. * An unintelligible Cant, as knowing not what to say.

Another time, when there was no Person present, he spake thus in Prose, *Go back again, for he that sent thee is dead, being this Day slain by his Neighbour Diocles: who returning with his Fellow-Robbers, Mangus, Celer, and Bubulus, are all taken and imprison'd.* You may further likewise, if you please, observe some of those few Oracles he deliver'd to me: as when I demanded whether *Alexander* were bald, and seal'd up my Paper very accurately in the Presence of several others, he subscribeth this Night-Oracle,

† *Sabar, Dalachi, Malack.*

† More And Gibberish.

And again; when in two several Tickets I ask-
ed one and the same Question; viz. Of what
Country *Homer* was? and sent the Questions
to him under different Names, he subscribed
to one of them, (being deceiv'd by my Ser-
vant, who, when he was asked for what he
came, answer'd, For a Remedy against the
Pain of the Side,) this Oracle,

* Bears-
greafe.

*Anoint with * Cytmis, and Latona's Dew.*

And as for the other Question, when *Alexan-
der* had heard the Messenger say, That I de-
sired to know, Whether it were better for
me to Sail into *Italy*, or go thither on Foot?
He return'd this Answer, which related no-
thing at all to *Homer*,

Sail not to Italy, but go on Foot.

For many of these Tricks I plaid him; par-
ticularly this one: When a Person had pro-
pos'd but one single Question, I wrote on the
same Paper (after the usual manner) eight
Queries, all to the same purpose, under a
feign'd Name, and sent along with it eight
Drachms, (viz. Groats) together with the
Overplus; when he, by my sending the Re-
ward, and Inscription on the Note, giving
credit to the thing, did to each Question
(whereof one was, When the Imposture of
Alexander would be detected?) return insigni-
ficant Answers, quite contrary to the Mat-
ter propos'd, and according to the Proverb,
As remote from the Purpose, as Heaven is
from Earth: being all ridiculous, impertinent
and

and unintelligible. Now discovering afterwards how I had served him, as also how I formerly used my Endeavour to dissuade *Rutilianus* from his Marriage, and from giving any heed to the Oracle, he hated me, (as you my well imagine) and esteem'd me his greatest Enemy; insomuch, that once, when *Rutilianus* ask'd him his Opinion of me, his Answer was,

He keepeth Company with Whores by Night.

In short, I was the worst Enemy he had: Therefore when he was inform'd of my being enter'd the City, and that I was the same *Lucian* whereof he had formerly heard, (and had brought along with me from the Governor of *Cappadocia*, (who was then my Friend) two Soldiers, the one with a Halberd, the other with a Lance, that they might conduct me safe to Sea) he presently sends for me in a very obliging manner, and receiv'd me with great Civility. When I came to him, I found much Company with him, and, by good Fortune, brought the two Soldiers along with me; for, stretching out his Hand to me to kiss, as he used to do to the common People, I making as if I would kiss it, fastened my Teeth therein, so that I almost maim'd his Hand. Whereupon they who were present began to strangle and beat me, as a sacrilegious Person, being before exasperated at my saluting him by the Name of *Alexander*, and not of *Prophet*: Nevertheless, he bore it impudently and appeas'd them, promising, that he would quickly silence me: as also demon-

N

strate

strate what Power God *Glycon* had to reconcile even the greatest Enemies. Then, causing all the rest to withdraw, he reason'd with me, saying, That he knew well enough what Counsel I had given to *Rutillianus*; and asking further the Reason why I had serv'd him so, who was able to have preferr'd me with *Rutillianus*? When thinking it safer to retire than continue on the Dispute, I willingly embraced this Opportunity, seeing into what Danger I was brought, and presently left him in as amicable a manner as was possible, which produced no small Admiration in the Spectators, when they perceiv'd so sudden a Change. Afterwards, intending to sail, and being accompanied with no Body but *Xenophon*, (for that I had sent away my Father and Servants before to *Amastris*) *Alexander* bestow'd many Presents and Favours on me, as also promised to furnish me with a Vessel and Rowers to convey me thence: All which I accepted of, as imagining his Favours proceeded meerly from an innocent Heart, and out of Kindness; but being come into the open Sea, finding the Pilot in Tears, and disputing hotly with the Mariners, I began to have a shrewd Suspicion of some Design against me: and accordingly I found, that *Alexander* had bargain'd with them to throw me overboard; which, had it succeeded, he would soon have render'd himself victorious in his War against me. But the Pilot being apprehensive at the Thoughts of so ill an Action, dissuaded the rest from perpetrating it; saying, he had lived for the space of sixty Years a holy and unblameable Life; wherefore at his Age, and
possess

possest of Wife and Children, he would not stain his Hands with Blood: and at the same time declared on what Terms he receiv'd me, as also what Injunctions *Alexander* had laid upon him concerning me. Soon after, landing me at *Aegialos*, a Place whereof *Homer* makes so much mention, he return'd back again; when I, meeting with some of the *Bosphoran* Embassadors, sent from their King *Eupator* into *Bithynia*, to carry the Annual Tribute which he paid there, and relating to them the great Danger I had been in, as also winning their Friendship, I was admitted into their Ship, and brought safe to *Amastria*, after so narrowly escaping Death. From which time, I arm'd my self, with all the Vigour imaginable, against *Alexander*; and left no Stone unturn'd to compass my Revenge on him: whom, even before his late Treachery, I look'd upon as my greatest Adversary, by reason of his impious Behaviour. Accordingly, I made my self ready to accuse him, and had many that would have seconded me, especially the Disciples of the *Heracleian* Philosopher *Timocrates*; but that the then Governour of *Pontus* and *Bithynia* prevented me, supplicating and begging me (as it were for an Alms) to desist: withal, telling me plainly, that by reason of his great Intimacy with *Rutillianus*, he could not freely punish *Alexander*, let him be never so notoriously convicted of any Crime. Whereupon, I put an end to my Anger, as knowing how vain my Attempt would be, to prosecute before a Judge, so pre engag'd against me. Now, to give you an Instance of *Alexander's* Impudence, I leave

you to judge, whether it was not the greatest Insolence in him imaginable, to desire (as he did) of the *Emperor*, that the Wall of *Abonns* might change its Name, and be call'd *Ionopolis*; as also, that the new Coin should be stamp'd with the Image of *Glycon* on one side, and *Alexander's* on the other; holding the Cymiter of his great Grand-father *Persens* in his Hand, and wearing the Garland of *Æsculapius* on his Head, from whom he deriv'd his Pedigree by the Father's side, as he did from *Persens* on the Mother's side? Moreover, he foretold concerning himself by an Oracle, that it was decreed to him by Fate, to live an hundred and fifty Years, and then to dye by a Stroke of Lightning in a miserable Condition. Nevertheless, he died before he was seventy Years of Age, (a Death more becoming the Son of *Podalirius*) with his Leg rotted up to the very Groin, and almost devoured with Worms. It was likewise discover'd, that he was bald, when he permitted the Physicians to foment his Head, for easing the Pain thereof: which they could not have done, without taking off his Perriwig. Now this is the Catastrophy of *Alexander's* Tragedy: and such was his End; (which may by some be thought the Work of a Divine Providence, altho' I rather think it the Work of Chance) Nor ought his Funeral to come short of his Life, whilst there was so great canvassing among the Conspirators and Impostors, his Associates, who should be his Successor in the Oracle: whereof the most considerable refer'd the Matter wholly to *Rutillianns* his Arbitration; that is to say, to determine who should

should be preferr'd before the rest to succeed in *Alexander's* room; but he, reserving the Gift of foretelling his Death, left every thing else undetermin'd. Among this Gang there was an old Physician, whose Name was *Petus*, who in this was guilty of an Action unworthy of his Age and his Profession.

Thus I have given you an Abridgment of the Life of this Impostor, which I undertook to satisfy your Curiosity, and to vindicate the Honour of *Epicurus*; and further, to undeceive a great many, whom he had impos'd on in his Life-time. I cou'd not refuse this to your Friendship, nor the Esteem and Value I have for your Vertue; not to mention your profound Knowledge, and your Love of Truth.

Of Mourning for the Dead.

By the same Hand.

IT is well worth any one's while, to observe the several Things which in Time of Mourning for the Dead, are done and spoken by the Vulgar; as also those Things, that are spoken by such as minister Consolation to them: Likewise how those, that mourn, reckon the Things intolerable, that happen both to themselves, and them they mourn for; without any certain Knowledge whether the Condition of the Deceased be better, or worse, than it was before; nevertheless they grieve and take on meerly out of Custome. Therefore, when any body is departed out of this Life, their manner is this: But, now I think on't, it may not be amiss to set down, first, the several Opinions, which they have concerning Death it self; for, by that means, it will the better appear upon what Ground they practise those Impertinences. The Rabble, whom the wiser Sort esteem Fools, (depending solely upon *Homer* and *Hesiod* in this Matter, making their Poesie a Rule to judge all things by) think, that there is a deep Place under Ground, call'd *Hell*, wide, spa-

spacious and dark, from whence the Sun is excluded; and therefore I know not how it cometh to be so enlightned, that they are able to discern every thing therein, as they pretend they do. Of this Cave they imagine *Jupiter's* Brother to be King, whom they call *Pluto*, because (as one of those that was well skilled in these Secrets told me) it is much enriched with the Dead. Now *Pluto* hath thus establish'd his infernal Common-wealth: First, having obtain'd the Empire of the Dead by Lot, he bindeth them in Chains, out of which they can no ways escape, permitting few or none to come up again into this Life, in any Age; and that too upon very important Occasions when he does. His Country is environed with great and dreadful Rivers, such as would frighten one with their very Names, as *Cocytus*, *Phlegeton*, and the like; but, what is above all, the *Archerontick* Lake, which is placed in the Front, and giveth the first entrance to all Travellers, to which none can pass over, without the help of the Ferry-man, being too deep to be waded, and too wide to be swam; in a word, the very Ghosts of Birds are not able to fly over it: At the Descent and Gate whereof (made all of Adamant) stands *Æacus*, the King's Nephew, who presides over the Watch, and by him a three-headed Dog, very fierce, yet looking with a friendly and gentle Countenance on all those that come thither, but barking fiercely at such as endeavour to get away, and very much terrifying them with his Looks. Now, when you have passed over this Lake, you are entertained with a great Meadow full

* Daffo-
dils,

of * *Asphodel*; and a Brook pernicious to the Memory, which is therefore named *Lethe*; for these Things were related to the Ancients by those that came from thence, as *Alcestis* and *Protesilaus*, two *Theffalians*, also *Theseus* the Son of *Aegus*, and *Homer's Ulysses*, all very grave and creditable Witnesses; who, as I suppose, did not drink of the Brook themselves; for, otherwise, they would not have retained the Remembrance of the Things they had seen there. *Pluto* therefore, as they related, and his Spouse *Proserpina*, do reign there, having the sole Dominion in their Hands, but manage the same by the Ministry of several Under-Officers, as *Furies*, *Terrors*, *Pains*, and *Mercury*, tho' he is not always resident there himself, but there continually sit two Governors or Judges, the one called *Minos*, and the other *Rhadamanthus*, both *Cretans*, and Sons of *Jupiter*, who take care of such as are good and just Men, having led a vertuous Life, and when they are gathered together in any considerable Number, send them by the way of *Colony* into the *Elysian Plains*, there to enjoy all manner of Felicity: but if they seize upon any wicked Men, having delivered them to the *Furies*, they send them forth into the Regions of the Ungodly, there to be punished proportionably to their Wickedness; in which Place what Misery do they not undergo? being tortur'd, burn'd and gnawn by *Vultures*, or turn'd about on *Wheels*, or rouling reverting *Stones* up a Hill. Now by this very Lake stands *Tantalus*, in danger to perish by Thirst. But those, that have led a middle sort of Life, who

who are many in Number, wander up and down the Meadow without Bodies, being made Ghosts on, and vanishing, if you touch them, like so much Smoke: Their Nourishment is derived from our Libations and Funeral Sacrifices; so that if any of them hath no Kindred or Friend left upon Earth, then that Ghost hath no Food, but starves with Hunger. Now these Things have so strongly possessed the Mind of the Vulgar, that when any of their Kindred dye, first they bring a Half-penny, and put into his Mouth, as the Fare of the Sculler, for waisting him over the Lake; without considering either what Money is currant there, whether a *Macedonian* Attick, or *Egean* Half-penny doth pass in the infernal Region; or whether it would not be much better to be unable to pay the Fare at all, since by that means, upon the Sculler's refusing to receive them, they might return again into this Life. Afterwards, having washt them, as if the infernal Lake were not sufficient for that purpose; as also anointed the Body with the most excellent Ointment they can procure, to prevent the ill Savour of its Corruption, and crown'd it with the choicest Flowers; they then set it forth very richly cloathed, perhaps that it might not catch cold by the way, nor yet appear naked to *Cerberus*. Then followeth the Weeping and Howling of the Women, Tears distilling from every one of them, whilst they beat their Breasts, tear their Hair, and fetch Blood from their Cheeks; nay, in some Places they rend their Garments, and sprinkle Dust upon their Heads: so that the Living are far more

more miserable than the Dead; for they frequently roul themselves upon the Ground, and dash their Heads against the Pavement, whilst the dead Corps, being neatly dressed, and crown'd with Garlands, is set on high, as if adorned for some Triumph; then the Mother, and perhaps the Father himself, going out from among the rest of the Kindred, and embracing the dead Party, (whom you must imagine to be a handsome young Man that lieth on the Bier, to make the Play appear more agreeable) uttereth many extravagant idle Speeches; to which the dead Man himself, were he but indued with the Faculty of Speaking, would return an Answer: *For*, saith the Father, speaking in a doleful Tone, and drawing out ev'ry Word at length, *My dear Son, thou art now departed from me, and dead, being snatched away before thy time, leaving me alone; without thy being married, without getting any Children, without going to the War, without exercising Husbandry, without coming to old Age; thou shalt not for the future Revel any more, nor make Love, nor Drink, or be Merry with thy Comrades.* These and the like Fooleries, doth the Father express to his dead Son, as thinking that his Son hath still need of such Things, and desires them, even after Death, but is not able to attain them. But why do I mention these Trifles, for how many are there that kill their Horses, nay their Concubines and Cup-bearers, at the Funeral of their Masters, burning their chiefest Ornaments, or burying them together with the Dead; as if they should have need of them below? Now this old Man, that uttered all these Words,
and

and many more, did it not either for the young Man's sake, since it is apparent, that he is not able to hear them, tho' his Father should speak louder than *Stentor*, nor on the behalf of himself, because then he need only have meditated such Matters in his own Breast, without venting them in Discourse; but 'tis thought he speaks these Words in behalf of those that are present, tho' he knows nothing of what his Son hath suffered since his Death, nor whither he is gone, nor well considered what sort of Life he himself leads; for otherwise he would not esteem the Departure out of it, so great a Calamity as he does. Now, could his Son obtain leave of *Æacus* and *Pluto* to come up and thrust his Head but a little above Ground, thereby only to reprove the Vanity of his Father, he undoubtedly would speak to him in this manner: *O wretched Man, why dost thou create so much Trouble to me? Forbear to pull off thy Hair, and tear the Skin from thy Face. Why dost thou reproach me, by calling me miserable and unfortunate, who am become happier and far better, than thou thyself art? What Evil dost thou suppose I now endure? Or dost thou think it a Misfortune to me, that I did not live to become such an old Man as thyself, with a bald Pate, a wrinkled Face, stooping in the Back, feeble Knees, and almost wholly rotten with Age, having lived many Olympiads, and at length brought to Dorage before so many Witnesses? O vain Man, what are the Pleasures of this Life, and how long do we partake of them, before we lose the Fruition of them for ever? Whilst thou reckon'st up Drinking, Feasting and Carnal Enjoyment as such, dost thou fear I shall perish for want of these? Or dost*

thou

Of Mourning for the Dead.

thou not rather consider, that not to thirst at all, is better than to drink; and not to hunger, than to eat; and not to be cold, than to have store of Cloaths? Away, away, since I see you so ignorant, I'll teach you to mourn after a right manner. Resume therefore thy Speech of Lamentation, and cry out, O wretched Child, thou shalt no more hunger, no more thirst, no more shiver with cold: thou art gone from me, having escaped Diseases, and for the future out of the danger of either Feaver, Enemy, or Tyrant; Love shall no longer afflict thee; nor shall Pleasure divert thee from thy Employments, causing thee to throw away thy Money hourly in vain. Alas thou shalt neither be scorned when thou art old, nor disagreeable to those that are young: If thou shouldst speak these things, dost not thou think that they would be more true, and less ridiculous, than what you formerly spoke? Perhaps it troubles thee to think of the Darknes and Gloominess that is here below; fearing lest I should be stifled, if I be shut up in a Tomb: nevertheless that Fear is vain, for my Eyes being putrified, or rather burnt away, (since you have determined to burn me) I shall neither behold Darknes nor Light. Now these Things may perhaps pass for indifferent; but what good can your Howling do me, and this Beating of your Breast at the Sound of the Pipe, or this immoderate Screaming of the Women? What good is it to crown the Stone set over my Grave? What Advantage is it to infuse Wine into it, unless you think it will distil down to me, and penetrate as far as Hell? For as for the Funeral Sacrifices, you see well enough how the finest part thereof is carried up by the Smoke into Heaven, without giving any Refreshment to us below; so that what is left is altogether unprofitable, unless you imagine we can feed upon Ashes. The Kingdom of Pluto is not so bar-

ren and unfruitful, nor is Asphodel so scarce with us, as that we need to send for Meat from you. So that I should long since have had much ado to forbear laughing aloud at what you did speak, had not the Linnen and Woollen wherewith you bound my Jaws, hindred me. Which having spoke, Death immediately seized upon him again. Now, should we suppose, that the dead Man turning himself about, and leaning upon his Elbow had spoken in this manner, would not this Speech have been reasonable? Nevertheless these vain Folks Cry and Weep on, when sending for one that is best skill'd in the Art of Lamenting, and who hath collected together several Sorts of Calamities, they make use of him as their Assistant and Setter-forth of their Foppery; so that whensoever he beginneth, they presently Howl after his Pipe. And as in their Lamentations, so likewise in their Funerals, they have several and different foolish Customs; distinguishing the Fashion of their Burials, according to the Diversity of Nations: the Greeks burn their Dead, the Persians bury them, the Indians anoint them with Suet, the Scythians eat them, but the Egyptians powder them: another (as I can speak it of my own Knowledge) drying the Corps, maketh the dead Man his Fellow in Drinking, and Feasting, and oftentimes an Egyptian relieveth his own Wants by pawning his dead Father, or Brother: As for the Heaps, Pyramids, Pillars and Inscriptions, which last but a little while, are they not superfluous and foolish? Furthermore, Some have instituted Games, and spoken Funeral Orations over the Dead, as if they would be Advocates or Witnesses for the dead Man before his infernal Judges. But after all these things, cometh the Funeral Feast, whereat all the Kindred are present,
and

and there comfort the Parents of the deceased Party, and perswade them to eat some Meat, who are not unwilling to embrace their Motion, as being almost famished, by having abstain'd from it three Days together: Then they ask them how long they will Mourn, desiring them to suffer the Ghost of the deceased Party to be at rest; or if they have absolutely resolved to grieve on, then for that very Reason they advise them not to abstain from Food, that so they may be the better able to endure the Length of their Mourning: When, in conclusion, these two Verses of Homer are recited by all,

Fair Nidos did not her Meat forget.

And again,

The Belly ought not to bewail the Dead.

Whereupon the Mourners fall to eat, tho' with much Bashfulness and Modesty at first, fearing lest they should continue their human Affections after the Death of their Children. These and other things, far more irrational than these, may a Man find, if he observe the many ridiculous Customs which they used in Time of their Mourning; the only Ground whereof was an Opinion, that the Vulgar have concerning Death, as if it were the greatest Evil that could happen to Man in this World.

The

The Council of the Gods ;

I N A

Dialogue between *Jupiter, Momus,*
and *Mercury.*

By the same Hand.

Jupiter. **H**ereafter, ye Gods, let there be no more Whispering, nor running into Corners, nor Muttering that many unworthy Persons have been made Partakers of our Society ; but forasmuch as a Council hath been summon'd, let every one openly speak his Opinion, and blame whatsoever he thinks Blame-worthy. In the mean time, do you, *Mercury*, according to the Law, make Proclamation, with a loud Voice.

Mercury, O yes ! Keep Silence in the Court : Who is there of the ancient and most eminent Gods, that desireth to speak in this Assembly ? Let him come forth, and he shall be heard ! The Debate is concerning Inmates and Strangers.

Momus, That do I, *Jupiter*, if I may but have Leave.

Jup.

Jup. The Proclamation hath already given Leave; so that there is no need of my further License.

Mom. I say then, that some of us deal very wickedly and unjustly, who being not contented that our selves of Men have been made Gods, will needs make our Pages and Attendants our Equals; which we look upon as a thing of no Moment. Wherefore I desire, that I may have liberty to speak freely, without any Control; for, otherwise, I shall not be able to deliver my Opinion. But every one knows me well enough, how free of Tongue I am, and that I am not used to smother such things as are dishonest and undecent; for I reprove every thing, and openly censure whatsoever I think to be well or ill done, without being afraid of any one's Authority; or concealing my Opinion out of Modesty. For which reason I seem burthensome to many, and naturally given to slander, while they call me the common Barreter: but forasmuch as Liberty hath been given by Proclamation, I will boldly express my Mind. I say therefore, that there are many, who being not contented that themselves have been admitted into our Society, and share in our good Fellowship, though they are but half Men, have yet brought into Heaven their Ministers and Play-fellows, and naturaliz'd them for Gods; so that they have an equal Dividend with others: and partake of Sacrifices, without paying the Rent was imposed upon Inmates.

Jup. I beseech you, *Momus*, not to speak in Riddles, but to tell us your Meaning plainly,

ly, and to add their Names: for you have in such a manner given your Opinion, that we are equally suspicious of many, and begin to accuse sundry, Persons sundry Ways, as obnoxious to your Accusation; but it becomes a free Spokesman to conceal nothing out of Fear.

Mom. Well said, *Jupiter*, for exhorting me to Liberty of Speech; this is done royally and magnificently; and therefore, according to your Desire, I will accuse them by Name: And, first of all, here is this *Bacchus*, half a Man, and, by his Mother's side, no *Grecian*; but the Nephew of a *Phenician* Merchant, called *Cadmus*; what manner of Fellow he is, since he was indued with Immortality, I do not mention; nor will I reprove his Miter, his Drunkenness, and Reeling to and fro; for all, I suppose, sufficiently observe how soft and effeminate he is, as well as half Mad, beginning to Tipple as soon as he is up in the Morning: yet this Fellow hath brought along with him into Heaven his whole Fraternity, and hath made Gods of *Pan*, *Silennus*, and the *Satyrs*, who are a kind of Goat-footed Savages, addicted to Dancing, and of a monstrous Feature, whereof one having Horns, and in the one half of his Body resembling a Goat, and nourishing a dandling Beard, differs little from a Goat; but the other, being a deformed old Man, with a bald Pate and a flat Nose, commonly riding on an Ass, is by Birth a *Lydian*. The *Satyrs*, having pricked Ears, and Horns on their bald Pates, like the Horns of Kids, are certain *Phrygians*; yet all of them have Tails. Thus you may see what

goodly

goodly Gods this Fellow hath made us; I forbear to mention how he hath brought hither two Women, the one of them being his Sweet-heart *Ariadne*, whose Crown he hath turn'd into a Constellation; the other being the Daughter of *Icarus*, the Husbandman. And, which is the most ridiculous of all, he hath likewise brought *Erigone's* Dog along with her, lest the Maid should grow melancholy, if she had not her old Companion with her in Heaven. Now do not these Things seem reproachful to you, and meer Madnesses, worthy to be laught at? But here let us proceed to others.

Jup. Good *Momus*, take heed of speaking any thing concerning *Esculapius*, or *Hercules*, (for I see whither the Current of your Speech carrieth you) inasmuch, as the one of them is a Physician, and cureth the Diseased, for which reason he ought to be preferred before many others: And the other, my Son *Hercules*, hath acquired his Immortality with no small Pains; wherefore take heed you do not rashly fall foul upon these.

Mom. For your sake, *Jupiter*, I will pass them by, though I have many Things to say against them; and indeed, if there were nothing else against them, it would be sufficient, that they have as yet the Marks that were made in their Bodies by the Fire: besides, were it lawful for me to use Liberty of Speech, I could object many Things against your very self.

Jup. You have full Liberty therein granted you; Pray can you accuse me for being but an Inmate in Heaven?

Mom.

Mom. Truly, *Jupiter*, in *Crete* we may not only hear this, but they likewise shew us your Sepulcher: however, for my part, I give no Credit to them; nor to the *Equinites*, who affirm, that you were suppositious; but what to me seems most Blame-worthy, I will now rehearse: To be short therefore, You, *Jupiter*, are the Ring-leader of this Disorder, and the first that filled our Assembly with Bastards, by lying with Maids and Women of mortal Condition, forsaking Heaven, and going down to them in several Disguises; so that we are often afraid, lest any should seize upon you, and sacrifice you, as oft as you appear in the Form of a Bull; or lest some Goldsmith should melt you, as oft as you put on the Form of Gold, and instead of *Jupiter*, you should become some Bracelet, or Ear-ring; by this Means you have filled Heaven with the Demi-gods, for I can give them no other Title; and it would be a most absurd Business, if some Stranger should hear that *Hercules* was assumed into the Number of the Gods, while *Eurystheus*, who imposed Commands on him, lieth still in his Grave; and that *Hercules*, the Servant, should have a Temple, while *Eurystheus*, the Master, is content with a poor single Monument. Again, Amongst the *Thyones*, *Bacchus* is made a God, while his Kinsmen *Pentheus*, *Acteon*, and *Learchus*, were the most miserable of Men: Wherefore, since you, *Jupiter*, first open'd the Gap to Licentiousness, and had to do with Mortals, all follow your Example; neither do the Gods only, but also the Goddesses, imitate your Fashion herein; for who hath not

heard of *Anchises*, and *Tithonus*, *Endymion*, and *Jason*, with sundry others? Wherefore I think it good, to pass these Things over; for it would be an endless Labour to reprehend every thing in particular.

Jup. But, *Momus*, take heed you speak not a Word of *Ganymede*, for it will exceedingly nettle me, if I hear you fall foul on him.

Mom. For this reason I will speak nothing of the *Eagle*, that hath been also advanced to Heaven, where she now percheth on your Royal Scepter, and builds her Nest over your very Head, and pretendeth to be a Goddess; this shall be passed over for *Ganymede's* fake. But tell me, Oh *Jupiter*, whence came *Attis*, *Corybas* and *Sabarius*, into our Company? or that *Mythres* the *Mede*, who beareth a *Persian* Robe on his Body, and a Turbant on his Head; one that can hardly understand a Word of *Greek*? so that if any one drink to him a Cup of *Nectar*, he is not able to pledge him. Upon this Account the *Scythians* and *Getes* have bid Adieu to us, and, of their own Heads, bestow Immortality on Men, and make Gods of whomsoever they please; by which means *Zamloxis*, being a Man but of a servile Condition, hath gotten Immortality, and thrust himself (I cannot tell how) into the Number of the Gods. But (O ye Gods!) all these Things are moderate, and something tolerable: But who art thou, O Egyptian Dog's Face, who art cloathed with fine Linnen? How can'st thou pretend to Divinity by Barking? And what means that Party-coloured *Memphian Bull*, which is honoured with Prayers, uttereth Oracles, and hath his Priests? I am ashamed to

to make mention of the Storks, and Apes and Goats, and other absurder Things than these, which I know not how they have gotten out of *Egypt* into Heaven. Wherefore how can you endure, that such Things should have equal Honour and Worship given to them with your selves? Or how can you take it, *Jupiter*, to have a Pair of Ram's Horns clapt on your Head?

Jup. Those Things which you have related concerning the *Egyptians* are very base; but the greatest part of them contain mystical Riddles in them, which are not to be derided at by the Prophane.

Mom. Truly, *Jupiter*, there is great need of Mysteries, to know that the Gods are Gods; and that they who are endued with Dog's Heads are Dogs.

Jup. Forbear at present to speak of the *Egyptians*, for we will hereafter debate concerning those Things at leisure. Therefore if there be any others against whom you can except, produce them.

Mom. Consider then *Trophonius* and *Antilochus*; whereof, one, being Son to a wicked Person, and a Murderer, doth give Oracles in *Cilicia*, uttering many Lies impudently, and enchanting Men for Pence a piece. So that you, *Apollo*, are no longer in Esteem for Prophecy; but now every Stone, and every Altar gives Oracles to Enquirers, if it be but sprinkled with Oyl, crowned with Garlands, and attended with some Imposter, of which there are very many now-a-days: For the Statue of *Polydamas*, the Wrestler, doth cure those, that are sick of a Feaver in *Olimpia*, and

that of *Theagenes* in *Thasus*. Moreover, they offer Sacrifices to *Hector* at *Ilium*, and over-against him to *Protesilaus* in *Chersonesus*; so that since we are multiplied into so great a Number, Perjury and Sacrilege have been more frequent, and those that live honestly and justly have begun to slight us. Now thus much may suffice to be spoken of spurious and supposititious Gods; but hearing many other strange Names of such as neither live among us, nor are indeed in *rerum natura*, I cannot but laugh heartily, when I think of it; for where is the renowned Vertue, Nature, Fate, and Fortune, so much talked of; being all but insufferable, vain Terms, devised by Men that go under the Name of Philosophers; which, tho' they be Figments of their own, yet have gotten such Footing in the Minds of weak silly People, that none any longer will vouchsafe to sacrifice to us; being fully persuaded, that tho' he offer up infinite Hecatombs to us, yet that Fortune, however, will not any otherwise perform those things which have been decreed at first by the Fates, and destined to every one at his Birth; wherefore I would willingly demand of you, *Jupiter*, in what Place or Corner of the World you ever saw Vertue, Nature, or Fate? for that you frequently hear such Things in Philosophical Disputations, I make no doubt; unless you be so deaf, that you cannot hear their Bawling. There are likewise many Things more to be said, but I will now conclude, for I see some so netled at my Words, that they begin to Hiss: especially those on whom I have obliquely reflected in my Discourse.

course. Wherefore, for a Close to all, if you be pleased, *Jupiter*, I will read a certain Decree drawn up concerning them.

Jup. Rehearse it: for you have not reprehended every thing absurdly, or without Cause; and truly, many of these Enormities ought to be restrain'd, lest in time they grow more numerous.

The DECREE.

A Council being assembled on the 7th Day of this present Month, *Jupiter* sat Consul, *Nep-tune* President, *Apollo* Lieutenant, and *Momus* Clark, whilst the God of Sleep (*Morpheus*) drew up this Decree:

FORasmuch as several Strangers, not only Greeks, but Barbarians, being altogether Unworthy of the Celestial Republick, as being spurious and supposititious, have, in what manner I know not, made themselves Gods, and crept into Heaven; so that the Place is full of Noise and Distraction, by reason of their confused Gibberish; as also, that the Plenty of Nectar begins to fail, insomuch that a Pint is now worth three Pounds, by reason of their great Multitudes: And whereas, they also being impudent and sawey, have driven the true and ancient Gods out of their Abodes, and, contrary to the Primitive Custom, seated themselves in the best Places, endeavouring to be honoured before others, it hath seemed good to the Senate and People, that at the next Winter-Solstice, a Council be assembled in *Olimpus*, and seven of the most eminent Gods be elected, to take Cognizance of this Matter, three out of the ancient Court which was constituted in the Reign of *Saturn*, and four out

The Council of the Gods.

of the twelve Gods *majorum gentium*, whereof Jupiter to be one: but those that shall be chosen Judges, shall not presume to sit upon the Bench, till they have solemnly taken an Oath by Styx: After which, let Mercury make Proclamation, and assemble all those to the Council, who desire to be lawfully admitted; but let them come, bringing along with them sworn Witnesses, and Judgments of one uniform and certain Kind. Then let them meet in one and the same Place: And the Judges, having fairly heard the Case, and thoroughly weigh'd the Allegations, shall either declare them Gods, or banish them to their Graves, or the Sepulchres of their Ancestors. But if at any time afterward any of those who have been rejected, on the Scrutiny, shall be caught in the Purlews of Heav'n, he shall immediately be cast headlong down to Hell. Next, Be it ordain'd, That every God mind his own Business, and put not his Sickle into his Neighbour's Harvest: Nor let Minerva meddle with Medicinal Affairs, or Esculapius idle away his Time, in giving Oracles; nor shall Apollo pretend to monopolize so many considerable Talents, let him either content himself to act the Prophet, Poet, Fidler, or Physician. Moreover, Be it known to the Philosophers, That they dare not presume to coin e'ry Day new Words, and trifle no more about those Terms which they do not understand. That the Images of those, who have Temples, and Altars erected to them, be pull'd down, and those of Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, or some other, be put in their Places. That the City bury them, and, instead of an Altar, set up their Statues. Lastly, That whoever shall not mind this Declaration, refuse the Examination, or to stand to the Award of the Judges, shall be condemn'd without hearing.

Jup.

Jup. Honest *Momus*, your Decree is most equitable, and let all those who approve of it hold up their Hands. Or, rather, let it be thus ratify'd, without any more to do; for I know there will hereafter be a Company of Fellows which will not give us their Votes and Approbation. But, at present, get ye all your several Ways, each about his own Business; but when *Mercury* shall again summon you, be sure you appear in this Court, every one of you bringing with him sure Vouchers, undisputable Proofs, his Father and Mother's Name, and the Place of his Nativity; and, next, how he came to be a God, and of what Tribe and Class. But if any one shall be so hardy, as to neglect being present at this Assembly, he shall no more be look'd on as a God, notwithstanding he have never so mighty a Temple on Earth, and have never so many mortal Bubbles, who esteem him a God.

Jupiter

Jupiter Tragedus:
 BEING
 A Dialogue of the Gods.

By the same Hand.

Mercury. **W**Hat is it, *Jupiter*, you are musing on, to walk up and down with such a pale Countenance, like any Philosopher? Make me, I beseech you, acquainted with the Occasions, and one of the Council in the Business that now perplexes you; for, perhaps, your Servant may tell you something that will not be altogether contemptible.

Minerva. *Father of Gods and Men, your Daughter*
prays,
You wou'd be pleas'd your drooping Head
[to raise;
And tell us what you ponder in your Breast,
That makes you look so pale, and breaks
[your Rest.

Jupia

Jupiter. There is no Grief, Pain, Passion, or Calamity, so tedious, that can be compared with the Sorrow of the Gods.

Min. O *Apollo*, what a Preface he useth !

Jup. O wretched Mortals ! And thou, O *Prometheus*, what Trouble hast thou procured me !

Min. What is the Matter ? I beg you will not conceal it from us, who are of your own Household.

Jup. O thou great, terrible, cracking Thunder-bolt, how little good dost thou do me ?

Min. Bear with us, I pray you ; if we cannot answer you with the like tragical Expressions.

Juno. Do you think we are ignorant of the Occasion of your Trouble ?

Jup. You cannot tell what it is, tho' you talk never so loud.

Juno. I know the Source of your Affliction well enough, altho' I do not speak it aloud. It is more than probable, that you are disturbed with the Love of some new *Danae*, *Semele*, or *Europa*, and accordingly intend to assume again the Shape of a Bull, Satyr, or Shower of Gold, that so you may the more easily slip through the Tiles into the Lap of your Beloved ; without doubt this is the Meaning of your frequent Sighs, Groans and Tears : besides, your Paleness is the most certain Symptom of Love in the World.

Jup. Alas, *Juno*, that you should think I have nothing but Love-matters to trouble my self withal.

Juno. What Thing else should trouble you, being such a one as we all know you to be ?

Jup.

Jup. Alas, 'tis a Thing of another Nature, *Juno*; for, to tell you the Truth, we are brought into no small Danger of being utterly deprived of our Worship, as well as our Sacrifices; and to be set contemned and slighted by every one.

Jun. What hath the Earth brought forth any more Giants? or have the *Titans* broke loose, and mastering their Guard, intend to make War upon us?

Jup. For that we are secure enough, inasmuch as no Danger is threatned us from Hell.

Jun. What other kind of Misfortune has hapned? For I can see no reason why we should be thus changed into *Polus* or *Aristodemas*, when such Matters do not disquiet you.

Jup. Yes, *Juno*, *Timocles* the Stoick, and *Damas* the Epicurean, falling into Discourse, did, in the hearing of a great and honourable Assembly, hold such a Dispute touching Providence, as hath ever since much perplext me: As for *Damas*, he stuck not openly to affirm, That there were no Gods; and, that they took no Care of Mens Actions; nor ordered the Affairs of the World; but the worthy *Timocles* did stoutly maintain our Cause. Whereupon a great Confluence of People running together, they came not to the Upshot of their Dispute; for they parted asunder upon this Condition, That they should on the Day following more accurately Examine and Discuss whatsoever remained of the Dispute. So that now all People are in suspense to see whether of the two will get the Victory, and produce the fairest Arguments. You see then

our

our Danger, and into what a Strait our Affairs are brought; all lyes at Stake in one Man: So that it is now come to this, Either we must be wholly slighted, and pass only for empty Names, or retain our former Veneration, which depends upon *Timocles* his getting the better in the Argument.

Juno. Truly this is a very dangerous Matter, and *Jupiter* had good reason to be thus distracted.

Jup. But you presently imagined, that I was pondering with my self how to procure the Company of some *Anteope* or *Danae*, when you saw me in such a melancholly Fit. What therefore, *Mercury*, *Juno* and *Minerva* is to be done? I would have you think of some expeditious and wholesome Counsel in this Affair.

Mer. My Opinion is, That a Counsel be forthwith summoned, and that the Business be put to the Publick Debate of a General Assembly.

Juno. And I subscribe to the same Opinion.

Min. But I am clear of another Mind, lest perhaps, having raised a Tumult, you should fill Heaven with Terror, and it should openly appear to all, how much, upon this Occasion, you are disquieted and troubled: it will be therefore a great deal better, that you should so far assist *Timocles*, that he may get the better in Disputing, whereby *Pamas* will be exposed to the Laughter and Scorn of all his Auditors, and so be forced to quit the Cause.

Mer. But these Things, *Jupiter*, will be long concealed and undetected, since the Philosophers,

losophers must argue in the publick View of the World: Moreover, you will be thought to play the Tyrant, if you do not confer with the rest of the Gods concerning so great an Affair as this, which equally concerns all.

Jup. De'e you then presently make Proclamation, and summon all to appear forthwith.

Mer. You say well. O, yes! *All ye Gods, come speedily into the Council, and give your Attendance, without Delay; forasmuch as a Debate is to be concerning Matters of the greatest Importance.*

Jup. How now, *Mercury*, do you make Proclamation in such bare, simple Terms, and call the Gods to consult of weighty Matters in Prose?

Mer. In what other manner, *Jupiter*, would you have me?

Jup. Do ye ask? I think it fit you should set out the Proclamation with Verses and Poetical Strains, that so there may be the greatest and more publick Appearance.

Mer. You say well; but this is the Office of Poets and Versifiers: Nor am I Poetical; so that I shall quite spoil the Proclamation, if I should make use of Verses ill patch'd together, and every one will laugh at me for my hobling Rimes. Upon which Score I have seen *Apollo* himself laughed at by some, for his manner of giving of Oracles, when he purposely involves and intangles many of his Sentences, that the Hearers should be negligent, and not sufficiently weigh his Verses.

Jup. Therefore, *Mercury*, I would have you mingle some of *Homer's Verses* with your Proclamation,

clamation, in the same manner as he is used, to call us together; for 'tis very probable you may remember some of them.

Mer. Truly I have not them very perfect, yet I will try what I can do: O, yes!

*All Gods and Goddesses, forthwith appear;
And all the Rivers of the Sea, draw near;
And all the Sacred Nymphs, attend the Court;
With hasty Steps to Jupiter resort:
And you for whom the Priests their Gifts prepare,
You of the middle Rank; or you that are
But of the second, or the last; or you
That are but meer Retainers to the Crew,
And live on Steams, you from Oblations drew!*

Jup. Well done, *Mercury*, you play the Cryer excellently, I see them thronging hither apace; wherefore take them, and put every one in his Seat, according to his Dignity; let those that are of Gold, fill the first Seats; those that are of Silver, the second; those that are of Ivory, the third; and, in the last Seat, let those that are of Brass and Stone, be placed: but among these shew a particular Respect to *Phidias*, *Alcamenes*, *Myron*, *Euphranor*, or the like excellent Artists, whilst those ordinary Slaves, enobled with no Art, are silently placed in some obscure Corner, only to fill up the Assembly.

Mer. What you desire shall be performed; and every one shall be seated according to his Dignity: However, this is not so easie a Matter, if one be made of Gold, otherwise not so excellent for Workmanship, if compared with Brazen or Stone Images of *Myron*,
Poly-

Polychetes, Phidias, or Alcamenes, in what Seat he is to be placed, if you would have Art to be preferred?

Jup. It should indeed be so, nevertheless Gold is to have the Preheminence.

Mer. I understand you; it is your Pleasure, that the richest, and not the best wrought, should be set foremost; wherefore come you hither, that are made of Gold, and take the first Seats: notwithstanding, *Jupiter*, by this means, none but *Barbarians* will be foremost; for you see what manner of ones the *Greeks* be, full of Comeliness and Grace; and, as for Workmanship, excellently wrought and polished, but all of them either made of Stone or Brass; or if any of them have been made after the most rich and costly manner, they are but of Ivory, with a little Gold here and there sprinkled, only for Ornament's sake, to make them appear the more handsom: but within they are made of Wood, and contain whole Swarms of Flies and Spiders; whereas *Bendis Anubis*, and by him *Attis*, as also *Mithres*, are all made of massy Gold; so that they are of infinite Value.

Nep. What Justice is this, *Mercury*, that you should prefer that *Egyptian Dog-face* before me?

Mer. You say right; but *Neptune, Lysippus*, made you of nothing but Brass, in that the *Corinthians* had then very little Gold then amongst them; but this God is made of all Gold, which is the richest of Metals: wherefore you must be content, and take it patiently, if he be preferred before you, nor ought you to stomach it, if you be set behind

hind one, that has so large a golden Nose.

Venus. Then, *Mercury*, remove me to sit among the Gods of Gold; for I am made of Gold.

Mer. 'Tis more than I can yet perceive; for, unless I doat, you are made of *Penthelean* Marble, and were so presented to the *Cindians* by *Praxiteles*.

Ven. But I will produce *Homer*, on my behalf, a most grave Witness, and worthy of Credit, who, in several Parts of his Poems, calls me *Golden Venus*.

Mer. The same Poet affirmeth also, that *Apello* is exceeding rich and wealthy; nevertheless you shall see him sitting in the lowest, remotest Rank, abused by Robbers, and having the Strings of his Fiddle stolen away: wherefore you must likewise be content; and take it kindly, that you are not thrust into some dark and servile Place, and therefore forced to attend the Assembly.

Colossus. Who dares contend with me, who am of so immense a Stature and Magnitude? But if the *Rhodians* did not vouchsafe to fashion me, without such excellent Cunning and Art as they might have done, yet, with the same Art, they framed sixteen golden Gods, by taking a Pattern from me; wherefore, in probability, I ought to be esteemed the most precious of all, since the Excellency of my Art and Workmanship is recompenced by the Greatness of my Bulk.

Mer. What ought to be done in this Case, *Jupiter*, for 'tis a Business hard to be decided? because, when I cast my Eyes upon him, I see he is made all of Brass; also when I consider

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how

how many Talents he weigheth, he seemeth to me worthy of Preheminence?

Jup. To what purpose was it, that he should be present in the Assembly, who, by his Bigness, will expose the Smallness of the rest to Contempt, as also breed a Disturbance, because he is not set in one of the best Places? But, good *Rhodian*, tho' you be to be preferred before all the golden ones, yet how can you possess the best Place, and sit down, unless all the rest rise up from their Seats, and go forth to give you room, since the whole Court is hardly big enough to receive your Buttocks? Therefore you would do well, if you are present, to be in a standing Posture, with your Head bending towards the Council.

Mer. See, here is another Controversie presented to me; there stands two Gods of Brass, made in the same Fashion, and in the same Shop of *Lysippus*, and, what is most material, equal in Nobility, as being both the Sons of *Jupiter*; which of them shall I prefer, *Bacchus*, or *Hercules*, for you see how they contend about Precedency?

Jup. We are too dilatory in our Proceedings, we should have been assembled long since; and therefore, for the present, let them take their Seats promiscuously, where-ever they think best, hereafter we will call a Council on purpose, to adjust this Matter, and to determine, for the future, what Order is to used among them.

Mer. But how mutinous they are, crying out after their accustomed manner, Where is the Nectar? Where is the Ambrosia left? Where

Where are the Hecatombs? Where the Sacrifices?

Jup. Make them be quiet.

Mer. Command Silence, that they may understand for what they have been summoned together; but all of them do not understand Greek, *Jupiter*; I am not well skilled in other Languages; wherefore I cannot speak so as to be understood, either by the *Scythians*, *Persians*, *Thracians*, or *Gauls*; and, for that reason, think it will be my best Course, to beckon them with my Hand, and in the mean while enjoyn them Silence.

Jup. Do it then.

Mer. Do you not see how they are all on a sudden become more mute than *Pythagoreans*? Wherefore it is now time to begin the Debate; Do you not see how the Eyes of all are upon you, full of Expectation, to hear what you have to say?

Jup. Because, *Mercury*, you are my own Son, I will acquaint you with what hath befallen me; I suppose you know how bold and loud I ever used to be in Assemblies.

Mer. I know it very well, and have often been terrify'd at your very Speech; but above all, when you threatned to let down a Chain from Heaven, and therewith draw up both the Earth and Sea, together with all the Gods and Goddesses dangling at it.

Jup. But now, dear Son, I know not how to express my self, either for fear of the imminent, Dangert that threaten us, or by reason of the Multitude of those, that are present: (for you see how full the Assembly is.) My Thoughts are confounded and ashamed; also

Lucian's Jupiter Tragedus.

my Tongue seems tied to my Mouth; and, which is worst of all, I have absolutely forgot the delicate Preface of my long studied Speech.

Mer. That is a very sad Misfortune, I must confess, *Jupiter*; for, by your Silence, all the Company will begin to suspect, and think to hear of some very sad Disaster, that makes you so backward to begin your Speech.

Jup. Would you therefore advise me to use that Prologue in *Homer*?

Mer. Which do you mean?

Jup. O, all ye Gods, give Audience to my Words.

Mer. Away, away, we had enough of this Stuff at the beginning of your Conference; wherefore, if you think good, omit all such tedious Poetry, and take one of *Demosthenes* his Orations against *Philip*, which, with a very small Alteration, you may apply to your Purpose; and, by so doing, you shall follow the Example of our many modern Orators.

Jup. You propose a very easie kind of ready-made Rhetorick, fit for such as are at a Nonplus; wherefore, accordingly, I will now begin my Speech. I suppose, O ye Gods, that you would value it above the greatest Treasure, to hear the Reasons why ye have been summoned to this Assembly; which being so, it is requisite, that ye should give Attention to what I shall tell you: Know therefore, That the present Time doth, as I may say, call out upon you, with all your Endeavours, to prevent the Dangers that are imminent; while we, in the mean time, seem to be very backward in providing against them. But since the borrowed

Words

Words of Demosthenes do here fail me, I will in a more familiar manner declare to you the true Reason that induced me with so much Trouble of Mind to convene this Assembly together: Yesterday, as you all know, when Mnesitheus the Marriner, for escaping Shipwrack, near the Capharean Rock, had paid his Vows, we feasted together in the Piræum, as many of us, as had been invited to the Sacrifice by Mnesitheus; whereupon, when the Libitations were ended, ye all went your ways severally, according as every one's Fancy led him; but I my self returned back into the City, to fetch a Walk before it was dark; where, pondering my Mind upon the niggardly and sordid Feast of Mnesitheus; who, having invited sixteen Gods to Dinner, sacrificed but one poor old Cock, and four Grains of rotten Frankincense; which were no sooner cast on the Coals, but they are presently extinguished, so that there was hardly Smoak enough to mount up so high as our Nostrils, tho' he had promised whole Hecatombs, when the Ship was in danger of the Rocks, and likely to be split. In the mean while, musing on these Things, I came to the Pacile, where, standing for some time, I suddenly beheld an unusuat Number, partly within the Portico and partly without, in the open Air, and hot in a Dispute; at length, conjecturing what the Business was, and believing them to have been some of those rangling and bawling Philosophers, I resolved to approach nearer, to hear more accurately what the Subject was about, which they so eagerly disputed; whereupon, wrapping my self in one of the thicker Clouds, I took upon me the Garb of a Philosopher, and, with a long Beard, pressed into the midst of the Croud, thrusting away every one I met, without being observed by any. Now, when I was got into the

midst of them, I there found Damis the Epicurean, that wicked Wretch, disputing with Timocles the Stoick, that good Man, who had so hotly bestirred himself, that he was then in a very great Sweat, and had almost lost his Voice, whilst Damis, in the mean while, grinning at him, did more exasperate Timocles: Moreover, their whole Conference was in relation to us, forasmuch as Damis impiously affirmed, That we took no Care of Humane Affairs, nor regarded any thing done upon Earth. In short the Upshot of this Discourse was, That in *rerum natura*, there were no Gods; nay, and so prevalent were the Arguments, that many did very much applaud him: But the others, namely Timocles, did stoutly maintain our Cause, and by all Ways, and by all Means, did oppose our Adversary, commending our Care and Diligence; both which he proved, from the World, and the convenient Order of all Things therein; as also, that there were Gods who did so orderly dispose of every thing; neither were there wanting those, who as much applauded his Speech; however, he grew to be extreemly tired, and spoke in very great Pain, insomuch, that all the Company fixed their Eyes on Damis: Whereupon, observing the Credit and Reputation of the Gods to be in some danger, I commanded Night forthwith to dissolve the Assembly, who accordingly departed, with a Condition, that on the next Day they should bring their Dispute concerning the Gods to a final Conclusion. Afterwards, mixing my self in the Company of many returning homewards, as they were on their Way, I heard them extol Damis his Words to the Sky, exceedingly approving what he said; nevertheless there were others that admonished them, to abstain from Prejudice, and defer their Judgments, till they heard what

what Timocles would give the Day following. Now this is the Reason for which I order'd you to be assembled together; nor indeed is it a trivial Matter, but such as deserveth the most diligent Consideration, in what our whole Worship and Honour lieth at stake; for if Men come once to be perswaded, that there are no Gods, or if there be any who think they take no Care of Humane Affairs, it is to be feared all our Sacrifices and Gifts from below, will not only be deny'd, but for ever withdrawn from us, and our Worship wholly intercepted: So that we may sit starving in Heaven, without either Festivals, Solemnities, Sports, Sacrifices, or Shows; it behoveth us therefore, at present, unanimously to advise concerning Things of so great Importance, if by any Means we can avert the impending Danger, by causing Timocles to get the better in Disputation, and so confound Damis, that all the Audience may laugh at him; for I am not very confident of the Abilities of Timocles, but that, if he were left to himself, he might be overcome, unless we lent him some Assistance: Make Proclamation therefore, Mercury, that they may rise and go to the Debate.

Mer. O yes! Who of the greater Gods hath a mind to speak? What is the Matter! Dost none rise up, but every one keep Silence, as if you were amazed with the Greatness of the Thing?

Mom. For my part, Jupiter, if I might have but free Liberty to speak my Mind, I have many Things at present to advertise you of.

Jup. Speak boldly, Momus, and with an undaunted Mind; for it seems as if you were about to speak something conducive to the present Business.

Mom. Hearken then, ye Gods, and mark well what I say; I, long ago, expected, that our Affairs would be reduced to this Exigency, and foresaw, in my Mind, that many such Sophisters, as these would arise, who should take up the Original and Ground of their abominable and wicked Boldness, even from our own very selves; neither indeed can we be justly angry with *Epicures* and his Followers, if they suspect such Things of us: For what good Opinion can they possibly have of the Gods, when they behold the Life of Man, so full of Trouble and Confusion? for, of good Men, whosoever leadeth the most unblamable Life, is most neglected, and unworthily oppressed, either with Poverty, Diseases, or Slavery; whereas wicked Men, who wallow in all manner of Filthiness, are superior to them, both in Honour and Dignity, as also abounding with Riches and Dominion over those, that are better than themselves. Moreover, sacrilegious Persons escape unpunished, and pass without discovery, while those that have committed no Crime at all, are crucified, and put to several sorts of Torments; which Things, when Men behold, blame them not if they have such Opinions concerning us, but especially when they hear our dubious Predictions, such as, That

*If Cræsus over Halys rom,
Great Forces he shall overthrow.*

Which doth not discover clearly whether he should overthrow his own Forces, or those of the Enemy. And again,

O, Salamis, thou shalt destroy
That which is Womens chiefeſt Joy.

Since as well the *Persians* as the *Greeks*, are both alike, born of Women; furthermore, when they learn from the Poets, that we are addicted to Love, as also to be subject to be Wounded and Enslaved; that we are sometimes bound in Fetters, and often at Dissention amongst our selves, as well in a ridiculous manner entangled, with an innumerable Company of the like Infirmities, tho' in the mean time we boast our selves to be Happy and Immortal, how is it possible (I say) but they should ridicule and scorn our Divinity? And yet we, forsooth, are very angry, if wise and considering Men, reflecting on these Stories, wrest all Providence out of our Hands; whereas we ought rather to be content, if any one will offer Sacrifice to us, considering the Crimes that we are guilty of. And here, *Jupiter*, (since we are in a manner alone, and none present in the Company, but *Hercules*, *Bacchus*, *Ganymede*, and *Esculapius*, who are spurious and supposititious Gods) answer me truly, when you took so much heed to Humane Affairs, as to observe who among Men were vicious or debauched, just or good, you cannot alledge, that you were ever taken up with any such Consideration? And therefore, unless *Theseus*, going from *Trazen* to *Athens*, had destroyed what Rogues he met with in his Journey, certainly as for you and your Providence, both *Sciron*, *Pityocampes*, and *Cercyon*, with innumerable other Cut-throats and Robbers,

bers, had still infested the Ways; and unless *Eurystheus*, a Man of great Prudence and Justice, had, out of his singular Humanity, sent this sturdy Servant of his, that did, with undaunted Courage, undergo all kind of Dangers and Difficulties, the *Lernean* Snake would never have come into your Mind, *Jupiter*, nor would you ever have regarded the *stymphatic* Birds, much less the *Thracian* Horses; Also, When would you have been mindful of the shameful Drunkenness of the *Centaur*s? Wherefore, to say truth, we here sit idle in Heaven, only observing whether any one offer Sacrifice, and make a Perfume with Frankincense at the Altars; but as for other Things, they may pass away carelessly, and swim down the Stream, for all the Care we take of them: wherefore it happeneth to us according to our Deserts. And we shall suffer further yet, when Men, after a while, consider with themselves, that they can get nothing by presenting Sacrifices and Oblations to us; and you will see, in a short time, we shall become the Laughing-stock of the *Epicureans*, as well as contemned by others, and that *Metrodorus* and *Damias* will prevail in their Disputes, while our Advocates will be totally routed. Wherefore it highly concerns us to put an end to these Matters, and to prevent these imminent Dangers, by strongly opposing all those, who were the first Beginners of them: Truly, for my own part, I shall run no great Hazard if I be neglected, since I was not formerly ranked in the Number of them, to whom Honour was given, while your Affairs were in a flourishing Condition,

dition, and you enjoyed your Sacrifices.

Jup. Let us, ye Gods, cashier this doating Fellow, who is upon all Occasions perpetually addicted to finding Faults; for, as the Orator excellently speaketh, it is an easie Matter to reprove and find Fault, but to demonstrate by what Means we may most commodiously redress the present Affairs, is the part of a most wise Counsellor, which Office I am perswaded that you will most constantly perform, tho' this Fellow hold his Peace.

Nept. I am, as you all know, used to converse in the Water; where, according to my Power, I have those, that sail upon the Sea, and with great Care conduct Ships to and fro, calming the violent Rage of the Winds, notwithstanding I am also careful of the Things in agitation here: Wherefore my Opinion is, that *Damis* be taken out of the way, before he come to the Argument, either by a Thunder-bolt, or some other Means, lest he get the better in the Dispute; for, as *Jupiter* relates, he is excellently skilled in all the Ways and Arts of Perswading; by which Means we shall testifie to Mankind, that we execute Punishment on all such, as have the Impudence to raise Objections against us.

Jup. Sure you jest, *Neptune*, or else forget the Order formerly prescribed, because no such Thing, as what you mention lieth in our Power; but the Destinies are they, that decree, who shall be slain with Thunder, who with the Sword, who with a Feaver, or who with a Consumption; for did it lye in my Power to punish Malefactors, do you think I would have let go those sacrilegious Persons with-

without a Thunder-bolt at their Heels, who shaved away two of my curled Locks, which weighed no less than six Pounds apiece? or would you have suffered that Thief to go unpunished, who in *Gereſtus* privily stole away your Trident? Add here to that, By such an Action we should betray too much Anger, as well as too much Apprehension of *Damis* his Arguments, thus treacherously to lay wait for him before his Encounter with *Timocles*: Besides, what were this, but to overcome without an Adversary?

Nept. I thought this might have been the most compendious Way to win the Victory.

Jup. Away with such ridiculous mad Advice, to destroy an Enemy before Conviction, and thereby still leaving the Dispute in suspense.

Nept. Do you then invent something, that may be more conducive, if you think my Counsel so much to be slighted.

Apol. Did but the Law admit us, who are beardless *Juniors*, to speak in Assemblies, I could perhaps produce some wholesome, and seasonable Advice concerning the Business now under debate.

Mom. Certainly, *Apollo*, we have proposed a Debate concerning such difficult Matters, that every one, without respect of Age, may freely speak whatsoever he judgeth may be effectual to the common Safety: For what a pretty Business were it, if now, while we were in the greatest Danger, we should ambitiously contend about little Punctilio's of Law? But as for you, *Apollo*, you are a legitimate Counsellor, as being long since past
your

your Nonage, and enroled in the List of the Twelve; so that you want not much of Voting even in the Council of *Saturn*: wherefore there is no cause why you should talk of Juniority, and not boldly utter what you conceive most fit to be done at this Juncture; neither let it make you blush, for appearing beardless in this Assembly, especially since your Son *Esculapius* hath so long a Beard; besides, it will not be unbecoming you, at this Age, to give some Proof of your Wisdom, lest you should be thought to have sat so long with the Muses in *Helicon* to no purpose.

Apol. However, it is not in your Power, *Momus*, but in *Jupiter's*, to grant such a License; who, if he will but permit to speak, I shall perhaps utter something that may neither seem rude or unlearned, but answerable to my Conversation in *Helicon*.

Jup. Then speak, my Son, for I give you leave. Indeed *Timocles* seemeth to be an honest and well-minded Man, and one that is well skilled in Stoical Disputations; so that he is Tutor in Philosophy to a great many young Men, and by this Means gets a great deal of Money, having an excellent Faculty of perswading whensoever he discourseth among the Pupils in private; but he is the most timerous and unfit Man to speak in a popular Auditory that can be found, as being of a clownish barbarous Speech, so that by his silly and rustical Manner of Expression, he oftentimes makes his Hearers fall a Laughing, by confounding and jumbling his Arguments together, without any manner of Connexion; and of this he is most guilty, when he endeavours

vours to appear most eloquent; otherwise, as for Sharpness of Wit, he is one of a most perspicacious Understanding, and of a divine Mind, as they report, who are more truly acquainted with the Doctrine of the Stoicks; but, when he comes to express his Notions, he ruins all, in not being able to explain his Meaning, but seems to entangle every thing with Riddles. And as for Answers to the Questions, that are propos'd, they are still more and more abstruse and enigmatical; whereupon his Hearers, not being able to comprehend the Meaning of his affected Obscurity, are commonly used to turn him into Ridicule: Now, for my part, I think it the best Way to use a clear and significant Way of Expression, and that much Care ought to be taken to have our Auditors understand easily what we say.

Mom. You do well, *Apollo*, to commend them who use Perspicuity in expressing their Minds, tho' you yourself are not wont to take this Course in giving Oracles, but intangle your Speech with Ambiguity and Obscurity; so that your Hearers had need of another *Apollo* to interpret your Oracles. But what Advice give you, what Remedy is to be used to secure us, in case *Timocles* is worsted in his Arguments?

Apol. The only Way will be to give him an Orator for his Assistant, who being dextrous in Expressions, may pronounce with a Grace whatsoever *Timocles* shall suggest to him.

Mom. What you have spoken doth not become a Beard, to talk of hiring an Interpreter in an Assembly of Philosophers, to expound

pound *Timocles*'s Thoughts to them, whilst *Damis* in the mean time delivers his own himself: Moreover, *Timocles* shall whisper into his Interpreter's Ear what he pleases, and the Interpreter afterwards play the Orator, while he himself perhaps understands nothing of that which *Timocles* prompted; how is it possible that these Things should not be extremely ridiculous to the Audience: Wherefore let us try another Way, since it will not succeed this. But, worthy Sir, forasmuch as you profess your self to be a Prophet, and have by such Arts gotten no small Wealth, insomuch that golden Plates were made for your use, why do ye not upon this Occasion exhibit some notable Proof of your Skill, by foretelling us which of the Sophisters shall get the better in that Dispute; for being so well versed in Augury, it is likely you can guess the Event of Things to come?

Apol. How can this be done, *Momus*, when we have no Trivet by us, nor any Perfumes, nor holy Water, such as that of *Castalia*?

Mom. Do you see how you are confuted, and driven to your Shifts.

Jup. Nevertheless speak on, Son, nor give this Sycophant any Occasion to calumniate and deride you, as if all your prophetick Skill lay in a Trivet-water or a little Frankincense; and that, in their absence, ye were destitute of all your Art.

Apol. Truly, Father, I could better do these Things at *Delphos* or *Colophon*, where I should have all manner of Oracles about me; nevertheless, tho' I am unprovided of those Helps, I will endeavour to foretel whether we shall
get

get Victory or no ; but I will express the Oracle in Verse, lest you should except against it.

Mom. Let us hear it ; but see, that you speak clearly and plainly ; and so that your Words may stand in need of no Interpreter ; for there is no Mutton, nor Cockles frying in *Lydia* ; but you know well enough what Matters we are now debating.

Jup. O Son, what are you about to speak ! How full of Terror are the Preparatives to your Oracles ? for your Colour is changed with Paleness ; your Eyes roul to and fro ; your Hair standeth upright ; your Body staggers up and down ; and every Thing is full of Misery and Amazement.

Apol. Give ear to the Prediction of Apollo,
Touching a great Dispute that is to follow,
Between a couple of loud Sophisters,
Who shall with Noise and Tumult fill our
[Ears ;
But when the Vulture, with his crooked Claws,
Shall catch the Grasshopper, the frightened Daws
Shall fall a Cawing, and the Mules shall get
The wish'd-for Conquest, but the Ass shall fret,
And with a sharp long Horn her Foal shall
[gort:

Jup. Why do you fall into such a Laughter, *Momus* ? the Danger that hangeth over our Heads, is no Matter to be laugh'd at ; stop your Gigling, or you are like to throttle your self.

Mom. How do you think 'tis possible for me to forbear Laughing, having heard so clear and perspicuous an Oracle ?

Jup.

Jup. Why do you not then interpret to us the Meaning thereof?

Mom. 'Tis very obvious and manifest; so that there is no need of the Assistance of a *Themosticles*; for this Oracle plainly testifies, that this Fellow is a Jugler, and we Asses, or rather Mules, to be so easily induced to believe his Words, who hath not so much Wit or Brain as a Locust.

Hercules. For my part, Father, tho' I am but an Inmate among the Gods, yet will I endeavour to relate what I think most conducive to the present State of our Affairs: When the Sophisters are met, if *Timocles* get the better, we will suffer the Disputation to go on; but if it happen otherwise, I shall shake the very Foundation of the House, and tumble it about *Damis* his Ears, that the damned Villain may no longer assault us with his blasphemous Mouth.

Mom. You are too fierce and barbarous, *Hercules*; What slay so many innocent Persons, for the sake of that wicked *Damis*! and to overturn the House, together with *Marathon*, *Miltiades* and *Cynagirus*! If this House be thrown down, what Place shall the Orators have to declaim in, being deprived of the greatest Motive they have to write Orations? Indeed, while you lived upon the Earth, you might have done such things, but since you have been translated into the Society of the Gods, and been made Partaker of their Divinity, you have learned, I suppose, that the Destinies only can perform such things, whereas we our selves are destitute of any such Power.

Q

Her.

Jup.

Her. At this rate then, when with my Club I slew the Lion, or the *Hydra*, it was not I, but the Destinies, that performed those things by me.

Jup. It was so, *Hercules*.

Her. And now, if any one do impudently deride me, or in a sacrilegious manner rob my Temple, or overthrow my Statue, shall I not destroy him, unless therefore it hath been so decreed by Destinies?

Jup. No.

Her. Then be pleased, O *Jupiter*, to hear me, and suffer me to speak freely what I think; for, as the Comedian saith, I am a plain home-spun Fellow, and one that calls a Spade, a Spade. Now things go thus, I will bid Farewel to Honour, Sacrifices, and Perfumes, which I here enjoy, and descend into Hell; where, tho' I be armed with nothing but a Bow, the Ghosts will stand in dread of me, by reason of the terrible wild Beasts and Monsters that I have every-where slain.

Jup. So you have brought a domestick Witness, and kept this Argument in store for *Damis*. But who is that, that cometh in such haste, I mean that brazen Fellow, so curiously polish'd, and exactly wrought, with his Locks tied up after the old Fashion. Oh! it is your Brother *Mercury*, that Court-attendant, that is so frequent in the *Pacile*; and therefore full of Pitch, as being continually new modelled by the Statuaries. What is the Matter? Why do you make such haste towards us? Do you bring us any News from the Earth?

Her.

Hermagoras. Yes; and such News, as is of exceeding great Consequence, and requireth the greatest Care and Diligence.

Jup. Tell us then presently, whether any Evil hath unawares befallen us.

Herm. While they were making me of Brass in the *Pracile*, fastening on my Back and Breast, and hanging a Target on my Body in an undecent manner, and putting a brazen Girdle on me with as little Skill, I saw a great Throng running towards us, with two Sophisters in the midst of them, with a sour and pale Countenance, the one *Damis*, the other —

Jup. Spare naming of them, good *Hermagoras*, I know who you mean; but tell me in a Word, whether they have yet begun to grapple?

Herm. Not as yet, for they have only made a Flourish, casting Reproaches one against another at a distance.

Jup. O, ye Gods, what must we do? Shall we not hang down our Heads and listen? Wherefore let the Hours take away the Bar from the Gate, and, setting aside the Clouds, unlock the Doors of *Olympus*. See, what a Multitude of Men are come together; but I do not like this *Timocles* very well, he is such a cowardly Fellow he will quite ruine our Cause; for he plainly demonstrateth his Inability to resist and encounter the Charge of *Damis*: Wherefore let us wish him good Luck, but silently, lest *Damis* should overhear us.

Timocles. What sayest thou, O sacrilegious *Damis*, that there are no Gods, or, at least, they take no Care of Humane Affairs?

Dam. Not so: But do you answer me first, Upon what Ground you were first induced to believe, that there are Gods?

Tim. Nay, but do thou, Rascal, answer me.

Dam. I say, I will not; but do you answer me.

Jup. This Way our Champion will get the better; for he is louder, and more harsh in his Expressions than the other. Well done, *Timocles*, Rail soundly against that wicked Wretch; for I see thy Ability chiefly consists in Railing, otherwise he will soon stop thy Mouth, and make thee as Mute as a Fish.

Tim. By *Minerva*, I will never answer thee first.

Dam. Make then your Proposition good, *Timocles*; for in this you have got the better, since you have sworn it, but I beseech you to leave off Reproaches.

Tim. Well observed, thou execrable Beast; But thinkest thou, the Gods use no Providence?

Dam. None.

Tim. What sayest thou, do all Things therefore come to pass by Chance, and without the Providence of the Gods?

Dam. Yes.

Tim. Neither is any Thing order'd or dispos'd by the Care of any God?

Dam. No.

Tim. But all Things are carried at random?

Dam. Yes.

Tim. O, Citizens, Can you endure to hear such execrable Blasphemies against the Gods, without stoning this Villain to Death?

Dam.

Dam. But why do you thus exasperate the People against me? Or what Character must I have of you, who have no other Way to vindicate the Gods, but by calumniating me; when, at the same time, the Gods themselves are not at all offended; for tho' they have heard such Things long since, yet have they not in the least punished me; however, I cannot certainly tell, whether they hear them or not?

Tim. They hear them; *Damis*, be assur'd they hear them; only reserve your Punishment for another time.

Dam. And when will they have so much Leisure, as to think of me, being (as you say) taken up with so many and so weighty Affairs, in disposing of innumerable Things throughout the World; so that they have not as yet had Time to bring even you your self to condign Punishment, for your many Perjuries and other Crimes, which I forbear to enumerate. Nor truly do I see by what clearer Argument the Gods can evince their Providence, than by making an Example of you, a Person so lewd and infamous. But 'tis reported for certain, that they are gone abroad, perhaps, to the other Side of the Ocean, to visit the honest *Ethiopians*; for they are often used to visit them, even sometimes without being invited.

Tim. What Answer shall I give to so impudent and blasphemous a Scandal?

Dam. My Desire is only, that you will tell me, by what Means you are induced to think that the Gods take Care of Humane Affairs?

Tim. I was induced to this Belief by observing the Order of those Things, which daily occur, as namely, by beholding the constant and daily Race of the Sun, as well as of the Moon, also by viewing the Setting and Rising of the Stars, the Growing of Plants out of the Earth, and Birth of sundry living Creatures, produced Day by Day, which being brought forth with so great Industry, are in like manner nourished, moved, and carried to and fro. I have also observed how artificially Men contrive their Houses, and exercise various Sorts of Manufactures; all which, with innumerable other Things, are to me most convincing Arguments and Proofs of the Divine Providence.

Dam. Timocles, you beg the Question, since it is no ways evident, that all these Things are effected by the Disposal of Providence; but that these Things are done, I will not deny: Yet it doth not therefore follow, that I ought presently to believe, that they are performed by any Over-ruling and Divine Power, because they always happen after one and the same manner. But you presently fall into Passion, if any one dissent from your Opinion, whilst you reckon up and extol the Works of Nature, thinking that thereby you have demonstrated the Power of Providence, to challenge any of them at Pleasure: Therefore what you have hitherto alledged is frivolous and trifling; so that, to prevail, you had need to produce some other Argument.

Tim. Truly I am clear of Opinion, that there is no occasion for any other Argument, to enforce this Matter; notwithstanding I will

will make certain Proposals to you, the which, if you please, you may answer: Is not *Homer*, in your Opinion, the most excellent of Poets?

Dam. Yes.

Tim. Then on his Credit 'tis I depend, who very plainly, throughout his whole Poem, asserts the Providence of the Gods.

Dam. But, Sir, tho' ev'ry one must acknowledge, that he was an excellent Poet, yet it will not therefore be allowed, that either he, or any other Poet, is a sufficient Witness in this Matter; for, I suppose, their Aim was not so much to deliver the Truth, as to please the Mind of their Auditors, with the Delicacy of their Inventions and Poems. For this Reason it is, that they write in Verse, and Mantle over their Stories with Fables, thereby to illustrate them after the most lively manner. But I would fain hear from you by what Words of *Homer* you were chiefly induced to this Opinion, Was it by them which he uttered concerning *Jupiter*, viz. when he relates how his Daughter, together with his Wife and Brother, endeavoured to catch him in a Snare, and bind him in Fetters, in-somuch, that had not *Thetis* taken pity on him, and sent *Briareus* to his Rescue, poor *Jupiter* had been fetter'd and destroy'd? To requite *Thetis* for his Courtesie, he sent a delusory Dream to *Agamemnon*, thereby causing a great Number of the *Greeks* to be slain by the Enemy: From whence we may observe, that it was no such easie Matter for *Jupiter* to strike *Agamemnon* with Lightning, since he was fain to couden and delude him. Or, per-

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haps, that Story of *Homer* did most of all win your Belief, wherein he relates how *Diomedes* wounded *Venus* in the Hand, as also *Mars* himself, at the Instigation of *Minerva*; after which, all the Cœlestials fell together by the Ears; whereupon *Minerva* threw down *Mars*, he being at that time weary and faint, with the Wound which he had received a little before from *Diomedes*; also *Mercury* contended with *Latona*. Or else, perhaps, you give most credit to what he relateth about *Diana*, As how ill she took it, to be left out and not invited by *Oeneus* to his Feast: whereupon she animated a Boar of an unusual Bigness to infest his Country. Now did *Homer* gain your Belief by such Legends as these?

Jup. O wonderful, what a loud Acclamation the People make in Commendation of *Damias*, whereas our Advocate and Patron stands like a Man in a Maze, quaking and shivering, as if he was just ready to throw away his Buckler, and yield up the Cause; for he first looks on the one side, then on the other, to see which Way he may best make his Escape out of the Croud.

Tim. For this Reason you do not think *Euripides* speaks Truth, when he brings the Gods upon the Stage, shewing how good Men are preserved by them, while the Wicked at the same time are miserably destroyed?

Dam. Good *Timocles*, if the Tragick Poets by these Stories, work such a Belief in you, one of these two Things must needs follow: Either, that you must think *Polus*, *Aristomedus*, and *Satyrus*, to be Gods; Or else, that they were but the Proprietors of the Gods,
that

that is in the Nature of the Shoes, long Gowns reaching to the Ground, Cloaks, Gloves, and Belly-pieces, and innumerable other Things wherewith they are adorned in their Tragedies ; which I think to be a very absurd Notion ; otherwise, as oft as Poets, without any Necessity urgeth them, they declare their Opinion in their Poems, do you not hear them uttering such Words as these :

*Do you not see the Heaven's high arched Roof,
Which in his spacious Arms contains the Earth ?
This last is Juno, and the first is Jove.*

And again,

*What God to term great Jove's unknown to me,
But that he's great and popular I see.*

Tim. By this Reckoning, all Men and Nations are shamefully deceived, in thinking that there are many Gods, as well as in keeping their Festivals with so much Devotion.

Dam. Well done, *Timocles*, for bringing to mind the Opinion, that other Nations have of the Gods. For you may thereby clearly perceive how the Report, that passeth up and down in the World, concerning the Gods, hath no certainty, or stability in it ; for there is a various and confused Hotch-potch of Opinions, whereof People have several Idea's, the *Scythians*, sacrifice to a Scymiter ; the *Thracians*, to *Zamloxis*, a Fugitive, who came to them from *Samos* ; the *Frigians*, to the Moon ; and the *Ethiopians*, to the Morning ; the *Cylenians*,

lenians, to *Phales*; the *Assyrians*, to a Dove; the *Persians*, to Fire; and all the *Egyptians*, in general, worship Water; but the *Memphians*, particularly worship an Ox for their God; and the *Pelusians*, worship an Onion; others, a Stork, or Crocodile, or a Cat, or a Monkey, or the like Monsters: besides, some account the right Shoulder for a God, others the left, others the upper-part of the Head, others the earthen Pot or Platter: Are not these Things therefore worthy to be laughed at?

Mom. O, ye Gods, did not I foretel, that all these Things would come to light, and be thoroughly scanned?

Jup. You did, *Momus*, and reprov'd us, not without cause; therefore, if I can but escape this Brunt, I will endeavour, for the future, to remedy all these Inconveniences.

Tim. But, O thou Enemy of the Gods, whose Work will you say the Oracles and Predictions of Things to come are, are they not derived from the Gods, and their Providence?

Dam. Good Sir, forbear speaking of Oracles, otherwise I shall demand of you, to what purpose you mentioned them; you know what kind of Oracle was uttered to *Cræsus*; how craftily did *Apollo* delude the poor Man with his two forked Speech, looking both ways like the Image of *Mercury*? so that the *Ly-dian* could not tell whether he would overthrow his own or the *Persian* Army, notwithstanding he bought this pernicious Riddle at the Rate of many Talents.

Mom. This Fellow, ye Gods, hath recount-ed those Things I ever much feared; Where is now our dumb Musician? Pray, good Sir,

go your self, and refute these Objections, that you may save your Credit.

Jup. Momus, you do but perplex and fret us, in using so many Reproaches unseasonably.

Tim. See what thou art about to do, thou wicked *Damis*; it seems you make no Bones of throwing down, as well the Images, as Altars of the Gods.

Dam. I do not desire to have the Altars destroyed; for what hurt do they do, if they be filled with sweet Perfumes? But I should rejoyce to see the Altar of *Dianna*, in *Thrace*, demolished, whereon both Men and Women us'd to be sacrific'd.

Jup. How comes this Barbarity to be objected to us? I see this impudent Fellow spareth none of the Gods, but darteth out his Reproaches and Slanders at random against all indifferently, whether guilty or not.

Mom. I fear you will find very few among us who are altogether innocent; for you shall presently see him attack the very best of us.

Tim. O thou, the Enemy to the Gods! dost not thou hear *Jupiter* himself thundring from Heaven?

Dam. Why do you think I should not hear the Thunder? But whether it be *Jupiter* that causeth the Thunder or no, you can better than I tell, having conversed among the Gods before you come down to us: Notwithstanding Travellers, who come hither out of *Crete*, tell another kind of Tale, viz. That there is a certain Tomb in that Country,

try, with a Pillar hard by it, which shews, that *Jupiter* has done thundring; was long since dead.

Mom. I knew *Damis* would come to this at last: but why do you grow so pale, *Jupiter*, and tremble so exceedingly, that your Teeth chatter in your Head? Courage! Value not what such paltry Fellows say.

Jup. How can you expect me to be unconcerned, when you see what a Multitude not only heareth his Discourse, but give Credit to it; as if *Damis* had tied them all by the Ears?

Mom. Why then, *Jupiter*, let down a golden Chain, and pull them all up together, both with Earth and Sea.

Tim. Tell me, O thou wicked Wretch, didst never sail upon the Sea?

Dam. Yes, often.

Tim. Did not the Wind come down upon the Sails, and drive the Ship, or else Men row it with Oars, while some one stood above the Helm and steered?

Dam. Right.

Tim. The Ship could not therefore go forward in the Sea, unless she were guided; And do you think this whole Universe is carried to and fro, without the Assistance of any Guide?

Dam. That was strongly argued, I confess, *Timocles*: But then, Sir, you must further observe, that the Pilot of a Ship is perpetually minding what may be good for the Passengers, and providing before what is necessary, as also enjoyning the Mariners to do what ever is expedient to be done; where-

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as your Guide, to whom you attribute the Care of Managing this great Vessel of the World, doth institute and order fitly according to reason; but if there be a Cable, it is stretched out to the very Poop, and the toe thereof to the Prow; and the Anchors are sometime of Gold, whilst all the rest are of Lead: likewise the lower Parts of the Ship are curiously painted, whilst the upper Parts are foul and unhandsom: besides, among the Mariners, you may see one sluggish, and void of Skill, without taking any Pains, and scarce deserving a Groat a Day; but he, who in the mean time, is expert in Swimming, and can nimbly run up the topmost Yard, and that hath the exact Skill of Managing a Ship, he, I say, is appointed to labour at the Pump. The same Face of Things may be discerned about those exempted from the Toil of Rowing, where some base Fellow, preferred before other in Honour and Precedency, sitteth by the Steers-man, and is preferred before all the rest: By and by another lewd Companion, that hath committed Parricide, or Sacrilege, getteth above others, and cometh to the Stern; whereas many Men, of approved Credit and Honesty, are thrust down into the bottom of the Keel, and there trampled upon by meer Scoundrels: For do but consider with your self in what manner *Socrates*, *Aristides*, and *Phocian*, did sail, who had hardly enough to keep them alive, whilst, on the contrary, *Callias*, *Midias*, and *Sardanapalus*, lived in the greatest Plenty that Heart could wish. Such Examples as these, *Timocles*, are frequently seen in your Ship; for

for which Reason also there are infinite Shipwracks made: but were there any one Commander in chief, to see every thing done in an orderly just manner, first, he could not be ignorant which of the Passengers are good, and which bad; in the next place, would assign every one such an Office as was most suitable to him, and would give to the better Sort a Place equal with himself, in the upper Part of the Ship, and thrust down the inferiour Sort into the Hold: besides, he would joyn with himself in Council such as were best skilled in Navigation, according to the severall Understandings of each Mariner, he would place them in their severall Posts, giving to one Conduct of the Steerage or Rudder; to another, the Office of looking to the Sides of the Vessel; to another, Supream Authority over all; but for lazy sloathful Persons, such he would order to be whipped five times a Day: Wherefore the Instance that you bring of a Ship, is like to be overthrown, for want of a good and skilful Pilot.

Mom. This goes as *Damis* would have it; so that he is carried with full Sails to the Victory.

Jup. You are in the right, *Momus*; for *Timocles* is able to alledge no strong Arguments, but only such weak and trivial Reasons as are easily refuted.

Tim. Forasmuch as you suppose the Instance of a Ship to be but slight and trivial, pray hear that now which is our Sacred Anchor, and which you shall never be able to evade.

Jup.

Jup. What is he about to speak now?

Tim. For I will make you know how strongly I can Dispute, and will put you to your Shifts to answer me. Thus then I argue, If there be Altars, there are Gods; but there are Altars, therefore there are Gods. What have you to Mutter against this Argument?

Dam. When I have done Laughing, I will answer you.

Tim. You look as if you would never have done: But, pray you, tell me, why you think these Words so ridiculous?

Dam. Because you do not perceive your Anchor hangeth on a very slender Thread; for because there are Altars, you think, that you have firmly concluded, that there are Gods: Wherefore, since you profess to have no stronger Arguments, let us give over and be gone.

Tim. But, before you go, you confess your self overcome?

Dam. Yes, *Timocles*; because, like some Malefactor, that is bringing to Execution, you fly to the Altar: Wherefore, upon these Altars, I will sacrifice to you, on condition, that hereafter we may contend no more about these Matters.

Tim. You damned execrable Villain, you speak this to jeer me: Who your Father was, we cannot tell, but every one knows what kind of Woman your Mother was; as also, how you imbrued your Hands in your Brother's Blood; you, I say, who are wont to abuse Gentlewomen, and to corrupt Boys: Wherefore do not run away, till I have given you two or three Knocks on the Pate for your Insolence.

Jup.

Jup. Thus, ye Gods! see, one goes away, shaking with Laughter, whilst the other follows at his Heels, Railing and Raving, like one distracted, at his Jeers, and seemeth to have broken his Head: What think you therefore is to be done in this Case?

Mer. The Comedian, seems to speak excellently, when he says, *Nothing hurts a Man so much as his own Conceit*. For what hurt can it do us, if a few Men go away with such an Opinion concerning us, since there are many of a different Mind, and far surpassing the Number of the *Greeks*, I mean the promiscuous Rabble, and all the barbarous Nations?

Jup. But, O *Mercury*! excellent was that which *Darius* said, concerning *Zopyrus*; I am of the same Opinion, rather to have one such Friend to stand by me, than to be Master of infinite *Babylons*.

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Being an Account of the Temple,
and Religious Ceremonies of
the City of *Hieropolis* in *Syria*.

By the same Hand.

THere is in *Syria* a City, not far distant from the River *Enphrates*, called *Hirā*, or the *Sacred City*, which is dedicated to the *Assyrian Juno*: but it seems to me, as if that was not the Original Name thereof at its first Building; but rather some other, which was afterwards, upon the great Solemnity of Religion performed there, changed into this. Now my Design is to treat concerning this City, and whatsoever Things are most remarkable therein: as also of its particular Laws and Customs, in their Sacrifices, Solemnities, and other Religious Rites. I will likewise rehearse what is related of them that first erected the Temple and Chappel; all which Things I write, as being my self an *Assyrian*, and having seen some of them with my own Eyes, and learned others (which happened

pened before my time) of their Priests. The *Egyptians* you must know then, are the first that we any-where read of, who having the Notion of a Deity, erected Temples, consecrated Groves, and appointed religious Assemblies; they also were first acquainted with Sacred Names, and delivered Sacred Stories; but not long after, the *Assyrians* received from them their Traditions concerning the Gods; and, in like manner, erected Temples and Sanctuaries, wherein they also placed Images, and set up Statues; whereas, in former times, the Temples, even among the *Egyptians*, were without any Images. There are also Temples in *Syria*, not much later than those in *Egypt*, the greatest part whereof I have seen: As also that of *Hercules* in *Tyre*; not the same *Hercules* whom the *Grecians* celebrate, but another far more ancient, and a *Tyrean Heroe*. There is also another great Temple in *Phanicia*, held by the *Sidonians*, which they say was erected to *Astarta*; by which *Astarta*, I suppose, they mean the Moon: however, one of the Priests told me, that it belonged to *Europa*, the Sister of *Cadmus*; who being the Daughter of King *Agenor*, and vanishing, they knew not whither, the *Phanicians* honoured her with a Temple; and tell a Sacred Story concerning her, how, being a beautiful Virgin, *Jupiter* fell in love with her, and, transforming his Shape into a Bull, carried her away, and brought her into *Crete*. This Fiction I heard also from other *Phanicians*; and the Money which the *Sidonians* make use of, beareth upon it the Image of *Europa*, sitting upon a Bull; but they do not

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positively affirm, that the Temple is *Europa's*. The *Phenicians* have another Temple likewise, not an *Affyrian*, but an *Egyptian* one, brought from *Heliopolis* into *Phanicia*: indeed I have not seen it, but they say 'tis very great and very ancient. I saw likewise a Temple in *Byblis*, dedicated to *Venus Byblia*, wherein they perform Sacred Rites to *Adonis*, and was instructed in the same. They relate, that the Misfortune of *Adonis*, who was slain by a Boar, happened in their Country: and, in memory thereof, whip themselves every Year, Mourning, and performing many Ceremonies; at which time great Lamentation is made by them over all the Country: but, when they have done Whipping themselves, and Lamenting, in the first place, they offer up Funeral-Sacrifices to *Adonis*, as being dead; but then, on the Morrow after, they feign he is restored to Life again, and ascended up through the Air into Heaven, when they shave their Heads, as the Custom of the *Egyptians* is, upon the Death of *Apis*: but for those Women, that will not have their Heads shaved, this is the Penalty inflicted on them, they are to stand one whole Day, and expose their Bodies to sale only to Strangers; and the Money that they get by so doing, is offered up as a Present to *Venus*. But there are some of the *Bibhyans* who say, that *Osiris* the *Egyptian* was buried amongst them, and that all their Lamentation and Solemnity is performed, not in Honour of *Adonis*, but *Osiris*; in Confirmation whereof they tell you this Story, which makes it the more probable: They say a Head is brought every Year from

Egypt to *Byblis*, over the Sea, in the space of seven Days, the Winds carrying it with such a Divine Gale, that it turneth neither to the one side, nor to the other, but comes in a strait Passage directly to *Byblis*; which, tho' it may seem miraculous, happens every Year, and did the same when I was there; by which means I my self had a sight of the *Byblian* Head. There is also another Wonder in this Country of *Byblis*, and that is, a certain River runneth out of Mount *Libanus* into the Sea, the Name whereof is *Adonis*: Now this River, every Year, is turned into Blood, and being so discoloured, falleth into the Sea; a considerable part whereof it tinctures of a Purple Colour, thereby signifying to the *Byblians*, the Time when to begin their Mourning. They also further relate, how that at that very time *Adonis*, being wounded on *Libanus*, and his Blood running into the Water, changed the Colour of the River, and giveth the Denomination to the Current. Which Things are reported by the Vulgar: But a certain *Byblian* of Credit related to me another Cause of this Accident, which was this: The River *Adonis* (said he) passeth through Mount *Libanus*, which consists of a very red Mold; so that strong Winds, arising at that time of the Year, carry the Earth into the River, and turns it into a reddish Colour: which the *Byblian* assured me was the true Cause of that Accident, and not the Blood they talk of. However, admitting this Relation to be true, yet the arising of this Wind always at such a certain time, seemeth to me to be something extraordinary: Moreover,

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over, I went up a Day's Journey into *Libanus* out of *Byblis*, having heard, that there was an ancient Temple of *Venus*, erected by *Cinyras*; which Temple I saw, and found it was very ancient. Now these are the greatest and oldest Temples in *Syria*; but tho' there be so many, yet no Temple seemeth to me to be rarer or more considerable, than that in the City; nor any Sanctuary more holy, or Country more sacred in it. There are many very ancient Works, costly Ornaments, miraculous Structures, and Images, worthy of the Gods they represent: together with many Deities, yielding a perspicuous Signification of themselves; whose Images sweat, move, and deliver Oracles, as if alive. A Noise likewise hath been often heard in the Temple, after it hath been shut. Then, for Riches, it far exceeds all other Temples I ever yet beheld; being supplied with great Revenues, which are brought to it out of *Arabia*, *Phenicia*, *Babilon*, and *Cappadocia*; as well as Offerings, both from the *Cilicians* and *Affyrians*. I saw likewise the Cloaths, and other Things, that were secretly laid up in the Temple, which are worth their Weight in Gold: nor are there in any Place exhibited so great Solemnities and Festivals, as amongst them. I enquir'd also concerning the Age of the Temple, how many Years it had stood; and concerning the Goddess, whom they thought her to be? I heard many different Relations, whereof some were Sacred, others Vulgar, others very Fabulous, others Barbarous, and others like those, which commonly are told among the *Greeks*; all which I will hear re-

late, tho' many of them to me seem incredible. The Vulgar therefore say, That *Deucalion*, by Birth a *Schythian*, in whose Time the great Flood happened, erected this Temple. Now, concerning this *Deucalion*, I have heard a Story among the *Greeks*, which is this: That the Generation of Men, now in being, was not from the beginning, but there was a former Generation, which totally perished; so that these are of a second Race, and descend from *Deucalion*, tho' now grown so numerous. As for the Men of the first Race, the Fable reports, That being very pernicious and prophane, they committed many notorious Wickednesses; for they neither kept their Oaths, nor used any Hospitality to Strangers, nor relieved the Necessities of Supplicants; for which Reason this Calamity happened to them. The Earth presently sent forth a vast deal of Water; also there fell very great Showers; the Rivers ran down with more Violence, than ever before, and the Sea overflowed exceedingly: So that all Places were filled with Water, to the Destruction of Mankind in general, excepting only *Deucalion*, who, for his Piety and Wisdom, was preserved to Repopulate the World with another Race. Now the Manner how he was saved, was thus: He made a great Ark, wherein he put himself, his Children, and his Wives; whither there repaired to him, Swine, Horses, Lions, Serpents, and all other living Creatures whatever, that feed upon the Earth, each Species by Pairs; *Deucalion* received them all; nor did they offer him any Prejudice, there being a sociable Agreement and Friendship made amongst

mongst them by *Jupiter*. In this manner they sailed all together in the Ark, so long as the Water continued upon the Earth. And this is the Fable of *Dencalion*, reported by the *Greeks*. Now for the Things, that followed hereupon: There is a wonderful Story related by those of *Hierapolis*, How that in their Country, there was a great Pit made, which received all the Water; whereupon *Dencalion* erected Altars, and built a Temple over-against the same Pit, in honour of *Juno*: I myself saw the Pit, which is under the Temple, and very small; but whether it were greater formerly, than now, I cannot tell; however, that, which I saw, is so small, as, I say, in Memory of which Accident they fetch Water twice every Year out of the Sea, and bring it into the Temple; neither do the Priests help to carry it only, but all *Syria*, and *Arabia*, together with the Inhabitants on the Bank of *Euphrates*. And this Water so fetched from the Sea, they first pour out in the Temple, which afterwards runneth into the Pit, which, tho' small, doth yet receive a great quantity of Water: and this they tell *Dencalion* order'd by a Law to be done in the Temple yearly, in Memory of the Calamity and Deliverance that had happened to him; which is the most ancient Tradition that they have concerning this Temple. But others again say, That *Semiramis* of *Babylon* (of whom there are many Works extant in *Asia*) erected this Temple, dedicating it not to *Juno*, but to her own Mother, named *Derceto*, whose Image I saw in *Phœnicia*, of a very strange Shape; for in the upper Part she resembles a Woman, but from the Thighs

downwards a Fish; however, in the holy City *Hierapolis*, she is a compleat Woman, yet they alledge no very probable Arguments to confirm this Relation: they esteem Fish very much, as thinking them Sacred, and therefore never eat any; but for Fowls, they eat all sorts, only the Dove, which they likewise esteem as Sacred; and both these they abstain from, as some think, in honour of *Derceto* and *Semiramis*, the one, because *Derceto* hath a Form of a Fish, and the other, because *Semiramis* was at last transformed into a Dove; but if I should admit, that the Temple was the Work of *Semiramis*, yet can I by no means conceive, that it was dedicated to *Derceto*: for there are some amongst the *Egyptians* who abstain from Fish without any Consideration of *Derceto*. There is also another Sacred Story, which I heard from a wise Man, namely, That the Goddess is *Rhea*, and the Temple the Work of *Attis*: but *Attis* was by Nation a *Lydian*, and first taught the Sacred Rites, that are performed in honour of *Rhea*. Those also that are performed by the *Phrygians*, *Lydians*, and *Samotheacians*, were all learned from *Attis*; for, after *Rhea* had made him an Eunuch, he quitted his manly Life, and assumed the Garb of a Woman, putting on Garments accordingly: when, travelling up and down into several Parts, he performed many Sacred Rites, in honour of *Rhea*, relating to every one what had befallen him: whereupon, when he came into *Syria*, and they that dwelt beyond *Euphrates*, refused to receive either him or his Religion, he erected a Temple in this Place: And, indeed, many Marks argue this

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this Goddess to have been *Rhea*; for Lions support her, and she carrieth a Taber in her Hand, with a Tower on her Head; after which Fashion the *Lydeans* always used to Picture *Rhea*. He further said, concerning the *Galli* in the Temple, that they are castrated, not out of respect to *Juno*, but to *Rhea*, and in Imitation of *Attis*; which things seem to me to be specious enough, but not true; for I have another far more probable Reason why they are gelded: For that which others speak concerning the Temple, and best satisfies me, is very agreeable with the Relation of the *Greeks*, who think the Goddess to be *Juno*, and the Temple the Work of *Bacchus*, the Son of *Semele*; inasmuch as *Bacchus* came into *Syria*, in that Journey when he went into *Ethiopia*, and there are many Works in the Temple that shew it to be the Work of *Bacchus*: among which are the *Barbarian Habits*, *Indian Stones*, and *Cornets of Ivory*, which *Bacchus* brought from among the *Ethiopians*: likewise the two great *Priapusses* standing in the Porch, with this Inscription on them, *These Priapusses, I Bacchus dedicated to my Step-mother Juno*. Now all this does sufficiently satisfy me: However, I will relate another thing to you, viz. in what manner they perform the Ceremony of *Bacchus* in the Temple; The *Greeks* erect *Priapusses* to *Bacchus*, which are little Men made of Wood, having their Privities of a large Dimension; and these are called *νεγοπασα*. There is also, on the Right-hand of the Temple, a little brazen Man, rigg'd with a swinging Fore-mast. And these are the several Relations they have of the

the Founders of the Temple. But now I will speak of the Temple it self, and of its Situation, as also who built it: They say, That the first and most ancient Temple, is not the same with that is there at present; but that the former did, in continuance of time, fall down; and that the present Temple was built by *Stratonice*, Wife to the King of *Assyria*; whom I suppose to be the same *Stratonice* with whom her Son-in-law fell in Love, as was afterwards detected by the Subtilty of a Physician: for when this Distemper had seized the young Man, and he was distracted with this unlucky Accident, which seemed likely to draw a great Disgrace upon him, he suddenly fell sick, his Colour changing, and his Body daily falling away: but when the Physician had well consider'd the Matter, and found him seized with no manifest Disease, he quickly guessed that he was only Love-sick, of which Sickness there were many Symptoms, as the Languishing of his Eyes, the Faintness of his Voice, the Paleness of his Colour, and his frequent Tears; whereupon, to discover the Truth, he put in Practice this cunning Device, He laid his Hand on the young Man's Heart, and then, one by one, called into the Room all those that were in the House; now, when all the others enter'd the Room, the Patient was not in the least stirred; but, at the entrance of his Mother-in-law, he began not only to change his Colour, and to sweat, but also to tremble, and his Heart fell a beating violently: which Accidents soon discovered to the Physician, that his Distemper proceed from nothing but Love, which he accordingly

dingly cured in this manner, Calling to him the young Man's Father, who was much perplexed at the weak Condition of his Son; he told him, that the Distemper, whereof your Son complains, is not Sickness, but Injustice: for the young Man feeleth no Pain, but is only seized with Love, desiring those Things which he never shall obtain, I mean, the Enjoyment of my Wife, to which I am resolved never to consent: which was only a subtil Device and Forgery of the Physician's. Whereupon the Father presently began to beseech and conjure him, if he had any Value for Wisdom, or Regard for the Art he profess'd, that he would not suffer his Son to perish, who had been, contrary to his own Will, thus seized by this Distemper: neither, that he would occasion so much Sorrow to the whole Kingdom; nor, being a Physician, employ his Art to the Procurement of his Son's Death. Which Supplication the ignorant Father had no sooner made, but the Physician immediately reply'd, *Sir, You attempt a Business, that is altogether unjust, as well in the Violating my Marriage, as in offering Violence to a Physician; be pleased but to tell me what you would do, if he were in Love with your Wife, since you desire such a Request at my Hands?* To which he answer'd, *That he would not spare his Wife, nor envy the young Man's Recovery, tho' he were in love with his very Mother-in-law, for that it would not be so great a Misfortune to lose a Wife as a Son.* Now when the Physician heard this, he said, *You need not then any longer implore me, since 'tis really with your Wife only he is in love; for what I formerly spoke of mine, was all a Sham.* Here-

Hereupon the Father gave his Consent, and left both his Wife and Kingdom to his Son, going himself into the Country of *Babylon*, where he built a City on the Banks of the River *Euphrates*, called after his own Name; and afterwards ended his Days in the same. Thus the Physician attained both to the Knowledge and Cure of a Love-sick Patient. But *Stratonice*, whilst she lived with her first Husband, dreamt, that *Juno* commanded her to build a Temple, and dedicate it to her, in *Hierapolis*; threatening her with some great Misfortune, if she refused to do it. *Stratonice*, at first, made light of this Dream, till afterwards, being afflicted with some grievous Disease, she both declared her Dream to her Husband, and pacified the Goddess, by promising to build her the Temple: and, so soon as she was recover'd, her Husband sent to *Hierapolis* Money, with a great Army, for the erecting of the same, as well as for the Security of her Person. Afterwards, when the King calling to him a young Man, who was one of his Friends, and very beautiful, named *Combabus*, he said to him, *My dear Combabus, I love thee above all my other Friends, and highly esteem thee, both for thy Wisdom, and for thy Good-will towards us, which thou hast always testified: I stand now more than in ordinary need of some trusty Friend, and therefore appoint thee to accompany my Wife, to overlook my Building, to perform the Religious Rites, and to govern the Army: for which Service, I will, at thy return, render to thee a plentiful and honourable Reward.* Which, so soon as *Combabus* heard, he began very earnestly to supplicate and beseech his

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his Majesty to excuse him, either from going or being entrusted with so great a Charge, as that of his Queen, Treasure, or the Sacred Work: for his fear was, lest afterwards he should grow jealous of his Wife, she being solely committed to *Combabus* his Charge. But when the King could not be prevailed with to release him, *Combabus* made a second Request, viz. To give him seven Days respite, whereupon to dispatch some important Affairs of his own; after which, he would, without any further Delay, begin his Journey. This having obtained, he presently went home, and, falling on the Ground, made this Lamentation: *O wretched Man, what Good hath this Fidelity done me? What Benefit shall I reap from this Journey, the End whereof I perceive already? For I am a young Man, and shall keep Company with a beautiful Woman, which will terminate in my utter Ruine, unless I take away all Grounds of Evil; wherefore I must perform a great Work, whereby I may banish all manner of Fear.* And having thus spoken, he mutilated himself, cutting off his Privy-parts, which he laid up in a little Vessel, together with Myrrh, Honey, and other odoriferous things: When, having sealed them up with his own Seal, and afterwards cured the Wound, he then resolved to take his Journey. But first, waiting on the King, in the Presence of many Persons, he deliver'd the Vessel to him in these Words: *My Lord, this Vessel is the most precious of my Household-goods, and most esteemed of me. Wherefore, being about to take so long a Journey, I humbly deposit it with your Majesty, begging, that it may be safely kept, because I value it not only more*
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than Gold, but esteem it equal to my very Life: let me therefore, I beseech you, receive it whole and entire at my return. The King having received it, marked it with his own particular Seal, charging his Treasurers to keep it safe. *Combabus*, when this was done, proceeded with great Quiet of Mind on his Journey; and when they were arrived at *Hierapolis*, they took all the Care imaginable in Building the Temple, spending some Years there in the Work. In the Interim, those Things happened that *Combabus* feared; for *Stratonice*, when he had a long time conversed with her, began to be so passionately in love with him, that at last she fell almost distracted, and they that then inhabited *Hierapolis* say, that *Juno* was the Cause hereof, not being ignorant of the Vertue of *Combabus*, but yet desiring to be revenged of *Stratonice*, because she was so unwillingly drawn to the Building of the Temple: At first therefore, the Queen carried the Matter very modestly, and concealed her Distemper; but when her Passion grew too strong to be concealed, she pined and languished apparently, often Weeping, and continually calling upon *Combabus*, insomuch that *Combabus* was all in all with her. At length, not knowing which way to turn herself in this Perplexity, she invented a specious Pretext of Supplicating him, not daring to declare it was with any other but himself; wherefore she contrives this Trick, viz. To discourse with him, after she had well corroborated herself with Wine, forasmuch as Boldness entreth together with the Wine: neither then is it thought any Disgrace to suffer a Repulse,

pulſe, ſince from that time all Things are afterwards involved in Oblivion: Therefore when ſhe had thus reſolved, ſhe began to put it in practice; and, Supper being ended, coming into *Combabus's* Lodging, ſhe made her Addreſs to him; and, taking hold of his Knees, paſſionately confeſſed her Love: but at the ſame time, he did both reject her Words, and abominate the Act, as alſo upbraid her with Drunkenneſs: whereupon ſhe began to threaten him, till he preſently told her how it was with him, nay, made her an Eye-witneſs of what he had done to himſelf; which when *Stratonice* beheld, ſhe began to deſpair of obtaining her Deſire; yet nevertheless, continually kept him company, uſing that as a Lenitive of her Love: Which kind of Love-making doth as yet continue in *Hierapolis*; for Women there are in love with the gelded Prieſts, called *Galli*; and they likewise are in love with the Women, nevertheless this cauſes no Jealouſie in any; but the thing, on the contrary, is counted amongſt them very Sacred. Now the King was informed of what happened to *Stratonice*, in *Hierapolis*; for many coming thence, accuſed her, and related the whole Buſineſs to him: at which, his Majeſty being exceedingly diſpleaſed, ſendeth for *Combabus*, before the Building was near finiſhed. However, others relate a Story not at all true, to wit, How *Stratonice*, being out of hope to obtain her Deſire, did herſelf write to her Husband, and accuſe *Combabus*, pretending to him, that he would have violated her Chaſtity: So that what the *Greeks* report of *Sthenobee*, and *Cre-*

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tan Phadra, the same is reported among the
Affyrians, as in the Relation to *Stratonice*; but,
 for my part, I think neither that *Sthenobaea*
 nor *Phadra* perpetrated any such thing, if *Pha-*
dra did really love *Hippolitus*. However, let
 these Stories pass as they will; but when the
 News came to *Hierapolis*, and *Combabus* was
 acquainted with the same, he departed then
 with a great Assurance, having left his Apo-
 logy at home, altho' he was no sooner arri-
 ved but the King presently cast him into Pri-
 son, and afterwards, bringing him forth be-
 fore those Men, who were present at his De-
 parture towards *Hierapolis*, began to accuse
 him before them, and objected to him Lasci-
 viousness and Adultry; when, taking it ex-
 ceedingly to Heart, he did much call upon
 Fidelity and Friendship, saying, that *Comb-*
abus was guilty of three unjust Acts, namely,
 of Adultry, Unfaithfulness, and Impiety, to-
 wards the Goddess, in the midst of whose
 Work he had perpetrated such Things. At
 the same time, many who stood by, did ac-
 cuse him, saying, That *they had seen him and*
the Queen openly immodest together. So that at
 length all concluded he had done a Fact wor-
 thy of Death: He, for a while, stood silent,
 without saying any thing; but when he was
 leading to the Place of Execution, he spake
 aloud, desiring the Vessel, that he had depo-
 sited with the King, since he did believe the
 King did not cause him to dye for having
 committed Adultry, or doing Wrong to any
 one, but only out of a Desire to have Know-
 ledge of that precious Treasure, which *Com-*
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study. Whereupon the King, calling the Treasurer, commanded him to produce what he had delivered to him; which being done, *Combabus*, breaking open the Seal, shewed what was therein enclosed, and how he had used himself, saying, O King, I fear'd some such thing, when thou send'st me on this Journey, which made me so unwilling to go; but when you laid your Commands upon me, I did this; how serviceable soever to you, yet prejudicial to my self: nevertheless, tho' I am what you see, yet my Accusers charge me with a virile Injury. The King, being amazed hereat, embraced him, and, with Tears in his Eyes, said, O, *Combabus*, what Evil hast thou done? why hast thou only, amongst all Men, perpetrated so hainous a Fact upon thy self? I do not at all commend this thing; which would I had neither seen, nor thou done, for I needed not such an Apology: but forasmuch as God would have it so, I will, in the first place, avenge thee, by putting to Death those Sycophants, that informed against thee. After which, thou shalt receive the greatest Honours I can give thee, together with a vast quantity of Gold and Silver; as also Assyrian Garments; such of my Horses as you shall chuse: thou shalt likewise enter into my Chamber, without the Introduction of a Groom; nor shall any one prohibit thee from my sight; tho' I were in Bed with the Queen. All which things were accordingly performed; for his Adversaries were carried away to Execution, and Presents bestowed on *Combabus*, who was in much greater Favour than before; so that none of the Assyrians could compare with *Combabus*, either for Wisdom or Happiness. Afterwards, desiring leave to finish the Temple, which he

had left unfinish'd, he was sent back again, where he both compleated the Temple, and continued the remainder of his Life: Moreover, the King, in reward of his Vertue and Service, erected a brazen Statue to him in the same Temple; so that you may there behold *Combabus* standing in Brass, made by *Hermalaus* the *Rhodian*, together with the Feature of a Woman, cloathed in a Man's Garment. It is also reported, that the most intimate of his Friends, to comfort him in his Calamity, castrated themselves likewise, and used the same sort of Life he did. Others report, that *Juno* being in love with *Combabus*, inspired several with a Desire of Gelding themselves, that he might not be troubled alone at the Loss of his Virility. And this Custom, being once set on foot, doth still continue; so that many every Year are gelded and effeminated in the Temple; but whether to comfort *Combabus*, or to gratifie *Juno*, I know not. However, that they are gelded, and wear not Mens Garments, but put on Womens Cloaths, and do Womens Works, I am sure of; and, as I have been informed, the Cause of all this is referred to *Combabus*, as having the same Misfortune; for a certain outlandish Woman, coming to the Publick Assembly, observing his Beauty, as dress'd in a manly Robe, fell in love with him; but afterwards understanding, that he was mutilated, she killed herself: Whereupon *Combabus*, being much grieved, in that he was so unfortunate in the Wars of *Venus*, put on Womens Apparel, that, for the future, no other of that Sex might be deceived,

as she had been. This is the true Cause why the *Galli* wear Womens Apparel at this Day: Which is all I have to say concerning *Combasus*. Now, as for the *Galli*, I shall afterwards make mention of them, *viz.* In what manner they are gelded; how they are buried; and why they never enter into the Temple. But I shall first beg leave to describe the Situation of the Temple, and its Dimensions: The Place it self, you must know, whereon the Temple standeth, is the Knoll of an Hill, lying about the middle of the City, and hath a double Wall encompassing it round; of which Walls the one is ancient, and the other not much older, than the Age we live in: but the Porch of the Temple lieth towards the North, in Circumference about an hundred Fathom, wherein the *Priapusses* stand, whom *Bacchus* dedicated, being three hundred Cubits high, into one of which a Man getteth up every Year twice, and dwelleth seven Days together at the top of the *Phallus*. The Cause of which Ascension they report to be this: The Vulgar imagine, that he converseth with the Gods above, and prayeth for the Prosperity of all *Syria*, which Prayers the Gods hear near at hand: but others suppose, that these things are done for *Deucalion's* sake, in Memory of that Calamity when Men climbed up into the Mountains and high Trees, being afraid of the Deluge. But I think all these things to be irrational, and therefore conceive them done to the Honour of *Bacchus*. Now the Ground of my Conceit ariseth from their Practice, in putting wooden Men in the *Phalli*, or *Priapusses*, which they erect to *Bacchus*, for

what Reason I will not declare: wherefore, I suppose, that this Man ascendeth in imitation of the other Man of Wood. The manner of whose Ascension is thus: He compasseth both himself and the *Phallus* with a long Chain, and so getteth up by certain Pins sticking out of the *Phallus*, sufficient for him to rest his Foot upon; but, as he ascendeth, he doth lift up the Chain on both sides, as if he held the Rains of a Coach: Now if any Man, that never saw this, but had seen those, that get up into the Palm-trees, either in *Arabia*, *Egypt*, or some other Places, they must needs know what I say; but when he is come to the Top, letting down another Chain, which he himself carrieth with him, he draweth up whatsoever he hath need of, as Wood, Cloaths, Vessels, and wherewith framing a Seat, as it were a Nest, he sitteth down, and continueth the space of so many Days, as I said before: during which time, many bring Gold, or Silver, or Brasse, and, leaving it before him, depart, every one telling his Name, whilst another, standing by, declareth them to him sitting above; who, receiving the Name, maketh a Prayer upon every one, and, as he standeth, striketh a certain Bell, which giveth a great and harsh Sound, but he never sleepeth; for if Sleep at any time seizeth on him, a Scorpion going up awaketh him, and useth him very roughly, as a Reproof for his Drowsiness. Now what is related concerning this Scorpion by themselves, is, that he is Sacred and Divine; but whether true, or not, I cannot tell: the fear of falling, doth also seem to me to contribute much to his

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Watchfulness. And this is all I know con-
 cerning those who climb the *Phalli*. As for
 the Temple, it looks towards the Sun-rising,
 but its Form and Workmanship is after the
 same manner as the Temples in *Ionia*, there
 stands a great Basis of about two Fathoms in
 height, whereon the Tower is erected; to
 the which you go up by Stone-steps, and
 when you are once ascended, the Porch be-
 fore the Temple is very admirable and de-
 lightful to the View, being adorned not only
 with golden Doors, but the whole Temple
 glistering exceedingly with Gold, and the
 Roof cover'd with the same; from whence
 you may perceive a divine fragrant Scent, e-
 qual to the best Odours in *Arabia*; being
 ascended a great height, it emits a most plea-
 sant Smell, and the same likewise when you
 descend, insomuch that your Garments for a
 long time after retain the Scent, and you
 your self cannot but always remember it.
 Within the Chappel there is a Temple, with
 a small Ascent to it; it hath no Doors, but
 lieth always open: Now all enter into the
 great Temple, but only the Priests into the
 Chappel; yet not all of them neither, but
 such only as are nearest related to the Gods,
 and devote their whole Lives to the Service
 of the Temple. Herein are placed the Sta-
 tues of the Gods, as *Juno* and *Jupiter*, whom
 they call by another Name, of their own De-
 nomination; both are of Gold, and are made
 both sitting; but *Juno* is carried by Lions, and
Jupiter by Bulls: this last Statue very much
 resembles *Jupiter's* other Statues, both in the
 Head, Eyes, and Posture. Neither can you

imagine any other God but him, to whom it is like, whereas *Juno*, if you behold her near at hand, she exhibiteth a various Shape, and tho', you would think it, *Juno*, when you consider her altogether, yet take her apart, and she hath somewhat of *Minerva*, *Venus*, *Luna*, *Rhea*, *Diana*, *Nemesis*, and the *Destinies*; in the one Hand it holds a Scepter, in the other a Distaff; on the Head she beareth Beams and a Tower, together with a *Cestus*, or Bride-belt, wherewith they used to adorn none but the Celestial *Venus*; on the Outside, she is adorned not only with much Gold, but also with precious Stones, whereof some are of a white, others of a watry, and others of a fiery Colour; besides, there are many Sardonyx Stones, Jacinths and Emeralds, all which are brought by the *Egyptians*, *Indians*, *Ethiopians*, *Medes*, *Armenians*, and *Babylonians*: but the most remarkable thing of all is, what she weareth on her Side, which is a Stone called *Lychnis*, or the Lantern, taking its Name from the Effects; for, in the Night-time, it remits so great a Light, that the whole Temple is illuminated as it were with a Candle, whereas, in the Day-time, the Light is obscured, but still retains a very fiery Aspect. There is also another thing no less wonderful in this Statue, for, if you stand over-against it, it looketh upon you; likewise, if you turn aside, the Sight thereof seems to follow you; and so, if another at the same time views it from another Place, she doth the like also to him. Now, in the midst of these two, standeth another Statue of Gold, very different from other Statues, having no proper and particular

cular Form, but only the Shape of other Deities; and this, by the *Assyrians*, is called the Sign, having no particular Name assigned it; neither do they give any Account of the Original or Figure of it: So that some refer it to *Bacchus*, others to *Deucalion*, and others to *Semiramis*; because on the Head of it stands a golden Dove, which, as they say, is the common Figure appropriated to *Semiramis*. Twice every Year it is carried in Procession to the Sea, at the time of their bringing their Water from thence. I formerly mentioned, on the Left-hand, as you enter into the Temple, there stands first the Throne of the Sun, but without any Image of the Sun it self; for the Sun and Moon only have no Statues amongst them, and, as I understood, the Ground thereof was this: They say, That it is a holy thing to erect Statues to other Gods, inasmuch as their Forms are not manifest to us; but the Sun and Moon are evidently seen by all, wherefore it would be unnecessary to make the Images of what we daily behold in the Air. After this Throne is placed the Statue of *Apollo*, not according to the usual Representation of him; for all others describe him to be a young Man, with the Down budding in his Chin, but this only exhibits the Image of him with a long Beard. Now they boast of their so doing, accusing the *Greeks* and others, who imagine *Apollo* to be but a Stripling, when at the same time they make their Prayers to him: For they esteem it a great Piece of Folly to form the Images of their Gods imperfect or under Age. They likewise make another Distinction of

their *Apollo* from the rest; for they put Cloaths only on him, but none of their other Gods. Here I could tell you many other Circumstances concerning them, but that I am resolved to trouble you only with that which is most remarkable; whereof I shall first give you an Account of their Oracle: You must know, there are many Oracles among the *Greeks*, many among the *Egyptians*, as also many in *Libia* and *Asia*; but all those Oracles utter nothing without their Priests and Interpreters, whereas the *Assyrian Apollo* doth both move of himself and manage the whole Intreague of his Prophecy alone, which he does after this manner: Whensoever he hath a mind to give answer, he first of all moveth himself in the Seat; upon which Notice the Priests immediately lift him up, or if they fail to lift him up, he falls into a Sweat, and moves with much greater Violence than before; but when they go under him, to take him up, he whirls, and turning them up as he pleases, from one Place to another, till at length the High-Priest meeting him, proposes what Questions he has to offer; when, if the thing proposed, displeases him, he retires backward; but if he approves of it, he then drives and hurries on his Supporters forwards, as a Coach-man drives his Horses: and in this manner they collect his Answers. Neither do they begin any Sacred or Ordinary Business, but in this Method. He also gives out Predictions concerning the Year, and the Season how they shall fall out; and likewise instructs them about the afore-mentioned Sign, when it ought to
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make its Procession to the Sea. I will here also acquaint you with another thing, that happened while I was present: The Priests, having lifted him up, throwing them down, he quitted their Shoulders, and walked himself in the Air. Now, after *Apollo*, the next is, the Statue of *Atlas*; then *Mercury*, and then of *Lucina*; which is the Side-furniture of the Temple: but without, there standeth a great Altar, made of Brass, besides a thousand other brazen Statues of Kings and Priests; wherefore I shall mention only those that are most remarkable: You must know then, That on the Left-hand, as you enter the Temple, is the Statue of *Semiramis*, pointing towards the Temple with her Right-hand, which they say was erected upon this occasion, That she made a Law amongst the Inhabitants of *Syria*, that they should only Worship her as a Goddess, and neglect all other Deities, even so much as *Juno* herself; which was accordingly done, till, thro' the Indignation of the Gods, having been infested with many Diseases, Calamities, and Pains, she was cured of her former Madness, and confessing herself to be mortal, commanded her Subjects to return to *Juno* again: For this Cause it is, that she is erected in such a Posture, shewing to all who come there, that they ought to Worship *Juno* as the true Goddess, and not herself. In the same place I likewise beheld the Images of *Helen*, *Hecuba*, *Andromache*, *Paris*, *Hector*, and *Achilles*, and also the Statue of *Nerius* the Son of *Aglaia*, together with *Philomela* and *Progne*, in the shape of Birds, as before their Transformation; likewise *Terens* him-

himself, turned into a Bird: Besides another Statue of *Semiramis*, *Combabus*, and *Stratonice*, very beautiful; with one of *Alexander*, done to the Life: hard by whom stood *Sardanapalus*, in another Posture and Dress: but within the Walls of the Temple were kept Oxen, Horses, Eagles, Bears, and Lions, who are no ways noxious to Men, as being all sacred and tame. Now there are many Priests belonging to this Place; whereof some kill the Sacrifices, others carry the Drink-offerings; others are called Fire-bearers, and others waited on the Altar: but, in my Time, more than three hundred attended on the Sacrifice, having all of them on white Garments, and a Bonnet upon their Heads. A new High-Priest is chosen among them every Year, who only weareth Purple, and a golden Turbant on his Head. There is also another Company of Men consecrated, as Pipers, Fiddlers, and *Galli*, or gelt Priests, besides frantick and enthusiastick Women. The Sacrifice is performed twice every Day, whereto all of them come: to *Jupiter* they sacrifice in silence, without either Singing or Piping; but when they present the First-fruits to *Juno*, they Sing, Pipe, and beat their Kettle-drums, altho' none of them could give me any certain Account why they did so. There is also an adjacent Lake, wherein there are many Sacred Fishes kept; some of the largest of them have Names given them, and will come to you when they are called; one of which I took particular notice of, as having on golden Fins: This Lake is said to be very deep; indeed I did not find it my self, but they say, that it is more than

than two hundred Fathoms in depth, with an Altar of Stone erected in the middle of it; so that when you first see it, you would suppose it to be swimming, wherewith many are deceived; but I rather think there may be some great Pillar, that supports it; and it stands always crown'd, and with several sweet Odours upon it: Many swim thither daily with Garlands, and pay their Devotions to it. Great Festivals are also celebrated there, which they call the Descents into the Lake; for then all their Sacred Statues and other Riches are made to go down thereinto: In the first place, *Juno* goeth down in behalf of the Fish, lest *Jupiter* should see them first; for if he did, they say they would all dye: therefore, when he goeth to see them, she stands before him, and keeps him away, till, after much Intreaty, she sendeth him back again. Their greatest Ceremonies are esteemed those which are performed by the Sea-side; but of them I can relate nothing certain, as not being present at any of them my self; but what Solemnities they use at their Return, I saw, and will here describe: Every one beareth a Vessel filled with Water, which is sealed up, for no one is suffered to open his own Vessel, but there is a Sacred Cock, or Priest, called *Alettyo*, who dwelleth hard by the Lake, who having received their Vessels, view'd the Seal, and been paid his Reward, he unties the String, and taketh off the Seal; by which Custom he raiseth a great Revenue yearly: afterwards they themselves, taking their Vessels again, and carrying them into the Temple, offer up a Sacrifice and Libitation, and so

so return; but the greatest thing of all is, their Feast, which they observe every Spring; this some call *Pyraor*, the Sacred Fire; others call it the Lamp, and is performed after this manner: Having cut down divers great Trees, which stand in the Court of the Temple, they bring Goats, Sheep, and other Cattel, which they hang upon the same Trees, together with Birds, Garments, and several fine Pieces of Work, made both of Gold and Silver, till having compleated the whole Shew, and carried the Sacred Images about the Trees, they set fire on the Trees, and so consume them. Now to this Feast Multitudes of People resort out of *Syria*, and all the Countries round about, every one at that time carrying along with him his own Sacred Images, fashioned after the same manner with those in the Temple; upon particular Days the whole Multitude is drawn into the Temple, where the *Galli*, and other Priests, which I formerly mentioned, perform the *Orgies*, wounding their Arms, and thumping their Backs one against another. In the mean time many play upon Musick, and beat Drums by them, whilest others bawl out Sacred Catches; and this is all performed without the Temple: So that none of the Actors in these May-games are permitted to enter therein. At the same time the *Galli* are also made; for as they sound with the Pipes, and perform their Sacrifices, this Fury of gelding themselves, seizeth upon many, and several coming to see the Show, have been drawn thereby to do the like, the manner whereof is thus: Whatever young Man is resolved to take upon him this Profession,

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throwing aside his Cloaths, he cometh into the midst of the People; where, making a loud Noise, he draweth his Sword, and cutting off his Privy-parts, runneth afterwards thro' the City, carrying them in his Hand, for some-time, till throwing them into some House, he receives from the same a Woman's Habit, together with other suitable Attire: And this is always done at their Castrations; but when these *Galli* are dead, they are not buried in the same manner with others, but upon the Departure of one of them, his Companions take up the Corps, and carry it into the Suburbs; when, having laid him down there, together with the Bier, whereon he was carried, they hurl Stones at him; after which, they return back again: and, when the Term of seven Days is expired, they enter with him into the Temple, but if they enter sooner, it is esteemed prophane. And these are the Laws which they use about such Matters; also if any of them see a dead Man, he is not suffer'd to come that Day into the Temple: but, on the Morrow, having purified himself, he may enter: Likewise every one of the dead Man's Family, after thirty Days, and shaving their Heads, may enter in; but before they have done thus, it is unlawful. They sacrifice Bulls, Oxen, Cows, Sheep, and Goats: but they forbear to offer Swine, looking upon them as unclean; for which Reason they never eat any of them: Nevertheless others are so far from thinking them Unclean, that they esteem them Sacred. Of all Birds, they think the Dove to be most holy; so that they count it very unlawful so much as to touch them; and

and if by chance they touch them, they esteem themselves as unclean that whole Day; for which reason you may see them frequently live in their Houses, conversing familiarly with them, and feeding generally upon the Ground, but without any Fear. Now as to the manner of their approaching solemn Assemblies, it is thus: When a Man first comes into *Hierapolis*, he shaveth his Head and Eye-brows; afterwards, having slain a Sheep, he cutteth the Body into several Joynts, and feasteth on it, laying the Fleece upon the Ground whereon he kneeleth; then, putting the Feet and Head of the Beast upon his own Head, he beseeches the Goddess to accept his Sacrifice; promising her a better hereafter; which being done, he crowneth his Head with a Garland, and all his Companions do the like: then, departing together, they use by the way nothing but cold Water, either for their Bathing or Drinking; and nothing but the cold Earth for their Lodging, it not being lawful for them to make use of their Beds, till they come to their Journeys-end. Whilst they are in the Sacred City, every Stranger is entertain'd at the publick Charge, and lodged at the Houses of some of their own Country Men, whom the adjacent Cities maintain there for that purpose; and these are by the *Assyrians* call'd *DoEbers*, or *Masters*, because they instruct them what they are to do. They offer not up their Sacrifice in the Temple; but, after having brought the Beast to the Altar, and made a Drink-offering, they lead him home again, and sacrifice him there, making at the same time, many Prayers to the Goddess. They have also another

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ther Fashion of sacrificing, which is thus : Having put Garlands on the Beasts to be sacrificed, they drive them out of the Porch of the Temple; from whence, falling down a Precipice, they immediately dye : Some likewise drive their Children out of the same Place in the same manner, putting them first into Sacks, when, shoving them down with their Hands, they reproach them as if they were not Children, but Beasts. Moreover, they have all of them Marks branded on them ; some on their Wrists, others on their Necks. They have likewise another Custom, which agrees not with those *Greeks* only that dwell in *Trezen*, and that is this : The *Trezenians* have made it a Law, that young Men and Maids shall never Marry, till they shave their Heads, in honour of *Hippolytus*, which is punctually observed. The like is also practiced in *Hierapolis*, for the young Men always consecrate the Shavings of their Beards, and the Children suffer their Hair to grow, from their very Infancy, till the Time they cut it off in the Temple ; when, putting it into Vessels either of Silver or Gold, they hang it up in the Temple, and so depart, having inscribed every one's Name upon the Vessel ; the same I likewise did my self, when I was very young, so that both my Hair and Name are yet remaining in the Temple.

P H I

PHILOPSEUDES:

O R,

The L Y A R.

I N A

Dialogue between *Philocles* and *Tychiades*, ridiculing the Tales of Apparitions and Spirits; as also condemning Magick of Lyes and Imposture.

By the same Hand.

Tychiades. CAN you tell me, *Philocles*, what it is, that induceth the greatest Part of Mankind to a Desire of Lying, so that not only they themselves Delight in telling Untruths, but give great Attention to such as do?

Philocles. There are many Things, *Tychiades*, which oblige some to speak that which is not true, for their own Advantage.

Tych. That is nothing to the purpose; for I did not mean such as Lye for their Profit: since they are not only pardonable, but to be
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commended, because thereby they have deceived their Enemies, whilst in the midst of Dangers they have been forced to lye for their own Preservation; as *Ulysses* often did for the Rescue of his own Life, as well as to bring off his Companions: But, Sir, I speak of them, who, without any Necessity, prefer Falshood before Truth, being delighted therewith, and dwelling upon it, without any specious Pretence whatever. For which Reason I would fain know, what it is that induceth them to such Affection?

Phil. Have you observed any such Persons, that are possessed with an inbred Love of Falshood?

Tych. There are very many of this Humour.

Phil. What else but Madness then can be imagined to be the Cause, why they should not speak the Truth? As if they chose to prefer the worst before the best; only for Vice's sake.

Tych. This is nothing; for I can shew you many Men, who are in other Things wise enough, nay, very admirable in Quickness of Understanding, and yet are seized with this Distemper, of being given up to Lies. So that 'tis no small Wonder to me; when I observe even the best of Men sometimes take a Delight in deceiving both themselves and others; for you cannot but know, as well as I, how much those ancient Writers, I mean *Herodotus* and *Ctesias* the *Cindian*, as also the Poets before them, even *Homer* himself, were famous for writing Lyes; so that they did not only deceive those who lived in their Time,

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but have transmitted their Fictions even to us of this Age, by means of their excellent Compositions and Verses. Now this is the Reason why I am often out of Countenance for them; as when they tell you a Tale of *Saturn's* gelding his Father *Calus*, the binding of *Prometheus*, and Insurrection of the Giants, together with the Tragedy of the infernal Inhabitants; as also how *Jupiter* transformed himself both into a Bull and a Swan; and of another, who, being a Woman, was turn'd into a Bird or a Bear; likewise, when they tell you of the *Pegassusses*, *Chimera's*, *Gorgons*, *Cyclops*, and the like, all absurd and amasing Stories, fit only to scare Children with, who remain under the Apprehension of *Goblins* and *Bugbears*: Nevertheless, these Fables of the Poets are much more tollerable, than that great Cities and whole Nations should publicly countenance and acknowledge Forgeries; which certainly is the most ridiculous thing in the World to think of: As for instance, the *Cretans* have the Impudence to shew *Jupiter's* Sepulcher; as also the *Athenians* say, that *Erichthonius* sprung out of the Earth; and that the first Men issued from *Attica*, as Plants, from the Ground: wherein they yet deal more gravely than the *Thebans*, who related, that certain Men, started up from Dragons Teeth, sown in the Furrows. Yet if any one doth not think these Things to be true, how ridiculous soever in themselves, but seriously weighing them, shall esteem them fitting only for a meer *Corabus* or *Margites* to believe, either that *Triptolemus* did ride thro' the Air upon winged Serpents, or that *Pan* came out of

of *Arcadia*, to assist the *Athenians* at *Marathon*, or that *Oribia* was ravished by the North Wind, they will presently look upon him as an impious silly Fellow, who gives no Credit to Things that are notoriously true; so great an Influence hath Falshood on Mankind.

Phil. As for the Poets and Cities, *Tychiades*, they are the more pardonable; because the first, mingling the most alluring Pleasure and Delight of Fables with their Writings, do the better recommend themselves to their Readers: whilst the others, as for instance, the *Athenians* and *Thebans*, by such Stories as these, render their Countries more venerable to Foreigners; for should any Man develt *Greece* of these fabulous Inventions, the Interpreters of them would soon perish with Hunger, whilst at the same time, Strangers would hardly endure to hear the Truth gratis: But that those, who having no such Inducements as these, should yet rejoyce in Lies, may justly be accounted very ridiculous.

Tych. You say right, for I but now come from *Eucrates*, at whose House I have heard several incredible and fabulous Things, or, rather, I came away in the midst of their Discourse, as not being able to bear the Extravagance of it, whilst they, like so many Furies, did, as it were, expel me with their many prodigious and unnatural Relations.

Phil. Yet, I must tell you, that *Eucrates* himself is a Man of great Credit, therefore who could believe, that a Man with so long a Beard, and threescore Years of Age, besides well versed in Philosophy, should endure

to be present, whilst another told so many Lies, and much more, that he himself should venture to tell any.

Tych. My dear Friend, you cannot imagine what Wonders he told, as also how he asserted and confirmed most of them by Oaths, in-somuch, that looking upon him, I had various Thoughts in my Mind; one while imagining, that he was distracted, and out of his Wits; another while, that he had been an Impostor, long before I discover'd it, concealing as it were an Ape under a Lion's Skin; so incredible were the Stories he related.

Phil. And pray what may those be, *Tychiades*, for I would fain know, what Vanity he concealed under so vast a Beard?

Tych. You must know then, *Philocles*, I am frequently used to go to his House, when I have any spare time; but to Day, going to speak with *Leontichus*, (who, as you well know, is an Acquaintance of mine) his Man told me, that he went in the Morning early to visit *Eucrates*, who was newly fallen sick; whereupon I went thither also, as well to Discourse with *Leontichus*, as to see *Eucrates*, (not knowing before, that he was sick.) When, being come there, I missed of *Leontichus*, who was gone from thence a little before my coming, (as the People of the House told me) I lighted upon several others, and, amongst the rest, *Cleodemus* the *Peripatetick*, *Dinomachus* the *Stoick*, and *Ion* (who as you well know) would fain be cried up for the Doctrin of *Plato*, as if he were the only Man, that had a true Notion of that *Philosopher's* Meaning, and were

were alone able to interpret the same to others. Thus you may see what manner of Men I mention to you, that is to say, those of the most exalted Prudence and Vertue, the Chief of every Sect, being Men of Gravity, and such as cast an Awe upon their very Spectators; the Physician *Antegonus* was likewise present, being (as I suppose) sent for the Relief of *Eucrates*, who now seemed to be on the mending hand; for the Disease had been natural to him, and the Humor which caused it was fallen down into his Legs: whereupon *Eucrates* desir'd me to sit down by him on the Bed-side, speaking very faintly, like those who are sick; when he saw I observ'd him, tho' at my entrance into the House, I heard him speaking very loud and angrily. Well, down I sat, but very cautiously, lest I should touch his Feet, using likewise the ordinary Excuses, as, That I knew not when first he fell ill; So soon as ever I heard it, I came Post to visit him. Now others, that were there, had already deliver'd their several Opinions concerning his Distemper, and were going on with their Discourse, when I came in, every one prescribing their particular Remedies for it; *Cleodemus* said, That if a Man took but up the Tooth of a Weasil slain, as before he had prescribed, and tied it in a Lion's Skin newly flayed, and so wrapt his Legs therein, the Pain would presently cease. Not in a Lion's Skin, (said *Dinomachus*) but in that of a Virgin Hind. Which seemed indeed more probable; in that a Hind is a swift Creature, and of greatest Ability in her Feet; tho' he could not deny but that a Lion was very strong, and his Fat, toge-

ther with his right Paw, and the Hairs of his Beard, were of great Efficacy in the Gout, if any Man knew how to use them, together with the Spell, that is proper to each; but yet he said, that it was not proper for the Cure of the Gout. Whereupon *Cleodemus* answer'd, That formerly he thought it ought to be the Skin of a Hind, she being a Creature very swift of Foot, till the other Day a certain African, very skilful in such Things, instructed me otherwise, saying, that Lions were swifter than Deer, as appeared from their frequent taking and killing them. Whereupon all that were present commended the African, as speaking what was very probable. To the which I reply'd, Think you, that such Diseases as these are cured by Spells, or Things hanged without upon the Body, when the Distemper at the same time rageth within? Upon this they all fell a Laughing, and seemed to accuse me of great Folly, as being ignorant of Things, that were most evident, and which no wise Man would ever contradict. But the Physician *Antigonus*, out of Revenge or no, seemed to be pleased with my Question, having been (as I conjecture) reproached by the Company for endeavouring to cure *Eucrates*, by Art and a regular Diet, enjoyning him to abstain from Wine, and to eat only Herbs, and, finally, to remit all melancholy Thoughts. *Cleodemus* therefore, with a smiling Countenance, apply'd himself to me, saying, Do you then think it an incredible Thing, *Tychiades*, that Diseases should be cured by such Means as these? I answered, Yes, truly; unless I were mad, I could never be brought to believe, that Things outwardly applied, and ha-

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having no manner of Communion with those, that inwardly cause the Distemper, should ever by the bare Use of certain Words and Spells (as you say) produce any such Cures; no, I can never believe it possible, tho' one should bind sixteen whole Weasils in the Skin of a *Nemean* Lion; for I have often seen a Lion himself halting lame, even with the Pain of his Feet. You are certainly very ignorant, said *Dinomachus*, never to have observ'd in what manner the outward Application of such Things cure Diseases: For the same Reason, I suppose you will not admit the Truth of those Things, which are evident to all Men, as the driving away of intermitting Feavers, the Expelling the Poison of Serpents, the Cure of Warts, and the like, which every old Woman performs; but if those Things be done, why should you not as well conceive, that these are also perform'd by the like Means? To which I reply'd, *Dinomachus*, you take for granted, those Things to be true which have not yet been proved, and drive out one Nail with another; for, to me, it does no ways yet appear, that the Things you speak of, are done by any such Power. So that unless you can prove what you say is agreeable to Nature, and that a Feaver, or Tumor, is afraid of a *divine Name*, or *unusual Expression*, and thereupon flyeth away out of the Part affected, what you have spoken must still pass for no more than an old Wife's Tale. Whereat, *Dinomachus* being in a Passion, reply'd, That the Thing was of it self plain and obvious, but that by using such manner of Questions, I seem'd to disbelieve the

very Being of the Gods; or, otherwise, I would not deny, but that Sacred Names had Power to drive away Diseases. Good Sir, said I, do not impose upon me such things as these, since it does not follow, but that tho' there be Gods, yet these things may be Lies: As for my part, I Worship the Gods, and believe those Cures which I see them do, and the Benefits which they confer upon the Sick, whilst, by the Power of Medicines and Physick, they restore them to their Health. Thus we see *Esculapius* himself and his Sons, by applying gentle Medicines, cured the Diseased, but not by hanging about them *Lions* and *Weasils*. Whereupon said *Ion*, do not regard him, for I will relate to you a very strange Passage of my own Knowledge: When I was young, about fourteen Years of Age, a Man came and told my Father, that *Midas*, a Servant of his, dressed his Vineyard, being a sturdy and laborious Fellow; but, about Noon, was bitten by a Viper, so that his Leg began to putrifie; for, as he was binding up the Vine-branches, and trimming them about the Stakes, the Beast crept out of her Hole, and bit him by the great Toe, and presently slipt away, leaving the Fellow crying out, and perishing with Pain. Whilst he related this, we saw *Midas* himself brought Home, by his Fellow-servants, on a Bed, being swoln all over of a blew Colour, and scarce able to draw his Breath: Whereat, my Father being much troubled, a Friend of his standing by, desiring him to take Courage, saying, he would presently fetch thither a *Babylonian*, one of the *Chaldeans*, who could soon cure the Fel-

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Fellow. To be short, the *Babylonian* came and cured *Midas*, expelling the Poison out of his Body by a Charm, hanging withal at his Foot, a Stone, broken from the Monument of a certain Maid, insomuch as *Midas* himself, taking up the Bed whereon he was carried, returned back again into the Vineyard; of so great Power was the Charm, and that Stone taken from the Sepulchre. But, besides this, he did several other Tricks, beyond any Humane Power; for, coming into the Field in the Morning, and pronouncing out of an old Book seven Sacred Names, then purifying the Place with Brimstone, and going thrice about with a Torch in his Hand, drew together whatsoever Serpents were in that Country; so that you might have seen there many Snakes, Vipers, Adders, Asps, and Serpents, flocking together at his Charm, only one old Serpent staid behind, unable, as it seems for Age, to creep out of her Den, and therefore forced to disobey his Command; whereupon the Magician said, that all were not present; and therefore, having chosen out one of the youngest Serpents, sent him with a Summons to the Dragon, who soon after came; and, when they were all thus assembled together, the *Babylonian* breathed upon them, and they were all immediately blasted with his Breath, to the great Astonishment of us all. Then, said I, pray tell me, *Ion*, if the young Serpent, which was sent Embassador, did lead the Dragon by the Hand, inasmuch as he was grown old and feeble? or did he himself lean upon a Staff? You speak merrily, said *Cleodemus*, yet I my self, who was heretofore more incredulous

dulous than you in such Matters, (for I verily thought, that I should never by any means be brought to believe them) yet when I had seen, that foreign *Barbarian* (who came out of the Northern Parts) fly, I soon believed and yielded, after I had long stood out; for how could I do otherwise, when I beheld a Man flying through the Air in the Day-time, and walking upon the Water, and passing gently through the Fire, without any Trouble or Concern? Then, said I, did you see the Northern Stranger flying or walking on the Water? Yes, verily, said he, and that with high Shooes on his Feet, made after the Fashion of his own Country. Nor shall I here trouble you with any of his smaller Performances, such as the procuring of Love, raising of Spirits, and recalling of those that had been long dead; also bringing up *Hecate* herself to appear on Earth, and haling down the Moon out of her Orb; my Purpose is only to inform you, what I saw performed by him on *Glaucius*, the Son of *Alexides*; for *Glaucias*, after his Father's Death, taking upon him his Inheritance, fell in love with *Chrysis*, the Daughter of *Demetrius*, whilst he was under my Tutorage; and, had not Love diverted him, he had e'er this learned the whole *Peripatetick Doctrin*; for, being but eighteen Years old, he could resolve *Syllogisms*, and had gone over all *Aristotle's Physicks*, but being overcome with Love, he related to me the whole Business. Whereupon, I, as it was my Duty, being his Tutor, brought that Northern Magician to him, promising him four Crowns in Hand, (for something was always advanced,

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ced, to defray the Charge of the Sacrifices) and sixteen more afterwards, if he could win *Chrysis*. But he, observing the Encrease of the Moon, at which time, for the most part, such Tricks are performed, and having digged a Pit in an open Place of the House, about Midnight, called up to us, first *Anaxicles*, the Father of *Glaucias*, who deceased seven Months before; but the old Man, at first, was very angry, and displeas'd with his Son's Love; yet, at last, gave his Consent to it: afterwards he rais'd up *Hecate*, together with *Cerberus*: then hal'd down the Moon, consisting of many various Objects, and which, at several Postures, appear'd in several Shapes: For, first of all, she represented the Form of a Woman, then turn'd into a beautiful Cow, and afterwards into a little Whelp; in the conclusion, the Magician, having made a little *Cupid* of Clay, said to him, *Get thee gone, and bring Chrysis hither*; whereupon the Clay flew out of sight, and, a little after, she herself appeared, knocking at the Door; and, coming in, embraced *Glaucias*, as if she were distracted with the Love of him; and so continued with him, till we heard the Cocks crow, when both the Moon flew up to Heaven, *Hecate* dived under Ground, and the other Apparitions vanished all; as for *Chrysis*, we sent her home about break of Day. Now, had you seen these Things, *Tychiades*, you would not longer doubt, whether there be any great Efficacy in Charms. I answer'd, You said well; for I should undoubtedly believe, had I seen them; but, till then, you must pardon me, if I have not the same Faith with

with you: Nevertheless, I am acquainted with *Chrysis*, whom you speak of, and know her to be a common Wench, therefore easily obtain'd; so that I see not what need there was of that Clay Embassador to fetch her, or of a Magician to be brought out of the Northern Parts, and the Moon herself haled down to procure her, whom you might draw even to the remotest Northern Climate, for the Price of twenty Drachma's; for she is very yielding at such a Charm, and of a contrary Disposition to those hard-hearted Sprights; for they, upon every little Noise, of Brass or Iron, immediately fly away, (as you your self confess) but she, if a Piece of Silver begin to chink, runneth presently to the Sound of it; besides, I very much wonder at the Magician, if, being able, to cause himself to be loved of any Woman, how rich soever, from whom he might receive many Talents, that he doth notwithstanding, in such a covetous penurious manner, accept of four Crowns, to make *Glancias* amiable, and not rather himself. You deal very impertinently, said *Ion*, in thus denying to give Credit to every thing: However, pray let me ask you, what you say of those, that cure such as are possessed with Devils, who drive away the Spirits in so publick a manner, whereof I need not trouble you with many particular Instances, since all Men know how expert that *Syrian* of *Palestine* is in such Arts, who when Persons are troubled with a Lunacy, distorting their Eyes, and filling their Mouths with Foam, doth presently cure them, and send them away sound, receiving great Rewards for the same; his man-

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ner is thus: Standing over the Patients, he asks how they enter'd into the Body? The Patient himself holdeth his Peace, but the Devil answereth, speaking either in the *Greek*, or some barbarous Language, and declaring both from whence he is, as also how and when he entered into the Man; the Magician adjuring and threatning him, unless he obey immediately, expelleth the Devil; and I, my self, have sometimes seen him go out, of a dark and smoaky Colour. It is no great Wonder, said I, for you to see such things, to whom the very Idea's themselves are made to appear, by your Father *Plato*; whereof he shews but a very obscure Sight to us, who are kept, as it were Purblind. Doth *Ion* only (said *Eucrates*) see such things; and have not many others also beheld Spirits, some by Night, and some by Day? For my part, I, my self, have beheld such things as these, not once only, but ten thousand times; and, at first, was much troubled at them; but now, by Custom, am not in the least surprized at them; especially since the *Arabian* gave me a Ring made of Iron, which was taken from the Gallows, and taught me a Charm, full of many hard Words: And this you may believe, *Tychiades*, if you have any Credit for me. How can one forbear, said I, to believe *Eucrates*, the Son of *Dinon*, a wise Man, and free to speak with Authority what he pleases in his own House. As concerning the Statue, said *Eucrates*, which every Night appeareth to as many as are in the House, both Children, young Men, and old; you shall not only hear this Story from me, but also from all those

those that belong to me, if you will but take the Pains to ask them. What Statue is that, said I? Have you not seen, said *Eucrates*, at your Entrance, a very fair Statue, standing in the Hall, made by *Demetrius* the Stone-cutter? Mean you that, said I, that is a throwing the Stone, and bendeth himself towards him, that brought it, stooping a little with one Leg, and seeming as if he were about to rise, when he hath thrown it. Not that, said he, inasmuch as the Caster of the Stone is one of *Myron's* Pieces: Nor do I mean the other, that stands by him, crowning his Head with a Garland, for that is a Piece of *Polycleus* his Workmanship: But leaving those that stand on the Right-hand, as you enter in, which are the Pieces wrought by *Critias* the Islander, of such as have killed Tyrants, and turning your Eyes towards the Stream that runs by, where you shall see a Statue erected, with a great Belly, a bald Crown, and half naked, with some of the Hairs of his Beard scatter'd by the Wind, and with his Veins stretching out, much resembling a Man, it is *Pelichus* the *Corinthian* General I mean. Certainly, said I, I saw a certain Man, at the Right-hand of *Saturn*, holding a Rib, and some wither'd Garland, and his Breast advanced with golden Leaves. I, said *Eucrates*, gilded them, after he had cured me of an Ague in three Days space. Then he was also a Physician, said I, and could do Cures, as well as Fight. Yes, said *Eucrates*; but, I pray you, give over your Jearing; he will, e'er long, make you smart for it. I know what this Statue, at which you jeer, is able to do; for do

do you not think, that the same Person can send Agues to whomsoever he pleaseth, if he hath the Power to drive them away? Then may this Statue, said I, be propitious and kind to me, if he be so valiant and powerful as he is. But what other Wonders do all those of your Household see him do? As soon as it is Night, said he, this Statue, removing from the Pedistal, whereon he standeth, goeth round about the House, and every one meeteth him, and that sometimes as he is Singing; neither did he ever hurt any one, for they turn aside from him, and he passeth by without the least disturbing those that look on him. Moreover, for the most part, he washeth himself, and sporteth with the Water all Night long, so that we hear the Water flashing about. Consider then, said I, lest it be not the Statue of *Pelichus*, but of *Talus* the *Cretan*, who belonged to *Minos*; for he was the brazen Centinel, that walked up and down and guarded *Crete*; and had he been made not of Brass, but of Wood, he might very well have passed not for a Piece wrought by *Demetrius*, but for one of the curious Engines of *Dedalus*: for he also, as you say, removeth himself off his Pedestal. Take heed therefore, *Tychiades*, said he, lest afterwards you repent of your Jest; for I know what happened to one who stole away the Pence, which at Even New-moon we present to him. Certainly some grievous Punishment ought to have fallen upon him, said *Ion*, for such a Sacrilege: But how was he revenged on him, *Eucrates*, for I would fain hear it? Let this incredulous *Tychiades* think what he will, ma-

ny Pence, said he, were laid at his Feet, and some other Pieces of Silver by his Side, being stuck on with Wax, and certain Leaves of Silver, which one had vowed to him, as the manner of them is, who are cured of a Fever. Now I had a certain *Libian* Servant, that look'd after my Horses; who, in the Night, attempted to take away all those Gifts, having watched the Time when the Image was come down from his Pedistal; but, when upon his return, he perceived, that he had been robbed, observe how he took his Revenge, and detected the Thief; for all the Night long he made him walk up and down the Hall, not having the Power to go out; but falling, as it were, into a Maze, till break of Day, he was apprehended, with the stolen Goods about him; for which he received many Stripes, and, living but a little while after, died miserably, being whipt, as he said, every Night, so that the Prints of the Lashes, the Day following, would appear on his Body: Therefore, if you think fit, *Tychiades*, you may go on to Jear at these Things; as also at *Pelichus*, and esteem me but as an old doting Fool, cotemporary with *Minos*. To which I answer'd, My dear *Euchrates*, so long as Brass continueth Brass, and *Demetrius* the Founder thereof, whose Trade was not the making of Gods, but Men, I will never be frightened with the Statue of *Pelichus*; of whom, if he were now alive, I should not stand in Awe, nor of his Threats. After this, *Antigonus* the Physician, spake to *Eucrates*, saying, I have at Home the Image of *Hippocrates*, made of Brass, about a Cubit high; who, when
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the Candles are put out, walks all up and down the House, making a great Noise, jumbling the Gallipots and Medicines together; as also opening the Doors, but especially when we omit the Annual Sacrifice, which we are accustomed to pay him. Doth the Physician, *Hippocrates*, then, said I, require Sacrifice to be offer'd him; and grow angry, if at such and such times he be not feasted with compleat Offerings, who ought rather to be contented, if any one did but present him with a Libation, and pour out to him Metheglin, or crown his Head with a few Flowers? Hear me therefore, said *Euerates*, and I will tell you a thing that happened not above five Years ago, and which many are able to attest: It was about the Time of Vintage, when at Noon-day, leaving the Grape-gatherers in the Field, I went into the Wood by my self, ruminating and pondering upon some Business in my Mind; where I was no sooner come, under the Shade, but, first, I heard a kind of Yelping of Dogs, and thought, that my Son *Mnason* was sporting himself, as he used to do with Hunting, among his Companions in the Woods: However, I was soon undeceived; for presently after the Earth began to shake; which being succeeded with a Noise like Thunder, I could then perceive a Woman coming towards me, of a terrible Shape, being half a Furlong in height, having a Torch in her left Hand, and in her right, a Sword about twenty Cubits long: as for her lower Parts, in them resembled a Serpent, and in her upper Parts a Gorgon, I mean in her Countenance, and the Fierceness

of her Visage; also, instead of Hair, Snakes dangled from the Head, twining themselves about her Neck, some of which were scattered on her Shoulders: You, that are my Friends, may observe, said he, how I tremble, whilst I but relate this Story, (and at the same time he shewed them the Hairs on his Arm, standing upright, for fear.) Whereupon *Ion*, and *Dinomachus*, and *Cleodemus*, stood gaping and listening to him; for being aged Men, and led by the Nose, they silently and devoutly worshipped this incredible *Colossus* of a Woman, half a Furlong high, as a Giant-like Bugbear; when, in the mean time, I could not but reflect with my self, to think, that such Men as these should be appointed to Educate young Students, and be had in Admiration by the Vulgar, when themselves exceeded Children only in their gray Hairs and the length of their Beards; but, otherwise, were more credulous and susceptible of Lies and Fables, than the young Pupils themselves. Wherefore *Dinomachus* said to *Euchrates*, Tell me, good Sir, how big were the Goddess's Dogs? He answer'd, That they were greater than *Indian* Elephants, of a black Colour, and shaggy, with filthy bristled Hair; So, that (said he) when I saw them stand still, turning the Seal of the Ring, which the *Arabian* had given me, to the inside of my Finger, *Hecate*, immediately striking the Ground with her snaky Foot, made a very great Gap in the Earth, as big as that of *Tartarus*, and, leaping into it, vanisht away on a sudden; when I, taking Courage, stooped down, and look'd into it, holding fast by a Tree, that grew on the

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the side of it, to the end, that I might not grow dizzy, and fall into it my self: By this means I saw all Things in Hell, the Lake *Phlegeton*, *Cerberus*, and the Dead, whereof I knew some; as for my Father, I saw him distinctly habited, in the same manner as he was when we buried him. What did the Souls do? said *Ion*. What should they do, said *Encrates*, but in Troops and Companies converse with their Friends and Acquaintance, lying upon the Fields of *Asphodel*. Therefore let the *Epicureans*, said *Ion*, contradict *Plato* and his Discourse, concerning the Souls of Men, if they can: But did not you see *Socrates* himself and *Plato*, amongst the Dead? I saw *Socrates*, said he, but not distinctly, but ghesled at him by his bald Crown, and strutting Paunch, but I did not know *Plato*; for as I ought not, so neither shall I, speak any thing but Truth to you, that are my Friends. Now, when I had well viewed every thing, and the Gap had closed up it self again, some of my Servants, and, among the rest, *Pyrrhas* came to me before the Gap was perfectly closed: Therefore tell me, *Pyrrhas*, whether I do not speak the Truth? Yes, Master, said *Pyrrhas*; for I heard a Barking out of the Gap, and saw a small Glimmering from the Torch. Whereupon I laughed, at hearing the Servant, of himself, add the Barking and the Fire. Whereupon *Cleodemus* said, These Things that you saw, are not new, nor altogether unseen by others; for I, my self, not long ago, being sick, beheld the same: This *Antigonus* visited me, and was my Physician, it was about the seventh Day after I sickned, and the

Feaver was exceeding vehement upon me, in-
 somuch, that all the Company left me; and,
 having shut the Doors, staid without, accord-
 ing as you had order'd them, to see if I could
 get a little Sleep by any means, when pre-
 sently there stood by me, while I was awake,
 a very beautiful young Man, cloathed in white,
 who, taking me up, led me through a certain
 Pit, into Hell, as I presently knew, by see-
 ing *Tantalus*, *Titynus*, and *Sisyphus* there, with
 other Things, unnecessary here to be men-
 tioned; but, when I was come to the Judg-
 ment-seat, where *Aacus*, *Charon*, the *Destinies*,
 and the *Furies*, were present; there sat one
 like a King, whom I suppose to be *Pluto*, read-
 ing the Names of those, that were to dye,
 and who had already past the appointed Term
 of their Life; the young Man presented me
 to him; where he was angry, saying to the
 young Man, that brought me, *His Thread is*
not yet spun out, wherefore let him depart; instead
of him, take Demylus the Copper-smith, who has
now out-liv'd his Term. Whereupon, I willing-
 ly running up, began to be rid of my Feaver,
 and told all Men, that *Demylus* would shortly
 dye, who was at that time fallen ill, as the
 Report went; and, not long after, we heard
 the Lamentation, that was made for him.
 Where is the Wonder of this? said *Antigo-*
nus; For I know a Man, who rose again twen-
 ty Days after he had been buried, having
 been his Doctor my self, both before his
 Death, and now after his Resurrection. But
 how was that possible, said I, that his Body
 in twenty Days should not putrifie, or that
 he was not starved with Hunger, unless per-
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haps you had another *Epimenides* in cure? But, whilst we were thus talking, in came *Eucrates* his Sons from the Wrestling-school, the one of them being come to Man's Estate, the other as yet but a Stripling, about sixteen Years old; and, having saluted us, they sate upon the Bed by their Father, and a Stool was brought for me: Whereupon *Eucrates*, as if the sight of his Children had brought it into his Mind, *As I desire the Blessing of the Gods upon these Children*, said he, laying his Hand upon them, *I will, Tychiades, tell you nothing but the Truth; Every one knows how dearly I loved my Wife, of blessed Memory, the Mother of these Children; which Affection of mine, I declared by Actions towards her, not only in her Life-time, but also after her Death, insomuch, that I burnt with her all her Wearing-apparel, and the Gown wherein she so much delighted, whilst she was alive: now, on the seventh Day, after her Death, I lay here, upon the Bed, as I now do, trying to ease my Sorrow, by silently reading Plato's Book, concerning the Soul; in the interim whereof, my Wife Demæmete came in her own Person, and sate down by me, in the same Place where Eucratides now sits, (pointing to the younger of his Sons) whereat he, in a childish manner, began to be frightened and look pale for some time at this Story: But I, said Eucrates, when I saw her, embraced her, and began to grieve. On the contrary, she suffered me not to Weep, only blam'd me, because, having bestowed all other Things upon her, I had left one of her golden Sandals unburnt, which she said was fallen down under the Chest; for which Reason, we not finding it, burn'd the other Sandal only; and, whilst we were thus discour-*

sing, a paltry Hound, lying under the Bed, began
 to bark on a sudden, at which she presently vanish-
 ed; but the Sandal was found under the Chest, and
 afterwards burnt. Now will you yet deny to
 credit these Things, *Tychiades*, when they are
 so evident, and appear every Day. By no
 means, said I; for they who remain so incre-
 dulous and impudent, to question the Truth,
 would deserve to have their Backsides bang-
 ed with a golden Slipper, as Children used to
 be served. Upon this *Arignotus* the *Pythago-*
rean came in, with a long Bush of Hair, and
 a very reverend Aspect; you know he is a
 Man so famous for his Wisdom, that he is
 called the *Divine Arignotus*: and I, when I
 saw him, began to take Heart, believing, that
 now I had gotten a Hatchet, wherewith to
 cut off all lying Stories; for, thought I, to my
 self, this wise Man will stop all their Mouths,
 who dare to utter such miraculous Tales;
 and, according to the Proverb, I made full
 account, that he was a God dropt down from
 above, in time of my Distress: but he, when
 he was sat down, *Cleodemus* giving him his
 Place, began first to enquire of the Disease,
 and having heard from *Eucrates* himself, that
 it was now abated, What is it, said he, that
 ye are disputing of; for, as I enter'd in, I
 overheard you, and methought you were di-
 verting one another with a very profitable
 Discourse? All that we are now doing, said
Eucrates, is to perswade this Adamantine Fel-
 low, (shewing me) that there are such Things
 as Sprights and Ghosts; as also, that the Souls
 of Men do walk upon the Earth, and appear
 to whom they please. Whereupon I blushed,
 and

and held down my Head, out of the Reverence I bore to *Arignotus*. Perhaps, *Eucrates*, said he, the Meaning of *Tychiades* was, that the Souls of those only who dye violent Deaths, as being strangled, beheaded, or crucified, or in some other like forcible manner sent out of this World, do walk, but not the Souls of those that dye a natural Death. And if this be his Opinion, it is not altogether to be rejected. No, he means quite otherwise, replied *Dinomachus*; for his Opinion is, that there is no such Things at all, and therefore cannot possibly be seen. How say you, cry'd *Arignotus*, looking very wistly upon me, do you suppose, that there are no such Things, when almost every one hath been an Eye-witness of them? Pardon me, said I, if I do not believe them, when I only, of all others, never beheld them; for if I had, I should have believed them as well as you. Then, said he, If ever you come to *Corinth*, pray enquire for the House of *Enbatides*, which standeth near the *Cranenum*; and, when they shew it you, go into it, and tell the Porter *Tibius*, that you have a Desire to see the Place which *Arignotus* the *Pythagorean* opened, and from whence he conjured away the Devil; by which means the House afterwards became habitable. Pray, *Arignotus*, said *Eucrates*, be pleased to favour us with the whole Relation. *Arignotus* then replied, that the House had long been uninhabited, by reason it was haunted with evil Spirits; so that if any one began to settle there, he was presently frightened away, by some terrible and troublesom Apparition; whereupon the House was much fallen to decay.

decay, great part of the Roof uncover'd, in a Word, no Man durst enter into it: But I, upon Report of these Things, taking along with me my Books, (for I have divers *Egyptian* Books, that treat of Matters of this Nature) came into the House about Bed-time, the Host dissuading me, and, in a manner, holding me back, when he understood my Design of going into such a manifest Ruine, as he supposed: nevertheless, I, taking a Candle, entred my self alone, and, placing the Light in the largest Room of the House, sat down upon the Ground, and fell a reading softly to my self, when the Devil came to me, thinking he had to do with one of the Vulgar, and that he should presently scare me, as he had done others, being and ugly shaggy Fiend, and blacker than any Coal; accordingly he began divers Ways to assault me, and to try whether he could vanquish me, one while assuming the Shape of a Dog, another while of a Bull, or Lion; whereupon I, delivering my direful Charm, and speaking in the *Egyptian* Language, conjured him into a certain Corner of a dark Room, and observing well where he sunk down, I afterwards took my Rest; but in the Morning, when all Men despaired of my Life, thinking to find me dead, as they had done others, I coming out, contrary to the Expectation of all, address'd my self to *Eubatides*, telling him, That for the future, he might safely dwell in his House, without the fearful Spirit, or Hobgoblin; when, taking him with many others, who followed us, by reason of the Strangeness of the Thing, and bringing them

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them to the Place where I saw the Spirit sink, I had them take Shovels and Mattocks to dig withal; which, when they had accordingly done, they found, about a Cubit under Ground, a dead Man lying, with all his Flesh consumed away to the Bones; whereupon we took him up and buried him, after which the House was never more molested with Spirits. When *Arignotus* had finish'd his Relation, being a Man of Divine Wisdom, and revered by all, there was none present, who did not condemn me of manifest Frenzy, for not believing such Things as these, especially upon the Confirmation of *Arignotus*: Nevertheless, I fearing neither his long Beard, nor the Opinion that Men had of him, said to him, What a Story is this which you have told, *Arignotus*? Are you the Person whom I esteem'd, and from whom I hoped for so much Truth, fill'd with so much Smoak and Phantasms? I see then, that according to the common Proverb, my Cake is Dough. But, replied *Arignotus*, if you neither believe my Words, nor those of *Dinomachus*, or *Cleodemus*, or *Eucrates* himself, tell me what better Authority you can produce, to disprove the Truth of our Opinions. Certainly, answer'd I, no less a Man than the great and admired *Democritus* the *Abderite*, who was firmly assur'd of the Impossibility of all such Things, that when he had enclosed himself in a Monument without the City-gates, continuing there by himself, Writing and Composing, as well Night as Day; and, when some young Men, having a Mind to scare him, put on Winding-sheets, wore Vizards on their Heads, and

and danced round about him, with many antick Postures, he was not in the least surpriz'd, nay, did not so much as regard, or look on them, only continuing on his Writing, bid them leave off playing the Fool. So strongly was he perswaded, that the Souls of Men, being separate from the Bodies, signifie nothing. By these Words of yours, said *Eucrates*, it appeareth, that *Democritus* himself was a very silly Fellow to be of that Perswasion. But I will relate one Story more, whereof I my self had Experience, and did not learn it from others, the which perhaps, *Tychiades*, when you have heard, you your self will be convinced of the Truth of it; For when I dwelt in *Egypt*, being but a young Man, and sent thither by my Father to be instructed in *Egyptian* Learning, I had a mind to visit *Coptus*, and see the wonderful Image of *Memnon*, the which, when the Sun-beams reverberate upon, makes a great Noise; accordingly I heard him, but he gave not imperfect Sound to me, as he used to do to others; for *Memnon* himself, opening his Mouth, uttered an Oracle to me in seven Verses, the which, were it not impertinent, I would here rehearse: But, as I sailed back again, I was in Company with a Man of *Memphis*, one of the Sacred Scribes, admirable for Wisdom, and acquainted with all the *Egyptian* Learning, being reported to have lived three and twenty Years in the Vaults under Ground, to the end he might be taught Magick by *Isis*. I suppose, said *Arignotus*, you mean *Pancrates*, my Master, a very holy Man, with a shaved Crown, cloathed in a Surplice,

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mighty intelligent, and speaking *Greek* very elegantly, tall of stature, flat nosed, with blubber Lips, and slender Shanks. The very same, replied *Eucrates*. At first I knew not who he was, but afterwards, observing, that whensoever the Ship came into any Harbour, he performed many strange Tricks, as riding upon Crocodiles, and conversing with wild Beasts, whilst they in the mean time stood in fear of him, gently wagging their Tails, I perceived him to be some Sacred Person; when, by little and little, treating him with all the Civility imaginable, I so far insinuated my self into his Society and Acquaintance, that he made me privy to all his Secrets, and, in the conclusion, perswaded me to leave all my Servants at *Memphis*, and to accompany him alone, not doubting, as he said, but that we should find many who would attend us. And from that time we lived on this manner: When we came into an Inn, he would take the Bar of the Door, or a Broom-staff, or a Pestle, and wrap it in Cloaths, then muttering a certain Charm over it, make it run and go on Errands, seeming to all others as if it were a Man: The same Stick, thus wrapt in Cloaths, would draw Water, provide Supper, be very serviceable in every kind, and still attending upon us. Afterwards, when it had waited sufficiently, he would repeat another Charm, and make the Broom-staff become a Broom-staff again; or the Pestle become a Pestle again: And this thing, tho' very diligently laboured after, yet could I never attain the Secret of it; for
he

he envied me the knowledge hereof, tho' very communicative in all other Matters; but one Day, lying hid in a dark Corner, I overheard the Charm, which consisted but of three Syllables; after which, he himself went away into the Market, having given a Charge to the Pestle, what he should do; but, on the Morrow, whilst he had some Business in the Market, that detained him, I took the Pestle, and, having accoutred it, pronouncing the Syllables over it, commanded it to fetch Water; and when he had filled a Bucket, and brought it into the House, Be still, said I, and bring no more Water, but become a Pestle again. However, the Image would no longer obey me, but continually brought Water, till he had filled the House therewith; I, being at my Wits-end, for I was afraid lest *Panocrates*, returning home, should be angry, as afterwards he was, took an Axe, and divided the Pestle in two Parts; whereupon, each Part taking a Bucket, fetched Water; so that instead of one, I had now two Water-bearers: But *Panocrates*, coming in the mean time, and understanding the Business, made them again become Pieces of Wood, as they were before the Charm; nevertheless, he privately conveyed himself away, so that I could never more set Eye upon him. But can you now, said *Dinomachus*, make a Man of a Pestle? Yes, said *Eucrates*, I know half the Trick; altho' I am not able to reduce the Pestle to its former state, if he once become a Water-bearer; so that our House must of necessity suffer an Inundation.

tion. Will you never leave, said I, to tell such prodigious Stories, especially being an old Man, as you are? Nevertheless, if for no other Cause, yet for the Sake of those young Boys, defer these idle Relations, till some other time, lest accidentally they be terrify'd and frightned with such monstrous Stories; for we ought to have some Consideration of them, and not accustom their Ears to Reports, which may trouble them all their Lives after, and not only make them timorous, but inculcate into them all manner of Superstition. You do well, said *Eucrates*, to mention Superstition; For pray, what is your Opinion, *Tychiades*, of such Things as Oracles, Divine Answers, Inspirations, Sounds out of the Temples, or those Predictions which the Virgin pronounceth in Verse, foretelling Things to come? Nor will you give any Credit to any of these Things also? As for my self, that I have a certain Sacred Ring, with the Image of *Apollo* on the Signet thereof; and, that this *Apollo* useth to talk with me, I will not now relate to you, lest you should think I boast of Matters incredible concerning my self; but what I heard from *Amphilochus* at *Mallus*, when the Heroe entertain'd me with a private Discourse, and instructed me concerning my own Affairs; as also, what I my self have seen, I now relate: and next, I will disclose to you what I saw at *Pergamus*, and heard at *Patara*; For, as I return'd homeward out of *Egypt*, hearing, that the Oracle in *Mallos* was the most cried up, for telling of Truth, and did give clear

Ans

Answers, almost Word for Word, to whatsoever one should Write in a Schedule, and deliver to the Interpreter: I thought it would not be amiss, if, in my Voyage, I made tryal of the said Oracle, to advise with the God, concerning some future Occurrences. Now, as *Eucrates* was speaking in this manner, foreseeing whither the Business would tend, and, that he had begun a long tragical Relation, concerning the Oracle, and thinking, that it was not fit for me alone to oppose them all, taking my leave of him, as he was now sailing out of *Egypt* towards *Mallos*; for I knew well enough, that my Company was uneasie to them, in contradicting their fabulous Narrations: I told him, I would go and enquire after *Leontichus*, with whom I was obliged to speak, about an urgent Business, saying withal, That forasmuch as they thought not Humane Affairs sufficient, they should do well to call the Gods to their assistance, in their fabulous Discourses; which done, away I went. But they, it is probable, being rejoyced at my Departure, as having now obtain'd their Liberty, did very bountifully feast and salute one another with Fictions and Lies. Now these are the Things, *Pholoeles*, which I heard at the House of *Enchrates*, before I came to you; which makes me in the same case with those that have drunk new Wine, so that my Belly is ready to burst, and have great need of Vomiting, insomuch, as I would willingly give a good Rate for a Potion of Forgetfulness, that the Remembrance of what I have heard, may not create some future Trouble
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and Inconvenience to me; for, methinks, I see nothing but Prodigies, Devils, and Hobgoblins.

Phil. And truly, *Tychiades*, I my self have got some such Distemper, even from your Relation; for, as those, who are bitten by mad Dogs, do not only themselves become mad, but if they chance to bite others, draw them also into the Fellowship of their own Madness: In like manner, you being bitten with many Lies at the House of *Euchrates*, seem to have communicated the Venome unto me, having filled my Imagination with nothing but the Idea's of Goblins and Devils.

Tych. However, let us comfort our selves, my dear Friend, having so good an Antidote against such Distempers, I mean the Truth and right Reason in all Things; which, if we make right use of, none of these vain and silly Fables will ever be able to procure us any Trouble or Disturbance.

ICAROMENIPPUS:

O R,

A Voyage to Heaven.

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

The Argument.

The following Piece is a kind of universal Satyr, in which our Author exposes the Vices and Follies of Mankind in General. He sets out the Vices of Great Princes, as well as those of Private Persons, their Superstition, Brutality, Covetousness, &c. But he more particularly Rails at the Philosophers of those Times, for their Presumption and Ignorance, and absurd and impertinent Doctrine of the Heavens, the Gods, and the World, that they impos'd on their credulous Auditors, as Matters of Certainty, which they had no Warrant for.

Menippus. **F**ROM the Earth to the Moon, is about three thousand Stadia, which was our first Journey; from thence to the Orb of the Sun, full five hundred Parasangæ; and thence again to the Empyrean Hea-

Heaven, which is the Court of *Jove* and Mansion of the Gods, about, as far, as a well-mounted Eagle can reach in one Day's flight.

Friend. Good *Menippus*, what means all this Jargon, which you thus mutter to your self, of the heavenly Bodies, and the Distance of this from that? As I chanced to follow you, methought I heard you talk of Suns and Moons, in a strange barbarous Dialect.

Men. Marvel not, my *Friend*, if the Language be sublime, and surpass your Capacity; I was just recounting the Journal of a Voyage I have lately made.

Friend. O, Sir, I perceive you was imitating the *Phenician* Sailors, who count the Way they make by the Stars they see.

Men. No, I assure you my Voyage was amidst the Stars themselves.

Friend. A very long Dream doubtless to hold out so many Leagues without interruption.

Men. 'Tis no Dream, which I tell you, but the very Truth: I came but this very Day from the Presence of *Jove* himself.

Friend. What surprizing News is this, *Menippus*, just return'd from Heaven?

Men. Verily so, this very Moment return'd from the Palace of *Jove*, where I have heard and seen the most amazing Things; and if your incredulous Humour will not let you think it true, I am transported to think my Happiness exceeds your Belief.

Friend. O glorious, O happy *Menippus*! It would be an inexcusable Piece of Infidelity, in a poor Mortal, a Muckworm, to question the Veracity of so Divine a Creature; one, who

has pierced the Skies, visited the Worlds above, and, in the Phrase of the Poet, is one of the heavenly People. But prithee tell us, if thou art not obliged to conceal the Secret, by what Means thou could'st climb so high, or where thou could'st find a Ladder tall enough for the purpose: I can hardly think the Charms of thy Face should tempt Jove to seize thee, as he did the lovely *Ganymede*, and translate thee to Heaven to make a Skinner of.

Men. Well, I see you will be pleasant. I cannot blame you, if the Surprise and Novelty of the Relation make you think it fabulous: But, I assure you, I had no occasion for a Ladder, or an Eagle to bestride, I had Wings of my own.

Friend. Very strange! This is beyond *Dædalus* himself. 'Tis something odd, that you should thus transform your self into a Fowl, and none of your Friends know any thing of the Matter.

Men. You come near the Mark; I did imitate that *Cretan* Artist, and made the Wings I flew with.

Friend. Thou most audacious Wretch, how could'st thou hope to escape the Fate of *Icarus*, and not fall, and make some Sea famous by thy Disaster, as he did?

Men. No fear of that; he joyn'd his with Wax, which, so soon as he was mounted to a considerable height, were melted by the warmth of the Sun; and he dropt justly, suffering for his little Foresight, but I fixt mine on a surer Way.

Friend.

Friend. And prithee how could that be? I'm all agog to know; for methinks I begin to think there may be some Truth in what you relate.

Men. Thus I did: I took a huge Eagle, and a strong Vulture, and cut off the right Wing of one, and the left of the other. But here, methinks, before I proceed further, it would be proper to let you know the Motives which engaged me in this bold Undertaking, if it will not intrench too much on your Time.

Friend. No Preambles, I beseech you; I am ravished with your Discourse, and eagerly expect the finishing of the Story; and I conjure you, by *Jove*, the Patron of all true Dispatch, hold me no longer in suspense, and nail'd by the Ears.

Men. Well, mark well then; for I do not hold it civil to torment your Curiosity, or keep a Friend long gaping, or, as you express it, nail'd by the Ears. Reflecting on the Things of this World, I found them all vain, uncertain, below the Dignity of our Minds, and, from a Contempt of Riches and Honours, fell to a serious Contemplation of solid and lasting Good; I began to enquire into the Nature of Things, and the Structure of the Universe: I was much perplexed, to discover whence it could proceed; who was its Author; when it had its Beginning; how long it should last: But it much increased the Difficulty, I was involved in, when I descended to Particulars; I could not reconcile it to Sense, why the Stars should be so unequally dispersed through the Firmament, and scatter'd at random. My Passion was exceeding great, to know what that luminous Body

was which we call the Sun. Nothing puzzled me more, than the Changes incident to the Moon; which appear'd to me very odd and surprizing, and I utterly despair'd of finding the Causes of its various Appearances. Then again, the swift Lightning, noisie Thunder, Storms of Hail, Rain, Snow, all seem'd very difficult, the Causes of which I could never hope to discover. Whereupon I thought it the best Way, to betake my self to the Philosophers and become their Disciple, whom I thought Masters of these Secrets, and from whom I expected to learn the Reasons of these mysterious Events. And now I began to pitch on those, whom I thought best able to instruct me. Their Learning I measured by the solemn Gravity of their Mien, wrinkled Faces, pale mortified Looks, length of their Beards; from such Masters I hoped soon to learn some sublime divine Science: I soon agreed for a considerable Sum of Money, part of which I deposited, and gave Security to pay the other, when the Course should be finished. And then I desired to be instructed in the Doctrine of the Heavens, and the Order and Construction of the Universe: But, alas, instead of being freed from my old Difficulties, I found my self plunged in a thousand new ones; my Ears were still fill'd with the Noise of Principles, Final Causes, Atoms, Vacuums, Matter, Forms, and such like Stuff: But that which appears the most intollerable of all is, that these Men cannot agree among themselves, all demand an implicit Faith to what they assert, and each endeavours to make you a Profelitte of his Opinion.

Friend. Very ridiculous, that Pretenders to Wisdom and Learning should quarrel amongst themselves, and differ so much in their Sentiments.

Men.

Men. It would move your Spleen (my Friend) to see the dogmatical arrogant Humour of these Fellows. A Generation of Men no more sharp-sighted, than their Fellow-Mortals, who live upon the same Earth with them; nay, most of them decrepid and purblind, with Age or Idleness, set Out-bounds to the Universe, assign the Bigness of the Sun, and talk confidently of Worlds above, the Dimensions and Figures of the Stars, as if they were familiar with them: And perhaps, though they know not how far it is from Megæra to Athens, precisely tell you the Distance of the Sun and Moon, the Height of the Atmosphere, the Depth of the Ocean, the Circumference of the Earth; making Diagrams, Globes, and Instruments, to measure the Heavens. Is it not a Piece of Folly and Ridiculous, intollerably Insolent, for these Men, who talk of Things so uncertain, to maintain their Opinions with so much Stiffness and Eagerness, nor bearing the least Contradiction; swearing, that the Sun is a Glob of Fire; that the Moon is a World; that the Sun drinks up the Seas; that the Stars drink up the Sun: It is easie to see how contradictory these Things are. Now, for Heaven's sake, observe whether their other Doctrins agree better: In the first place, they differ in their Opinions of the World, some maintain, it was ingenerable and incorruptible; others pretend to tell you its Author, and the Manner and Order of its Making: and these I cannot chuse but admire, who, when they tell you it was framed by some Divine Being, neither tell you when he proceeded, where he was seated, while he fashioned this curious Fabrick; for before the beginning of the Universe, we cannot imagine either Time or Place.

Friend. Strange Men, and monstrous Opinions, *Menippus.*

Men. Well, Sir, if I should recount their Disputes of Idea's, incorporeal Beings, finite and infinite; for there are divers sharp Contests upon these Subjects amongst them, some circumscribing the Universe, others maintaining it infinite; some assert a Plurality of Worlds, and condemn those who speak of it in the singular: Others there are doubtless a very litigious sort of People, who place the Principles of Things in War and Contention: For their Opinion of the Gods, it is endless to engage in the Enumeration; some make Harmony their God, others worship and swear by Dogs, Geese, Trees: Another sort, laying aside all others, hold the Sun to be the supreme Governour of this World, and pay Homage to him. In short, it is a deplorable Case to find such a Scarcity of Gods amongst them. Others assert a Multitude of Deities, and divide them into several Ranks or Orders, and give the Preference to one before the other. Some think the Divinity incorporeal, without Body or Shape. Others fancy him Body. All do not think the Gods concern'd in the Government of the World. And there are a sort of Men who introduce them as Mutes upon the Stage, to compleat the Figure. Another sort of Men, more daring, than all the former, make no scruple to deny all Gods, and will not admit the World to be subject to any Government or Direction. Amidst such Confusion, I could not incline to any thing asserted by these bawling Pedants, and I was perplexed to find where I might secure my self from the Danger of mistaking. In this Irresolution, despairing to find any more the Truth here below, I resolv'd to provide my self with Wings, and make

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a Voyage to Heaven, imagining there I might meet with more Satisfaction. That which inspired me with Hopes of Success, next after my own impatient Desire, was, *Aesop*, the Author of the Fables, who makes his Beetles, Eagles, nay Camels themselves mount so high. I could never hope Wings should sprout from my Body; but if I could get the Wings of an *Eagle* or *Vultur*, which only are strong enough to support the Body of a Man, I thought possibly I might bring the Experiment to Perfection: Wherefore, getting those Birds, I cut off the right Wing of one, and the left of the other, and fitted them to my self, with strong Leathers, and with Loop-holes, to put my Arms in; I began to try and use my Hand long, and then Fluttering, like Geese, keeping my Toes still upon Ground; when I had practised this, with the wished Success, I began to think of some greater Exploit, and getting upon the top, flew down in the midst of the Theater. When I had done this, without the least Danger, I entertain'd the Thoughts of some nobler Enterprize, and, rising from *Parnethe* or *Hymettus*, I flew to *Gerania*, thence to the *Acrocorinthus*, thence down upon *Pholoe*, *Erymanthus*, quite to *Taygetus*. When I had performed this, and perfected my self in my new Art of Flying, I no longer diverted my self with imitating the aerial Fowl, but taking first a very light Repast, set forth upon my Voyage for Heaven. At first I was stunn'd, and my Eyes began to fall, at the astonishing Height, after I bore it easily. But, when I arrived in the Confines of the Moon, I found my self

tired in my left Wing, which was the Vultur's, and, making a halt, here I rested, and, like *Jupiter*, in *Homer*, took a View of the subjacent Earth. Now I could descry *Thrace* or *Mysia*, then *Greece*, *Persia*, the *Indies*; with the Novelty of which Prospect, I was exceedingly ravished.

Friend. Pray let us know what you saw there, and deprive us not of any part of your Voyage, or any of the Adventures you met with. Methinks I cannot but flatter my self with the hope of hearing a thousand extraordinary Things of this Earth, and what you see in it from such a height.

Men. Very right, Sir; and therefore be pleased; so far as can be, to accompany me throughout my Voyage, and view the State and Condition of the Earth from such a distance. Fancy you see a small Spot, not by much so big, as the Moon, so that to look down of a sudden, one would wonder where were all those mighty Mountains, those vast Seas. So that unless, by chance, I had spy'd that high Colossus of *Rhodes*, and the Tower of *Pharos*, doubtless I could not have found out the Earth. But there, o're-topping the rest, and the Ocean reflecting, the Rays of the Sun clearly shewed it to be that which I saw. But more intently directing my Eyes, I could discern all the Transactions of Human Life, some sailing, some fighting, some plowing, some quarrelling, Women walking, Beasts grazing, and, in short—

Friend. This is incredible, and contradicts it self: You, who but just now, could not discern the Earth it self, contracted to a Spot, by

by reason of the prodigious Distance, unless you had known by the Colossus, should of a sudden become such a *Lyncæus*, that not Men and Beasts only, but the rest of Insects themselves cannot escape your piercing View.

Men. A very seasonable Hint; I confess, I had else forgot to acquaint you with a very important Circumstance. When I had discover'd, that which I saw to be the Earth, and could discern nothing distinctly, or clearly in it, I was much confounded and perplext at the Imperfection of my Senses, and almost dissolved in a Shower of Tears; when, in the midst of these melancholy Reflections, *Empedocles*, so much renowned for his Wisdom, presented himself to me, in the Form of a Collier, his Garb dirty, all cover'd with Ashes, and his Body very much scorcht. I was much terrified at this strange Spectacle, taking him to be one of those Dæmons which inhabit the Moon. He perceiving me in a very great Surprise, address'd himself to me, *Banish your Fears, Menippus, said he, and take Courage, I am no Spirit of the Air, as thou fanciest, but a mortal Man, as thou art, I am the Virtuoso Empedocles, whose Fame you are not a stranger to: When I plunged my self in the Flames of Ætna, a sudden Torrent of Fire and Smoke, from the Mouth of that Volcano, seized me, and flung me up hither: I dwell in the Moon, range through the Regions of the Air, and feed upon the Dew of the Heavens. My Business here is to lend you my Assistance, and free you from your Doubts; I perceive it afflicts you much, that you cannot clearly discern the Earth. It is very kind and obliging, good Empedocles, said I; and, when I return to Greece, I shall not*

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be unmindful to sacrifice thrice every New Moon, in the grateful Memory of this Favour. I came not hither with any mercenary Design, by Endymion, cried he; but I was mov'd to see you so much dejected. Can you not remedy the Defect of your Sight? Not I, truly, said I, unless you can assist me, and dispel the thick Mist; for methinks, I am very much in the Dark. You need not my Help, replied he; you have brought hither with you, what will do the Feat. How so? replied I. Have you not the right Wing of an Eagle there? says he. Ay, replied I. But, how then, What Kin between Eyes and Wings? O, says he, That of all Creatures, has the strongest Sight, and she is accounted a Genuine Eagle, and a Royal Bird, which can behold the Sun, in all his Splendor, without Winking. So I have heard, replied I, which makes me Chagrin, to think I should not pluck out my own Eyes, and stick Eagles in their stead, and not come hither half provided, no better, than that abdicated spurious Brood. Well, replied he, it is in your Power to make one a Royal Eye at least: For, as you mount, if you keep the Vultur's Wing still, and only move the other, you will find your Sight of that side mightily improve; for the other Eye, there's no Remedy for't. I'm content, replied I, so that may be I have seen Carpenters, Joyners, and other Mechanics, shut one Eye, and use only the other to their Work, to make it more even. When he had done speaking, I began to practise, according to his Instructions; who, by degrees, withdrawing himself at last, vanished into Air. I began to move the Wing, and immediately I was surrounded with a great Light, insomuch, that I could plainly discern those Things which before were conceal'd from

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from my View: Wherefore, casting my Eyes on the Earth, I could see every Thing, not only great Cities, and the Men in them, with all their Actions, but all they were doing in private, in their Cabinet Alcoves, which they thought hid from all mortal Eyes: *Here I could see Ptolemy in Bed with his Sister. Lyfimachus's Son plotting the Death of his Father. Antiochus, the Son of Seleucus, dallying with his Mother-in-law. Alexander of Thessaly, made away by his Wife. Antigonus cuckolding his own Son. Attalus's Son officiously reaching the fatal Draught to his Father. Then again, elsewhere, Arsaces, in a raging Fit of Jealousie, killing a feeble defenceless Woman; and Arbaces, the Eunuch stabbing him. Spartinus the Mede, dragg'd out of his Palace by the Heels, and his Brains knockt out with a golden Goblet, and a thousand like Indignities. In Thrace and Scythia, in all their Palaces, you see after a sumptuous Banquet, Whoring, Incest, Adulteries, Rapes, Treason, Murder, Plundering, Perjury, and all manner of treacherous Dealing. These are what the Courts of great Princes afford, but to behold the Actions of private Persons, is very odd and ridiculous. Here to see Hermodorus, the Philosopher, perjur'd, for the Lucre of a hundred Groats. Agathocles, the Stoick, suing his Scholar for his Pension. Clinias, the Orator, robbing the Temple of Æsculapius. Herophilus, the Cynick, caught in the Arms of a common Strumpet; not to mention others breaking their Neighbours Houses, lying with their Wives, going to Law, exacting Usury; all which, put together, make a most ridiculous Farce.*

Friend.

Friend. You would much oblige me to relate all you saw; the Variety must needs be very pleasing to you.

Men. It would be difficult to enter upon Particulars, which I had hardly leisure to take notice of: But, to be short, this Prospect did something resemble the Buckler of *Achilles*, in *Homer*; where, in one place, there was nothing but *Feasting, Mirth, and Jollity*; in another, *Law-suits, Preaching, Sacrifices, Funerals*: Here you might see the *Getæ* going to *War*; the *Scythians* travelling in their *Caravans*. Then, diverting your Eyes another way, you might see the *Ægyptians* busied in tilling the Ground, the *Phœnicians* trafficking, the *Cicilians* robbing, the *Athenians* haranguing at the Bar, the *Lacedemonians* disciplining their Children. Imagin a great many People on the Stage should begin to sing a different Song, without Order or Concert, and each should strive to out-do another in the Loudness of their Voice; Fancy with your self what a blessed Harmony this would make.

Friend. A very strange Scene of Confusion.

Men. And yet just such do all the Actions of this Life appear, whilst each Actor has a different Dress, Tone, and Part, to play, till the Master of the Stage comes and turns them all off, and declares the Farce is over, and no more Business for them there. Then they all resemble one another in nothing so much as being all Mute and Silent. In this various and confus'd Theatre of the World, all Things indeed are very diverting: But, above all, I could not but heartily laugh at those, that con-

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contest the Bounds of their Countries, one taking Pride in living in Licyon; another, that he possesseth that Part of Marathon which borders on Oenoe, or was Master of a thousand Acres in Acarnania. When all Greece appeared to me at that height, not a Span over, and Attica the least part of that too. I began to think what it was the Men of Estates value themselves upon, when he that had the most Acres, had no more, than one of Epicurus's Atoms. But looking down on Peleponnesus, and that Land which lies under the Northern Star, I could not chuse but admire, that so many Argives and Lacedemonians should perish in one Day, for so trivial a Spot of Ground, no bigger, than an Egyptian Lentil. But the merriest of all was, to see the wealthy Men strut and look big with their Rings, Plate, &c. when the whole Pangeum, with all its Mines, was no bigger than a Millet-seed.

Friend. Very pleasant indeed; I cannot but envy you this agreeable *Visto*. But the Cities and the Men in them, how do they appear?

Men. I suppose you have seen a Nest of Pismires, some crowding together at home, some going abroad; others returning, others loading out Ordure, others bringing half the Skin of a Bean, part of a Grain of Wheat. I believe too, since they compose a small Republick, they may have Architects, Physicians, Magistrates, Philosophers, amongst them, and other necessary Members of Society. Just like these busie Animals do great Cities appear; nor must you be affronted at the Comparison, since ancient Traditions tell us the Myrmidons, a Warlike People, derive their Original from these

these puny Creatures. When I had satisfied my Curiosity with this Medley-Prospect, and diverted my self to my Content, I took Wing again, and directed my Flight for the Court of Jove.

I was hardly got a hundred Paces, when the Moon, with a soft effeminate Voice, cried out, *A prosperous Voyage to you, Menippus; I beseech you favour me in a small Affair above. With all my Heart,* reply'd I, provided you have no Packet to send. No, no, reply'd she, nothing that will load you. I would intreat you to present a Petition to Jupiter, in my Name. I am persecuted to Death by a Generation of Men, who call themselves Philosophers, whose Impertinence is intollerable. These Fellows, having no other Business, are continually prying into my Concerns, Who, and How Big I am; why, I sometimes appear but half, at other times full: Then others say, I am inhabited; others, only a Glass hung over the Ocean, to reflect its Light, and father their own Whimsies on me. Nay, they presume to say my Light is borrowed, and not my own, but the Sun it proceeds from, endeavouring to sow Dissention betwixt my self and dear Brother. And, for his part, they say, he is only a burning Earth, a Mass of Fire. And all this while, I am privy to their vile, abominable Night Practices; who, in the Day-time, appear with austere solemn Faces, and formal grave Habits, to create Veneration in the gaping Multitude. I see these Things, and hold my Peace, thinking it not decent to publish and display in the open Day, their Night Debauches and Private Intrigues. Nay, if I chance to spy any of them lying with his Neighbour's Wife, or breaking his House, or committing any of those Crimes which are usually done in the

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Dark, I withdraw my self, and hide my Face behind a Cloud, to avoid exposing old reverend Men, doing what does not become the Gravity of their Beards, and the Profession of Vertue. Notwithstanding this, they are constantly tiring and affronting me. And I protest by the Powers, that govern the Night, I have often had it in my Mind, to remove farther off, to avoid their impertinent Remarks. Pray give Jupiter this Account, and let him further know, I can no longer stay here, unless he confound these Virtuosi, stop the Mouths of these Sophists, demolish the Stoa, burn the Academy, and impose Silence on the Peripatium, by this Means perhaps I may enjoy my Repose, and they forbear observing my Dimensions. I promised to present her Remonstrance; and, taking my leave, continued my Voyage to Heaven—

And to th' immortal Seats of happy Spirits flew.

A while after she appear'd little, and hid the Earth from my sight: Then, leaving the Sun to my right, and flying directly across the Stars, upon the third Day I arrived at the Empyrean Heaven. At first, I thought to have enter'd boldly, thinking they might mistake me, since I was half Eagle, which Bird I knew Jupiter took particular delight in; but then again, considering the other, which was but a Vultur, might detect the Fraud, I thought it safest to knock. Mercury, who was Porter, cry'd, *Who's there?* And, demanding my Name, went immediately to Jupiter, to acquaint him; and, a little after, I was admitted, trembling and shaking. I found the Gods themselves in a Consternation, and much distur-

disturbed at my unexpected Arrival, which they never dreamt once of, fearing the whole Race of Mankind should come winged in that manner, and make their bold Visits to Heaven. Then *Jupiter*, with a terrible stern Countenance, fixing his fiery Eyes on me, roughly ask'd, *Who are you? Whence do you come? What's your Business here?* I was almost dead with Fear at these Questions, and wondrously affrighted at the Loudness of the Voice. But, after a little pause, coming to my self, I began to recount the Motives, that had induced me to undertake the Voyage. How I began to search into the Mysteries of Nature; how vain and empty and full of contradiction I found the Doctrins of the Philosophers upon these Subjects; how, despairing of any Satisfaction upon Earth, I projected this Journey. In short, I recounted all the particular Adventures, from my first Setting-out, till my Arrival. And then presented him with the Moon's Complaint. *Jupiter*, smiling and clearing up his Countenance, *Gentlemen*, says he, *What can we think of the Enterprize of the Giants, when poor Menippus can crawl thus high?* To Morrow you shall have Audience upon the Matter you desire to be informed in: In the mean time, I will take care you shall be well entertain'd. Upon this he rose, and went to that Place of Heaven which is most advantagiously placed to hear, and I followed him. This was the time he set apart to hear the Addresses of his Votaries, and dispatch the Affairs of the World. In going thither, he asked me divers Questions of the Things below; *What Corn was a Bushel in Greece? Whether the last hard Winter had done*

as great Damage? Whether the Fruits of the Earth wanted Rain? Then again, Whether any of Phidias's Race were left? What was the Reason the Athenians, of late Years, had omitted his Feasts? Whether they intended to perfect their Olympia? Whether any of the sacrilegious Rogues were taken, who had plunder'd his Temple at Dodona? When I had replied to all these Points, Well, Menippus, says he, But what do Men think of me? What can they, great Sir, replied I, but that you are the most Potent and Sovereign of the Gods. You trifle, says he; there was a time indeed, when I was all in all their Prophet, Poet, Physician, and what not. Then all their Assemblies, and Streets, and Mouths, were all of Jupiter; Dodona and Pisa were noble and famous Cities: And I could not lift my Eyes, for the Smoke of the Incense burnt to me. But since Apollo has set up his Office of Intelligence at Delphos, Æsculapius opened his Physick-shop at Pergamus, and the Bendidion erected in Thrace; Anubis has his Temple in Ægypt, and Diana hers in Ephesus; all run thither, have their Publick Assemblies there, and offer up whole Hecatombs. For my part, they look upon me as superannuated, and think they have done me Honour enough, if once in five Year, they sacrifice to me in Olympia: My Altars are colder than Plato's Laws, or the Syllogisms of Chrysippus. We spent the Way with such Discourse, till at last we arrived at the Place of Audience: There were several Holes, all ranged in order, like the Mouths of Wells, each of which had its Cover; and, by the sides of each of these a golden Chair; in one of which Jupiter placed himself; and, taking off the Cover, applied himself to hear their Supplications:

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They prayed to him from all Parts of the Earth, and very different were their Petitions ; all which I could plainly hear, laying my Ear to the Hole. O, Jupiter, *bestow an Empire on me*, cries one. O, Jupiter, *give me a good Crop*, prays another. O, Jupiter, *take my Father to thy self*, prays a third. O, *If my Wife would leave me her Estate after her decease*. O *may it never be discover'd, that I was an Instrument of my Brother's Death*. O, *that I may be victorious, and carry the Prize at the next Olympic Games*. Then at Sea, one pray'd for a North Wind, another a South ; the Husband-man for Rain, the Fuller for Sun-shine. But Jupiter, weighing and considering the Nature and Justice of your several Requests, granted some, and denied others. The righteous Prayers were let through these Casements, and plac'd on his Right-hand ; the wicked dispell'd with a cross Blast, that they might not pollute the Sacred Place. But upon a certain Affair, I saw him much perplext and gravell'd, and doubtful which side to incline to ; for it so fell out, that the adverse Parties had both promised the same Sacrifices, and their Requests quite contrary, which made him a very Sceptick, and incapable of deciding in favour of either side : But, after some demur, he resolved to take it into further consideration. From hence he went to the next Casement ; where he heard *Oaths, Protestations, Vows*. When he had dispatch'd his Business here, and punished *Hermodorus the Epicurean*, for his *Perjury*, he went to the next Seat, which was appointed for *Rumours, Divinations, Auguries* ; and thence to that appointed for *Sacrifices*, where the Fumes

of

the Incense bear up to Jupiter the Names
of the Votaries who offer it: Then, adjourn-
ing, he gave the Orders to the Winds and
Seasons, *To Day let it Rain in Scythia, Thunder*
in Libya, Hail in Greece: You Boreas, blow in
Lydia; you South-Winds lye still; let the West
raise a Tempest in the Adriatick; let five thou-
sand Bushel of Hail be spent in Cappadocia. Now
it was Supper-time, and all necessary Orders
being given, Jupiter took me with him to the
great Hall where the Gods use to sup toge-
ther. Mercury, taking me by the Hand, placed
me next Pan and the Corybante, those Mungril
Demi-Gods. Ceres furnished us with Bread,
Bacchus with Wine, Hercules brought Flesh,
Venus Spices, and Neptune Fish, and I had, by
the by, a Taste of their Nectar and Ambrosia;
for the good-natur'd Ganymede would ever and
anon, while Jupiter chanc'd to look another
way, fill me a Glas or two of that Divine Li-
quor. The Gods, as Homer assures you, and I
can, from my own Experience, confirm, nei-
ther eat Bread or drink Wine, but feed on
Ambrosia and drink Nectar. They are won-
derfully delighted with the Scent of Sacrifices,
and Blood reeking on the Altar. All the time
of Supper, Apollo played on his Harp, and
Silenus danced Anticks, and the Muses sang
the Origin of the Gods out of Hesiod, and the
first Ode in Pindar. After the Entertainment
was over, every one went to his Repose, some
better, some worse, but all Maudlin enough in
Conscience. The Company slept well, only I
could not shut my Eyes: I reflected on the
various Things I had seen; Amongst other
Things, I was much concern'd to think, how

Apollo could be so old, and yet have no Beard; how the Sun could be always present, and good Chear, and yet it should be Night. After that I slept a little, and early, next Morning, Jupiter summon'd a great Meeting of the Gods; when all were come together, he began in the following manner: Gentlemen, The Occasion of your Meeting is, this Stranger, who arrived Yesterday, I have had a long time in my Mind, to consult with you about the Philosophers; but the Arrival of this Man, and the Complaints of the Moon, have put me on a Resolve to defer it no longer. There are an upstart Race of Men, idle, litigious, vain-glorious, peevish, proud, gluttonous, foolish Fellows, and, as the Poet expresses it,

A useless Load to the encumber'd Earth.

Who, caviling and quirking, divide themselves into Sects, or Parties, and assume the Name of Stoicks, Epicureans, Academicks, Peripateticks, and a thousand other ridiculous Denominations: These Fellows, under the glorious Name of Vertue, which they pretend to profess, by the help of a supercilious Look, a reverend Beard, and a formal Habit, impose their abominable Humours upon the World. These resemble Actors in a Tragedy, where he, who is an Emperour upon the Stage, stript of his embroider'd Robes, and glittering Ornaments, appears in his own natural Shape, a poor Rascal, forc'd to act whatever Part is assigned him, to avoid starving. These Fellows are not a whit better, and yet treat all Men with Contempt, blaspheme the Gods with their absurd Doctrins, and, getting together some credulous Youths, make mighty Ostentation of the strictest Vertue, teach them to cavil and play with the

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Ambiguities of Speech, and, amongst their Disciples, preach up Temperance and Moderation, the Contempt of Riches and Pleasure: And yet one can hardly set forth what Cormorants these Men are in private, how lascivious and wanton, how covetous and griping: But the most insufferable of all is, that while they do nothing themselves, either Publick or Private, but are altogether idle and unprofitable Members of the Common-wealth, neither employ'd in the Field, nor at the Council-board, yet they are always censuring those worthy Persons who are reflecting on and reviling them, inventing Lies and Calumnies, and he is the Bell-weather amongst them, who is the most noisie, impudent, and has the best Talent at Railing: But if one should accost one of these clamorous impudent Fellows, and ask what he does all this while for the Service of Mankind; if he were possess'd with the Spirit of Truth, he must needs answer, I hold it needless for me to Plow or Sow, to cross the Ocean, or follow any honest manual Art; I bawl, lye rough, look nasty, wash in cold Water, walk barefoot in Winter, and, Momus-like, cavil at all I see; If a Man of Quality has given a splendid Treat, keeps a Mistres, or the like, I find it out, and rail at him: If any of my Neighbours or Friends lye ill, or any thing demands my Care and Assistance, I know nothing of the Matter. These Gentlemen are a sort of People which apply themselves to us for Protection. But as for those, who call themselves Epicureans, they are still more blasphemous and dangerous to our Estate; These Men impiously assert, the Gods take no Care of the Affairs and Government of the World: Wherefore it is high time to find a Remedy for these enormous Disorders. Should these Men once prevail, and insinuate this Doctrine into the Minds of Men, we should all be in danger

of starving: For who will bring his Offerings to our Altars, when he can reap no Benefit? For the Moon's Complaints, you heard them Yesterday, and so I shall not repeat them now: Wherefore I recommend to your Wisdom what Methods may be most for the Security of Ourselves and the Benefit of Mankind. When he had finish'd his Speech, a murmuring Noise was heard through the whole Assembly; but on a sudden all cried out with an unanimous Voice, *Destroy! Burn! and Transfix them with your Thunder! and cast them headlong into Hell with the Gyants.* Then Jupiter, commanding Silence, cried, *All shall be done as you have agreed. They shall all be destroy'd with their Sophistry; tho' at present we must forbear. You know these Days are sacred to Mirth and Jollity, and I have declar'd a Cessation of four Months: But the next Spring your just Sentence shall be duly executed, and I will employ all my Bolts on the Heads of these presumptuous Padans.* He spake, and all Heaven trembled at the dreadful Sentence. But for Menippus, do you, Mercury, clip his Wings, to prevent his return, and safely lodge him on the Earth. When he spake this, he dismiss'd the Assembly. Mercury presently taking me by the right Ear, Yesterday Evening, set me on *Ceramicus*. This is the News I bring from Heaven, which I am going to acquaint the Philosophers with, who are walking in the *Pacila*.

THE

THE
SATURNALIA;
OR
Pagan Carnival.

The Speakers are Saturn and his Priest.

The Argument.

Lucian, in this Dialogue, declares the Rites and Original of the Festivals, call'd, The Saturnalia; which was such another Jolly Time among the Pagans, as the Carnival is now among their Apes, the degenerate Romish Christians in foreign Parts, who have helpt the Devil out at a dead Lift, to re-establish all his old abolisht Heathenish Festivals and Ceremonies, under the Masks of Christian Rites and Pretences. He brings in here Saturn's Priest, discoursing with his God, and asking of him Riches, as a Boon: To which Request, whilst he makes the God answer by way of Denial, and to give for his Reason, That it was not in his Power to make any Grant of that Nature, he takes occasion withal, to make him

declare what was in his Power, and to what things, and how far it extended; and to explain for what Reasons, that Festival was instituted, and, by the way, to Refute the Fable so currently believ'd by the Vulgar, of his devouring of his Children, losing his Kingdom, and being held in Captivity.

Priest. **B**E pleas'd to tell me, Lord Saturn, now, in this Jolly Time, when you seem to bear the Imperial Sway, and that we have sufficiently glutted you with Sacrifices, and soak'd your Nose with Drink-Offrings, what Boon or Favour shall I ask and obtain of your Godship, that may be worth my While, and Pains spent, in making so many Sacrifices and Oblations to you?

Saturn. That's your own Business to think upon, and to consider well, what 'tis best for you to ask; unless you would have your God and Prince turn Prophet or Witch too, to know what you have most need or list to demand: But, however, when you shall tell me what your Desires are, I shall, to the utmost of my Power, graciously comply with them.

Priest. That, my Lord, I have consider'd upon, long ago; For those common and obvious Things, that are the Objects of the Desires of most other Men, such as are Riches, great store of Gold, to command over Men, to possess a great many Slaves, to have rich, splendid and soft Clothes, Silver, Ivory, and whatever else is precious and valuable among Men, they are the Things which I request of you,

you, most gracious Lord, *Saturn*, to give me, that I may likewise gain some Profit whilst you reign thus Lord of the Revels, and may not be the only Man to remain all my Lifetime nothing but a poor Priest, without any share in all those fine Things I have petition'd for.

Saturn. Alas, my poor Chaplain, you are under a great Mistake; and you must not take it ill, if you be denied what you ask, since you demand such Things as are not in my Power to give, and which it belongs not to my Office to distribute: But, if you have a mind to those Things, ask them of *Jupiter*, when it shall come to his Turn again to reign, which will be very shortly; for my Empire is given me but upon certain Conditions, and lasts but seven Days; the Rules of which, if I break or exceed, I am presently degraded, and levell'd with the Mob. Neither am I permitted in those seven Days, to meddle with any Serious or Publick Matters; but to suck my Face, be Drunk, Roar and make a Noise, Play, cast the Dice, make Kings, and Mistress of Misrule, feast the Servants, sing stark naked, Dance lasciviously, and sometimes throw my self headlong into the Water, with my Face all smutted with Soot; these Things I am priviledg'd to do; but as for those great Things, such as Riches and Gold, they are only in the Power of *Jupiter* himself, who disposes of them to whom he pleases.

Priest. Ay, my Lord *Saturn*; but he is very difficult and slow in granting them: for I
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my self have almost torn my Throat with Bawling to him, for that purpose: but he hears me as much as a Post; and, on the contrary, without any Notice taken, keeps shaking his Shield *Agis*, and brandishing his Thunder-bolts, and brow-beating and terrifying his importunate Petitioners, with sour and dreadful Looks. And if at any time he be in the Mood to gratifie any of them, and to make him rich, it is wonderful to observe, how carelessly and at random he does it; so that oftentimes, passing by good and wise Men, he heaps Riches upon wicked Wretches and blockheadly Fools, upon Rascals more worthy of the Whipping-post, and upon soft and effeminate Beaus and Fops, such as are most of those that possess them. However, I desire to know what those Things are then that are committed to your Power.

Saturn. Truly they are no small Things, nor at all to be contemned, if the whole Force and Extent of my Empire be thoroughly consider'd; unless you may look upon it as a small thing to be victorious at Dice; and to be always so lucky to have the Die turn up a Six to you, when others can meet with but an Ace: For they that are favour'd with a kind and prosperous Die, get their Bellies full of good Chear, and a plentiful Living by it; whereas others, on the contrary, are fain to swim away naked, after having dash'd in pieces the Ship of their Fortune, against so small a Rock as a cross Die: And besides, to Carouse most sweetly, and to be thought to Sing more harmoniously than another at a merry Meet-

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Meeting, and to see some of the Waiters disgracefully duck'd in the Water, (that being the Punishment for unhandy Servitours) and your self declared Victor, and to excel in what you do, and to carry away the Prize from him you have overcome; what a great Satisfaction is that? As likewise to be admired for such a famous Victor, as to be singled out for King over all the rest; by which means you are not only free from any ridiculous Commands, but may your self impose as many as you please of them upon others, as to this Fellow, to cry about some ugly or disgraceful Thing of himself; to another, to dance naked, or walk thrice about the Room, with a piping Strumpet upon his Shoulders; are not these likewise so many other Proofs of my no small Munificence? If you shall object, That such a Reign as that is neither real, nor stable, you will act very impertinently; when you see, that I my self, that grant those Things have but a short-lived Empire. Among these Things therefore, that are in my Power to grant, as to make you lucky in Dice, to be chosen King, to excel in Singing, or any of the other Things I have above recited, you may boldly chuse, and ask any of them of me, without fearing, I will terrifie you with vapouring at you, either with Shield or Thunder-bolt.

Priest. But most excellent of *Titan's*, I have no need of those Things. I only desire you to resolve me of some Things I extreamly long to know; which, if you shall please to satisfie me in, you will make me amends, both great

great and grateful enough for all my Sacrifices; and besides, I shall acquit your Godship of what shall be due to me on that account, for the time to come, into the Bargain.

Saturn. Well, you are free to ask; for I assure you, I will answer you according to the best of my Knowledge.

Priest. First then, I desire to know of your Godship, whether those Reports be true, we hear of you; as, That you had got a liquorish Trick of eating up your Children born to you, by Lady *Rhea*; but that afterwards, one of the young Sparks, being grown up, first vanquish'd you in War, then expell'd you out of your Kingdom, and afterwards put you in Chains, and cast you headlong into the Caverns of Hell, together with all your auxiliary Forces, that had stood for you in Battle.

Saturn. Why, how now, Mr. Saucebox! Take notice, Sirrah! If it were not now our Carnival-time, wherein People have License to be drunk, and Servants are priviledged to abuse their Masters with what ill Language they please, you should know, to your Cost, that 'tis within my Prerogative to be angry with such an impudent Fellow as you are, to ask me such unseemly Questions, without any Respect for such a venerable, aged and hoary-headed God as I am.

Priest. Cry ye Mercy, my Lord *Saturn*, I speak not these Things of my self, but *Hesiod* and *Homer* say the same; for I will not tell you, that almost all Mortals believe the same Things of you.

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Saturn. Why, do you think, that proud conceited Shepherd ever knew any thing right of me? Consider the Matter but thus: Do you think there's any, I will not say God, but Man, that can find in his Heart wittingly and willingly to devour his own Children, unless perchance it might be some *Thyestes*, that might be decoy'd, to feed unwittingly upon such a Dish by his impious Brother? But suppose this could be, yet how could he possibly not discern, that he eat a Stone, instead of a Child, unless he were past having the Tooth-ach? Nor is it any truer, That *Jupiter* and I contended in Battel, or that he seized upon my Empire by Force; No such thing, for I voluntarily deliver'd the Administration of Affairs into his Hands, and resigned him my Empire. And, in fine, That I am neither in Fetters, nor yet in Hell, you your self, as I suppose, well enough see, unless you be as blind as *Homer*.

Priest. But what hapned to you, my Lord *Saturn*, that should make you quit your Empire?

Saturn. I'll tell you in short; I finding my self already spent in Years, and grown gouty with Age, (upon which, those bantring Poets took occasion to feign I was put in Fetters) and, that I was not vigorous enough to punish so many horrid and wicked Crimes as this Age abounds with; because I was forc'd to be continually scouring about, sometimes upwards, and sometimes downwards, arm'd with Thunder-Javelins, ready in my Hand, to consume the many sacrilegious and perjur'd Varlets,

lets, and lustful Ravishers, that every-where swarm'd, which I experienc'd to be a very toilsome and laborious Work, and required the Strength of a brisk and youthful God, to go through with it; I being willing to consult my own Ease, resign'd my Place to *Jupiter*. Besides, I thought it would be very discreetly done of me, if, by discharging my self of the Burthen of the Empire among my Children, I my self might be free to spend most of my Time in Ease and Pleasure, without being troubled to make answer to so many impertinent Vow-makers, or being importun'd with the clamorous Petitions of People demanding contrary Things at one time; or being forc'd sometimes against my Will, to Thunder, Lighten, or Discharge my Clouds in Vollies of Hail-shot: And accordingly, I find I now pass my old Age in a most pleasant Life, sucking my Face in pure unmixed Nectar, and in chatting, and telling, and hearing old Stories, with *Jupiter*, and the rest of the Hero's, Comrades, and Fellow-Commoners with the Gods. But my Son *Jupiter* now reigns, always incumber'd with a thousand Businessses, save only, that I thought good to ease him a while, by selecting a few Days, in which I exercise the Principality my self, that I might put Mortals in mind what a happy Life was once led under my Reign, when, without any Plowing or Sowing, the Earth yielded them, of its own free Bounty, Plenty of all Things. There was then no need of going to the Fields for Corn, or to the Pastures or Woods for Flesh, but

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Bread presented it self to them ready bak'd, and all Varieties of Flesh ready dress'd ; and Wine flow'd in natural Streams, like Rivers ; and Fountains of Honey and Milk sprung up in every Part : For which Reason, the then untainted Mortals of that golden Time were all honest, vertuous, and golden Lads themselves. And this is likewise the Cause why my Government is now limited to so short a time ; and why, in that Space, there is nothing but Hollowing and Huzzahing, Singing and Playing, and Masters and Servants, Slaves and Gentlemen, all Hail Fellow well met ; because, during my Reign formerly, there were no Slaves nor Servants at all.

Priest. But, by your Leave, my Lord *Saturn*, I ghes'd quite otherwise, and thought all these Priviledges granted by you out of Kindness, chiefly to Slaves and School-masters, for whom I imagin'd the Fable ; therefore represented you to retain some Tenderness, because being mindful how you were once enslaved your self, and wore Fetters, you had some particular Respect for those, who were under the same hard Fortune you your self have formerly undergone.

Saturn. Will you never leave, to go on in such saucy Impertinencies ?

Priest. You are in the right, my good Lord *Saturn*, I am to blame, and therefore will have done. But I beseech you however, resolve me but this Question ; Pray, was it a Custom among the Men, that lived in your Age, to play at Dice ?

Saturn.

Saturn. Yes, marry was it; but not for Talents, and ten Thousands of Pounds in dry Money, as you do now-a-days; but at most, only for a few Nuts; that no Man, when he was beaten, might have cause to Vex and Pine, and to be so singular in Company, as to refuse his Meat, whilst the rest were filling their Bellies.

Priest. Truly they were very much in the right on't; for indeed, for what Prize could they well have plaid at Dice, when they themselves were all of Gold? And therefore, whilst your Godship was speaking of them, a strange Fancy came into my Head; For, thought I, suppose any should produce but one of those golden Men, now in this our Age, and shew him publicly about, what wou'd become of him? As sure as I'm alive, they would run upon him, and tear the poor Man all in pieces, as the *Menades* once did *Pentheus*, the *Thracian* Gossips, *Orpheus*, and his own Dogs, the miserable *Actæon*; and they would fall out among themselves, and try it out by fight, who should go away with the greatest part of him; since we see by daily Experience, that they cannot forbear hankering after Gain, not so much as in celebrating this short Festival; but most of them, on the contrary, abuse the Festival it self, and make it serve for a Pretence to increase their Profit. Then, some of them, after they have prey'd upon their Friends at an Entertainment, go their ways; others fly out into extravagant Speeches and Railings against your Godship, though there
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be no Pretence for it, and maul and spoil the very Dice in their Fury, though they are not the Cause of those Things, they themselves of their own Motion do. But pray be pleased to tell me this one Thing more, What is the Reason, that you, being a God, so old and infirm, should chuse out the most unpleasing Time of the Year to be Feasting in, when the Ground is cover'd with Snow; when the furious North Wind rages, and all is stiff, and lock'd up with Frost; when the Trees are naked, and stripp'd of their Leaves; the Meadows disrob'd of their flow'ry Mantles; and Men go crooked with their Limbs, cramp't up as if they were spent with decrepit Age, and hover about the Chimney-corner; for methinks, that's no proper Time for any one that's old, and that would indulge his Pleasure?

Saturn. Hark, you Mr. Priest, you drill me on with I know not how many impertinent Questions, when 'tis now high time we were a Drinking; And, by this Means, you have already wheedled me out of no small Part of the short Time allow'd for my Festival, with your Philosophical Banter about those Things, that are very little to our Purpose. Therefore now let's leave off that Discourse, and let us Feast, Shout, and Lead a free Life. And then, after the ancient Manner, staking down our Nuts, let's play at Dice, create Kings, and obey them; for, by so doing, I shall make good the vulgar Proverb, that says, That old Men grow Boys again.

Priest. Withal my Heart, my Lord Saturn; and I wish, that he, whoever he be, that like's not of your Lordship's Motion, may never come at any Drink, when he is thirsty. Now therefore let us ply our Drinking, for what I answer'd first was sufficient. Therefore I think I shall do well to commit to Writing this your Dialogue, with all my Questions, and your gracious Answers to them, in order to distribute Copies of them to my Friends to read, if there be any among them worthy of receiving your Godship's Dictates.

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CHRONOSOLON:

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The Saturnalian Law-giver.

By the same Hand.

The Argument.

Here Lucian delivers the Institution of the Laws of the Saturnal Festival, or Carnival. The first is about the Ritual and Manner of Celebrating the Festival, and what Things 'tis allowable to do in it. The second prescribes to Receive and Treat the Poor, and what Gifts are to be sent to them by the Rich. The last appoints the Manner and Measure of the Entertainments; what is to be served up to Table; How much every one is to drink, and how long they are to play. But he ushers it in with a long Preface, in which he makes the Priest endeavour with all the Solemn Artifices imaginable, to procure Authority to his Laws, from the Person and express Command of the God he fathers them upon. This Discourse is inscribed Chronosolon; that is as much as to say,

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say, Saturn's Law-giver, because Solon formerly dictated his Law to the Athenians, much in the same manner.

THese Things, says *Chronosolon*, the Priest and Prophet of *Saturn*, and Compiler of the Laws for the Regulation of the Festival of that God. What the Poors Duty is on that Occasion, I have already prescribed in another Book before published; neither do I question but they will observe the Laws therein contain'd, as knowing themselves otherwise liable to very grievous Penalties there decreed against the Disobedient. And now you rich Men, I advise you likewise, not to transgress or neglect these following Commandments: For he that shall do otherwise, I'll assure him, he will not be esteem'd so much to have neglected or contemned me the Law-giver, as *Saturn* himself, who chose me to compile the Laws for the Regulation of his Festival: Nor would I have you think he has seen of me only in a Dream; No, he came lately to me, when I was broad awake, and had an open Conference with me. He was neither bound with Fetters, nor did he look dirtily or mouldily, as if he had laid long in some nasty Hole clean'd, as the Painters usually draw him, after a Copy borrow'd from the Brain-sick Poets; but he had in his Hand a very sharp Sythe, and look'd merry, hail, and strong, and was cloathed in Royal Apparel. And in this Shape and Manner he appear'd to me; but the Things he said to me, were altogether

these Divine, amongst which these Particulars best deserve to be premised to you by Way of Preface: For when he saw me walking melancholickly about, he presently, being a God, scented the Cause of my Trouble, namely, that I bore my Poverty with some Impatience, as being contrary to what the Season required, clad with but one single Coat, when it was a hard Frost, and the North Wind blew fiercely, and there was much Ice and Snow, against all which I was but very meanly fenc'd; and especially when, besides that Want, I saw others, some of them preparing Things necessary for their Sacrifices, and others for the Feastings of that Jolly Time, and my self to have nothing, to speak of, in readiness, for that Solemnity. Upon that, the good old God, coming behind me, and taking and twitching me by the Ear, being the Manner in which he is usually pleased to discover himself to me; How now, *Chronosolon*, what means this? Methinks you look as if you were out of Humour. And may I not well be so, my Lord, replied I, to see impious and wicked Men overflow with Riches, and to be the only People that enjoy all manner of Delights, whilst I, and many other learned Men with me, are fain to live in Want, and in extream Penury of all Things? But you, my Lord, will you not put an End to these Things, and Reduce them to the Level of an Equality. To which, answers he, 'Tis hard for me to alter those other Things which are allotted to you by *Clorbo*, and the rest of the

the fatal Sisters. But however, I will mitigate the Evil of Poverty to you, as far as my Power, during this Festival, will permit me. And let this be the Method of qualifying it: Go your ways, *Chronosolon*, and write me out some Laws to regulate what is to be observed in the Festival, that the Rich may not feast only among themselves, but be obliged to impart some of their good Things to you. Alas, said I, my Lord, I know not how to write Laws. Come then, replied he, I'll teach you; and accordingly he began to teach me: And, when I had learn'd all he had to deliver, Now tell them, adds he, from me, That if they do not exactly perform all these Things, then I shall bear this sharp Sythe in vain. For I should very much ridicule my Godship, if, after I had been so hardy, as to geld my own Father *Cælus*, I should balk at the gelding of those rich Men, whosoever they shall be, that shall presume to violate my Laws, and should not execute Justice upon them, by depriving them of their Virilities, and forcing them to joyn themselves to Mother *Cybel's* Fraternity, with Pipes and Cymbals. These dreadful Penalties, threatned the God; and therefore you will do well, not to transgress his Laws. The first Law is, Be it decreed, That no Man, during the Time of the Festival, presume to imploy himself in doing any thing publick or private, but what tends to the promoting of Play, of Pleasure, and of the Diversion of the Mind. That no others be suffer'd to work but Artists in Cook-

Cookery and Confectioning. That there be an Equality among all, without any Distinction, between Slaves and Freemen, Gentle and Simple, Poor and Rich. That no Man be suffered to fall into a Passion, to disdain, or threaten any one. That it be not lawful so much as to act any Account of those that have the Management of the Saturnal Treasury, during this Festival. That no Man weigh or write down any Money or Cloaths, nor perform any Exercise, nor make or recite any Orations, during the Solemnity, unless it be such as are pleasant and facetious, and have some Relish of Railery and Joaking. The second Law is, Be it decreed, That all rich Men be obliged a great while before the Festival, to set down all their respective Friends Names in a Table-book. That they prepare as much Money each as shall amount to the tenth Part of their Revenues; and, that they bring in besides, all their superfluous cast Cloaths, and such as are too coarse for their Quality, or Convenience, and no small Quantity of Silver-Plate Vessels; let them make a sufficient Provision of all these. And, before the Festival begins, let a Procession be made with a young Porkling. And let them cast out of their Houses all manner of Filth and Sordidness, such as Covetousness, Mercinariness, and other nasty Vices of the same kind, and are so familiar and domestical with most rich Men. Then, when they have thus purged their Houses, let them sacrifice to *Jupiter* the Bestower of Riches, to *Mercury* the Munificent, and to *Apollo* the Giver

Giver of great and noble Gifts. Afterwards, about Evening, let them read over the Table-book of their Friends Names; and, when they shall have allotted to every of them a Gift, suitable to their Quality, let them be sent to them before Sun-set; and let them that carry them be not above three or four in number, and those choice and trusty Servants, and of the eldest of the Family. And let it be specified in the Letters sent along with those Presents, what and how much of any kind is sent, for fear the Bearers should be ill thought of by both Parties. Also, let the said Messengers, when they have deliver'd their Errand, drink each of them one Cup of the best in the House, and so return immediately Home, without daring to ask any thing else for their Pains. Let the Presents made to the Learned be double to those made to others; for it is but just they should receive a double Portion. Let very few Words, and those couched in the modestest Terms, be made of the Presents sent abroad; and let not the Presenter in his Letters, write any thing that may offend the Receiver, or affect therein to vaunt the Value of his Gifts. Let no rich Man send a Present to another rich Man; nor any wealthy Man presume to invite to his Table, during this Saturnal Carnival, any Man of equal Fortune with him. Let no Man reserve any thing provided for this Solemnity, to be distributed in Presents at another. Let no Man be so sordid as to grudge the Presents he has once made. If any poor Friend has had occasion

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to have been absent abroad, at the last Solemnity, let him however be paid the Presents he then should have had, in the present one. Let the Rich be likewise obliged to pay the Debts of their poor Friends; as likewise the Rent of their Houses, if they be unable to pay it themselves. And, in short, let the Presenters always consider a sufficient time before-hand, what Things their Friends stand most in need of, and order their Gifts accordingly. Likewise, on the other side, let not the Receivers undervalue the Gifts sent to them, as small, or not worth acceptance; but whatsoever is sent them, let them highly value it. Let not a Gallon of Wine, or a Hare, or a fat Fowl, or any thing for the Belly, be reckon'd a Present in this Saturnal Festival: Neither let any Presents made at this Solemnity, be ridicul'd or rallied upon. Let the poor Man likewise, on his side, make some Returns of Presents to the Rich: If he be a learned Man, let him send his Benefactor some little Book of old merry Tales, or something of his own Writing, if it be any thing brisk and airy and fit for a merry Meeting; and let the rich Man receive it with a very pleasing, gracious, and merry Countenance, and read it as soon as he has receiv'd it: And, if he presumes to refuse or reject it, let him know he will thereby incur the utmost Penalties I have threatned to inflict upon him with my well-whetted Sythe, though he have made all the Presents on his part, that were injoyn'd him. As for others, let their Pre-

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sents consist, some of Crowns, or Garlands, and some of Bits of Frankincense. But if any poor Man shall be so extravagant as to make any Present to a rich Man, of Gold or Silver, or any other costly Thing above his Power, then let what is so sent be publicly sold, and the Profits thereof confiscated to the Treasury of our Lord *Saturn*: And let the poor Man offending, receive the next Day from the rich Man no less than two hundred and fifty Blows, with a Ferula upon his Hand. \The Laws for Regulating the Feasting and Entertainments in this Solemnity are these: The Company shall wash where the Line shall be of six Foot: And the Place to play at Nuts and Dice in, shall be before the Bath. Let every one sit down in the Seat, that Chance shall first offer to him. Let not Birth, or Quality, or Riches, move any of the Servitors to serve any such, before others of meaner Condition. Let all drink of the same Wine; And let no rich Man pretend, by feigning a Pain in his Head, or an Indisposition of his Stomach, to be served with better Wine than the rest. Let every one in the Company have an equal Portion, and let not the Waiters serve any one out of Favour or Affection. Neither let them ask the Guests any Questions, or take away any thing before-hand from them, till they themselves desire it. And let not one have the Knuckle, and the other the Cheek-bone, of a Hog: But in all things let an exact Equality be observed; let the Cup-bearer have sharp Eyes about him, to observe all the Company, but

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his Master less than the rest, and let him have his Ears open to the smallest Voice. Let there be Cups of all Sizes. Let any one invite whom he please, to drink. Let all drink to all, if they please, after they have first drunk a Health to the rich Man their Benefactor. Let no Man be compell'd to drink above what he can well bear. Let none of the Company presume to bring in any Dancer or Musicianer, that is but a Youngster or Smatterer in his Art. Let any one use what Jest he pleases, provided they be not too offensive. Lastly, Let them play at Dice only for Nuts; And, if any one shall presume to play for Money, let him be condemn'd to fast till the next Day, Let every one have his Freedom to stay, and go, as he pleases. And further, When rich Men shall feast their Slaves and Servants, then let themselves and their Friends turn Waiters to them. Let all rich Men have all these Laws engraven on a Pillar in the midst of their great Hall, and read them over diligently; for they are to know, that so long as that Pillar shall remain there so inscribed, no Pestilence, Famine, nor Fire, nor any other Calamity shall enter into their Houses; But if, what I hope will never be, it ever come to be taken away, the most abominable Things imaginable, shall certainly befall them.

The End of the First Volume.

